

...The...
Old Nineteenth
Tennessee
C. S. R.

BY DR. W. J. WORSHAM.





THE
OLD NINETEENTH
TENNESSEE REGIMENT,
C. S. A.

June, 1861. * April, 1865.

BY DR. W. J. WORSHAM,
Knoxville, Tenn.

Supplementary Chapter by
COL. C. W. HEISKELL,
Memphis, Tenn.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.
PRESS OF PARAGON PRINTING COMPANY.

1902.

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James J. Haffman

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DEDICATION.

TO the survivors, and in memory of the dead of the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, C. S. A., who, through sunshine and storm, summer's heat and winter's blast—whose bed, often was the frozen ground, and whose cover was the beautiful white snow—the many hardships endured and the privations of army life suffered, all for loved ones at home and their loved Sunny South, is this book respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

Knoxville, Tenn., January 10, 1902.

PREFACE.

This is not a history of the "late war," or of the Confederacy. The reader of this modest volume will need to keep in mind the fact the author proposes to confine himself, historically, to what one regiment of Tennesseans did in the civil war. He will find a simple and truthful statement of facts, without comment or criticism, without bitterness or exaggeration. Himself an honest and faithful soldier, the author tells in a straightforward way, what he and his comrades of the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment did and suffered in that cruel war. There is no reference to the long line of social and political influences which led up to the painful necessity on the part of the Southern people, to either forfeit their own self-respect, and the respect of all brave men, or go to war. And this is well. Let the dead bury their dead. There is no "bloody-shirt" here. But this will not surprise the reader when he remembers that the author was himself a soldier. For it is a well known fact that it is not the brave and patriotic men in Blue and Gray, who stood on the firing-line in the day of battle that would keep the fires of fraternal strife still burning. But a different breed, whelps from another kennel, who cowardly came out after the killing was done, with the instincts of the hyena, to dig up dead and putrid things. Thank God the tribe is about extinct, died of pure air and sunshine. These East Tennesseans surrendered as the brave surrender, meaning peace and conciliation. They returned to the union in good faith as equals, they remain in the union as its trustworthy friends. "With no humble apologies, no unmanly servility, cherishing no petty strife, and indulging no sullen treachery, they are frank, honest, patriotic citizens of the United States, accepting the present, trusting the future, and proud of the past."

For myself, I want to thank the author for this book. It calls up and puts in permanent form, facts, long since familiar, which would otherwise soon be lost. Comrades of the old Nineteenth, remnant of the 1060 who went out with us, we owe more than a vote of thanks to the author, for his efforts to preserve the history of the patriotic courage and deeds of noble daring of these men, many of whom fell in battle, and many others since the war have "crossed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." Our children will thank him for thus putting in simple narrative the incidents, in regular order, of our marches, our camp-life and our battles. But this will not help pay for the publication of the book. Remember it has a limited scope, and under the conditions can not have a very extensive circulation. Let us see that the good Doctor has readers enough to meet the cost of the work.

And when the roll is called up yonder, may we all be there, is the earnest prayer of your long-time and loving chaplain.

D. SULLINS.

Cleveland, Tenn., January, 1902.



DR. W. J. WORSHAM.

Dr. W. J. Worsham was born on the Hiwassee, one mile above Calloun, Tenn., January, 1840. Joined the Nineteenth Tennessee Confederate regiment in June, 1861. Was made Chief Musician of the regiment, which he filled to the close of the war. Called the men into line for their first roll-call; was with the regiment through the war and called the men into line for the last roll-call in May, 1865.

THE OLD NINETEENTH TENNESSEE, C. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

THE late "Rebellion" or the war between the North and the South will furnish themes for discussion, and battle scenes to be gone over again by all who were engaged in it, and after they have passed into the beyond, its history will go down the ages to be read by coming generations. The war cloud that spread over this country in 1861, grew from a dark spot not bigger than a man's hand, seen first in 1620, and out of which issued the edict calling forth the 19th Tennessee regiment, and enrolling her name upon the War God's historic scroll. When the "Mayflower" landed her cargo of Puritan Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, they found negro slavery, evidently the germ of the late rebellion, planted in the soil of American civilization. There it germinated and matured, until in the spring of 1861 its agitation resulted in civil war. This negro question, not yet observed by the masses, was evidently the dark background of the coming struggle. Of all the storm clouds that have passed over this country, none ever blackened political firmament as did this. The darkness was so black and ominous as to attract the anxious gaze of the civilized world, and nations looked on with profound interest. It is true this land has heard the roar of musketry and cannon through her hills and valleys in the long years gone by, but the fearful destructiveness of this coming storm, was all undreamed of by her people. Soon the nation's heartstrings would be torn asunder, and her life blood let out through thousands of pores, and the North and Sunny South would lament their fallen sons and ruined homes.

The tocsin of war was now heard throughout the whole land, from the north to the south, from the east to the west. The line was drawn, and in the division the South was the

smaller in territory and resources. Practically she had nothing, yet there was excitement and a gathering of people. Companies, regiments, and brigades were formed. Tennessee cast her lot with the South June 8, 1861. She had no ammunition and no guns save a few old flint-locks, the relics of the Mexican war; yet Generals Pillow and Polk in Middle and West Tennessee, and General Zollicoffer in East Tennessee, were organizing. In East Tennessee companies from Bristol to Chattanooga were gathering at Knoxville.

Col. J. C. Vaughn, having completed one regiment had gone on to Virginia. On June the 10th, 1861, the old 19th organized with companies made up all along the line of East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad from Bristol to Chattanooga. We organized in the old fair ground, about one mile east of the city of Knoxville.

ORGANIZATION.

The camp was called Camp Cummings, in honor of Col. D. H. Cummings, the first colonel of the regiment. The following officers were elected to command the regiment and companies:

David H. Cummings.....	Colonel.
Frank M. Walker.....	Lieutenant-Colonel.
Abe Fulkerson.....	Major.
V. Q. Johnson.....	Adjutant.
H. Mell Doak.....	Sergeant-Major.
Dr. Joe E. Dulany.....	Surgeon.
A. D. Taylor.....	Quartermaster.
Rev. D. Sullins.....	Chaplain.

BY APPOINTMENT.

W. J. Worsham,)	Regimental Musicians,
Rufus Lamb,)	
James Tyner,)	

COMPANIES.

Co. A—John D. Powell.....	Captain.....	Hamilton Co.
“	1st Lieutenant...	“
“ Daniel Kennedy.....	2d “	“
“ Frank Foust	3d “	“
Co. B—Zeb T. Willett.....	Captain.....	Washington Co.
“ Joseph Conley.....	1st Lieutenant...	“
“ Nathan Gregg.....	2d “	“
“ James G. Deaderick..	3d “	“

Co. C—James K. Snapp.....	Captain.....	Sullivan	Co.
“ Charles St. John.....	1st Lieutenant...	“	“
“ Geo. H. Hull	2d	“	“
“ John M. Jones.....	3d	“	“
Co. D—Elmon E. Colvill.....	Captain.....	Rhea	“
“ Pete Miller.....	1st Lieutenant	“	“
“ James A. Wallace...2d	“	“	“
“ S. J. A. Frazier.....	3d	“	“
Co. E—John W. Paxton.....	Captain.....	Knoxville.	“
“ John M. Miller	1st Lieutenant	“	“
“ J. K. Graham	2d	“	“
“ Wm. W. Lackey.....	3d	“	“
Co. F—J. H. Hannah.....	Captain.....	Polk	“
“ P. C. Gaston,.....	1st Lieutenant	“	“
“ J. M. Sims	2d	“	“
“ J. C. Holms.....	3d	“	“
Co. G—A. L. Gammon.....	Captain.....	Sullivan	“
“ Jas. A. Rhea	1st Lieutenant	“	“
“ Robt. L. Blair.....	2d	“	“
“ James Carlton.....	3d	“	“
Co. H—Wm. H. Lowery.....	Captain.....	McMinn	“
“ U. S. York.....	1st Lieutenant..	“	“
“ D. A. Wilds	2d	“	“
“ Thomas Mastou.....	3d	“	“
Co. I—T. H. Walker.....	Captain.....	Hamilton	“
“ B. F. Moore	1st Lieutenant	“	“
“ Warren Hooper.....	2d	“	“
“ John Lovejoy.....	3d	“	“
Co. K—C. W. Heiskell.....	Captain.....	Hawkins	“
“ Robt. D. Powell....	1st Lieutenant	“	“
“ Sam P. Powell.....	2d	“	“
“ Sam Spears.....	3d	“	“
Company A had.....	97	Company F had.....	93
“ B “	100	“ G “	110
“ C “	104	“ H “	94
“ D “	103	“ I “	110
“ E “	106	“ K “	100

The number of men enrolled of rank and file was one thousand and twelve, and of commissioned officers forty-eight, making a total of one thousand and sixty (1,060.)

Now we began camp life in earnest. Formed messes of four to six in each mess. Each mess had one tent, tin plates, cups and cooking utensils. Each man had one blanket, one canteen, one napsack and one haversack.

CHAPTER II.

CAMP CUMMINGS.

THIS was indeed a new life to us, and a more restless set of men could not be found than were we. Every hour of the long day from the dim, gray, misty light of dawn to the soft glow of shadowy evening was full of excitement and new delights to us.

Although drill was the order of the day, yet when not drilling the men were on the move all the time, until taps put an end to the restlessness and quiet reigned.

The different maneuvers in drill and in the manual of arms occupied our attention during the day. There were guards at regular intervals around the encampment. These were called sentinels and had so far to walk back and forth, called beats.

During the hours of the night, when the dull tramp of the soldier was hushed in sleep, no sound was heard save that of the slow tread of the sentinel on his beat, and the calling of the post and hour by the sentinels. How lonely it did sound in the dead hours of the night as they called out, "Post number one, all is well."

Col. Cummings had an old negro man named "Munger," old Munger was a fifer and could play only one tune, which he called "My wife is sick, my wife is sick." Poor Munger, I can hear him now. Munger stayed with the regiment till we reached Cumberland Ford, Ky. On one occasion in order to try the men, the enemy was announced advancing and we were ordered out, as we supposed, to fight. The test being made, the regiment returned to camp. Old Munger had a tent. In his fright he ran and stuck his head into the tent, lying on his belly with his feet outside shaking as if he had a regular buck-ague. Munger was a Guinea negro and believed he was four hundred years old.

June the 22nd, companies A and E were ordered to Cumberland Gap under command of Capt. J. D. Powell. The field band, of which we had charge, was ordered with them. We boarded the cars at the depot and moved out for Morristown,

Tenn., from which place we marched across the country to the Gap. We camped the first night at Bean Station, a fine watering place, at the foot of Clinch Mountain. There were black and white sulphur besides other waters.

BARBECUE.

As we entered the gorge in which the springs are situated the air was perceptibly loaded with sulphurated hydrogen, one of the boys cried out, "We are at the headquarters for rotten eggs." The next day, by pre-arrangement of the ladies, they gave us a "barbecue" at the Station. Men, women and children were there, from all around. Our two companies marched and countermarched, while our band did its best, marching at the head of the column.

We were the "elephant" that day. On the morning of the 24th we moved on towards the Gap, encountering rough roads, and crossing Clinch and Powell rivers. We pitched our tents within two miles of the Gap, where we remained two or three days. While here Sergeant David Kuhn accidentally shot himself with a pistol through the hand, and was registered upon the surgeon's book as the first casualty of the regiment.

June the 27th we moved up in the Gap and pitched our tents on the mountain top,

"Up in the region of the clouds
Where the cold winds blow
Our tents of fancy stuck."

Our encampment here was on high, steep and rough ground—so steep the boys declared they had to tie themselves in the bed at night to keep from rolling out. Lieut. Col. F. W. Walker came on to the Gap in a few days after our arrival. When Companies A and E left Knoxville, Companies F and H, under command of Maj. Fulkerson, went to Jamestown, about seventy-five miles from the Gap, on the Cumberland range.

Soon after these, Col. Cummings left with four companies, B, D, G and I, and moved out by way of Clinton and camped for a while near his old home. From this place he proceeded to Big Creek Gap in the Cumberland Mountains, where he remained until the 4th of July. Companies C and K were sent to Loudon, Tenn., to guard the railroad bridge at that place. We had not been long in the Gap, when one of Company A was taken sick and died, and was buried with military honors. His

death was the first recorded in the regiment. Men, women and children came into the camp daily, bringing butter, chickens, eggs, etc., to sell. Soon we had the Confederate flag floating in the breeze from the "Pinnacle," one of the highest points of the mountains. Up in Virginia, some ten miles, were a few cavalrymen, who did picket duty along this part of the mountain. One day in July these cavalrymen brought into camp some twenty men as prisoners, whom they had captured, who were making their way across the mountain into Kentucky. Among them was Thos. A. R. Nelson, of Jonesboro, Tenn. Col. Walker sent them on to Knoxville. Frequently men would come into camp and remain until late at night and go home. Here we had sentinels all around our encampment, as the ground was so rough. One post was within ten steps of my tent, which was twenty feet above the road leading up the mountain. The sentinel was posted in the road. One evening a Virginian came into camp riding a fine horse, hitched him and entered, remaining late. The night was dark and the overhanging trees where the sentinel stood rendered the darkness more intense. About nine o'clock the sentry heard steps approaching in the road on the inside of the camp, as if some one was trying to slip by him, or upon him. Whatever it was, it would make one or two steps cautiously and halt, then two or three more, then halt again. Being so dark the sentry could not see anything. Close and closer came the steps, when we heard the sentinel challenge the approaching footsteps: "Halt, halt! Who comes there?" But no response. A step or two more, and "halt," cried the sentinel, yet the steps came closer. Click, click, we heard the sentinel's gun, as he made ready to fire. "Halt," once more he cried, and bang went his gun. A horse wheeled and ran back some twenty steps and fell dead. It was the fine horse the Virginian rode in the evening before. It had gotten loose and was trying to get by the sentinel. Col. Walker was carelessly handling or shaking a box of caps in his hand when they exploded, blowing open the box, and pieces of the caps cut his hand in several places.

July the 4th Col. Cummings came up to the Gap with the four companies he had with him, and the third day after Maj. Fulkerson came up with the two he had. All the regiment was here now, and drill was the order of the day. We had to go down into the valley on the Tennessee side to find ground on

which to drill. We fortified the Gap by throwing up works across the Gap. Building the breastworks and drill gave us something to do.

The Rev. David Sullins was our Chaplain with whom we all were in love. He preached for us regularly every Sunday morning, and in the evening we had Sunday-school—our chaplain, our superintendent. Now and then false-alarms would be given, and such a hustling of the men on the mountain side to get into line.

When the alarm would be given at night, the men in their hurry to form line, would fall down and sometimes roll down the mountain side several feet before getting a foothold.

In the Gap our camps were up in the clouds. And frequently we would be in the center of a storm cloud and the lightning would seem to leap out of the clouds and fall in round balls to the ground.

A DENSE FOG.

One clear, bright morning *about nine o'clock, the sun seemed to shine with unusual brightness. A dense fog came drifting down the mountain hunting a place to cross. It was so heavy it could not rise above the mountain top and sought an opening in the Gap.

On reaching the Gap it began pouring itself through, and so dense was it, for an hour the sun could not be seen, and part of the time we could not see an object ten feet ahead of us.

Our short stay in the Gap will long be remembered. About the last of August Col. Branners' battalion of cavalry came up to the Gap, and they were closely followed by the Fifteenth Mississippi, (Col. W. S. Statham), the Eleventh Tennessee, (Rains), Seventeenth Tennessee, (Col. Newman), Twentieth Tennessee, (Col. Battle), Twenty-ninth Tennessee, (Col. Powell), and Capt. Rutledge's Artillery.

The next day Brig. General F. K. Zollicoffer with his staff came and took command of the entire force at the Gap. On the fourth of September General Zollicoffer moved the command out to Cumberland Ford on the Cumberland river and established

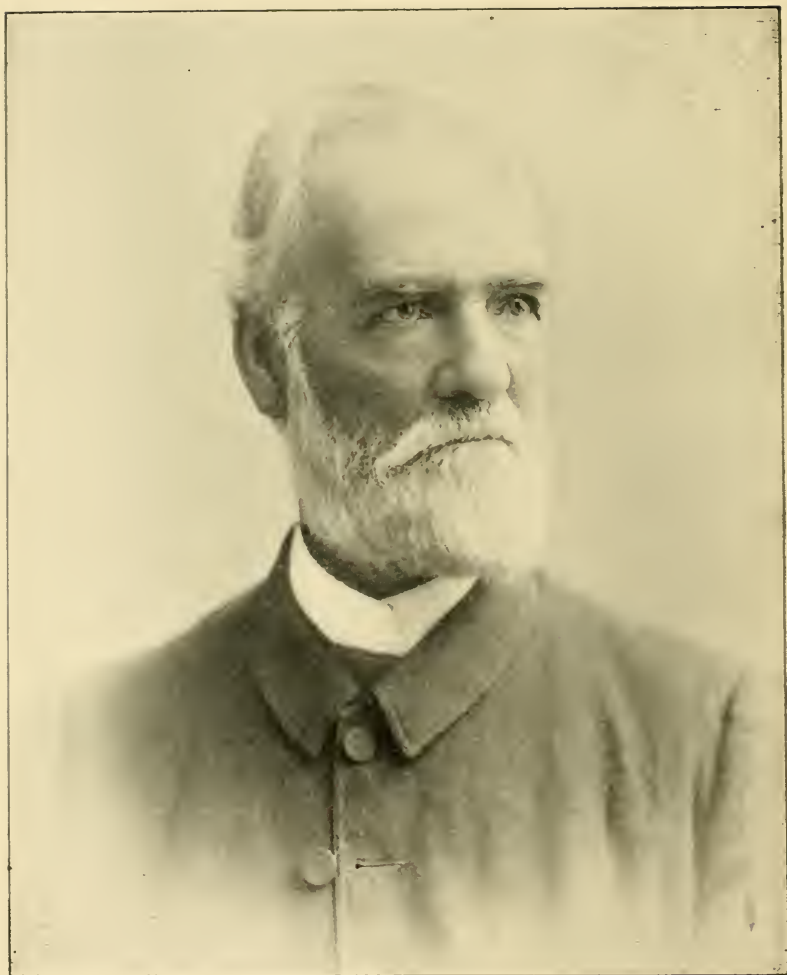
CAMP ZOLLICOFFER.

Here the cavalry were kept at the front all the time on picket duty. While here our regiment received ten instruments for the brass band and music complete. We formed a band and

after a little practice began playing on duty. We liked our young band but its life, like that of the "May-Fly," was short in duration. Our encampment looked quite military. We had about six thousand two hundred men. September twelfth General Zollicoffer sent out a detachment under Col. Battle, composed of two companies from each regiment and one battalion of cavalry to Barbourville, Kentucky where it was reported a force of the enemy was encamped. Companies B and K were detailed from the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment. Early in the morning of the thirteenth they ran upon the enemy in a corn field just this side of the town. Company K, of the Nineteenth Tennessee was thrown out as a skirmish line, and it advanced on the enemy and began firing. While it was but a small skirmish line, and this being their first under fire, it seemed like fighting and sounded of battle. In this little battle Lieutenant Robert Powell, of Co. K was killed, and a few others were wounded. This made the Nineteenth Tennessee lose the first man killed outside of Virginia. The detachment returned next day, and Lieut. Powell's remains were sent home for burial. General Zollicoffer sent our regiment accompanied by Colonel Carter's regiment of cavalry on an expedition to

GOOSE CREEK SALT WORKS,

about forty miles north in the Kentucky mountains. It had been raining for several days, and the morning of September 25th, we started out in one of the hardest rains that had fallen for some time. We encountered rough mountainous roads and swollen streams. Some places on our journey we could not see a hundred yards except by looking up. We passed but few habitations and they were up on the side of the mountain. The rain continued pouring in torrents all the day, rendering our progress difficult, yet on we went. The morning of the third day we arrived at Goose Creek about two miles above the salt works the objective point of our journey. We found the creek much swollen from the recent rains. The road and the creek ran down between the ridges together. They took it time about in crossing each other, and always went through each other. In the two miles we had to go down this creek, we had to wade it seventeen times. At each crossing we lost some mud we gathered on our way. We loaded our wagons with two hundred bushels of salt. There was plenty of honey here, and the boys filled themselves with honey until it became too sweet to be



REV. DAVID SULLINS.

Brother Sullins was born in McMinn County, Tenn., near Athens, in 1827. He joined the Nineteenth Tennessee Confederate regiment in June, 1861, and was made Chaplain of the regiment, which place he filled until the re-organization of the army in 1862. At that time was made division Chaplain and division Quarter-Master of Gen. Breckenridge's division, where he remained for two years or longer.

good. So sick were many of the boys that they cared for neither honey nor salt. For some time after, just to speak of honey the boys would gag.

We returned to camp, after being gone five days, tired and almost fagged out; having fulfilled our mission for which we were sent, we sat down in camp and rested. Mr. White who had charge of the salt works, had a fine lot of ducks and geese. The boys had killed several of them, and Mr. White was complaining to John Webster, of Company K, about it. Webster told him it was a shame and he would see that the men were punished, and that no more would be killed. Just then a duck he had concealed under his coat began to quack and he at once had business with the regiment, and the old man returned to the house none the less pacified.

CHAPTER III.

ROCK CASTLE.

WE had now been out nearly four months playing the roll of soldier. The exhilarating life in the beginning had now somewhat worn away, and camp life had become a monotonous routine of military duties. We had done but little as yet, but from indications we would soon enter the arena of war in truth. After the wire edge of our martial chivalry shall have been worn away, we may and will be more able to stand the storm of battle. While we lay idle in Camp Zollicoffer, the Federals concentrated a considerable force under Gen. Schoeff at Rock Castle, or Wild Cat, in Kentucky. The Federal Col. Garrard had three regiments there, and on the fifteenth of October had been reinforced by Gen. Schoeff with three more, and one battery of artillery and one battalion of cavalry. The morning of the sixteenth of October Gen. Zollicoffer with his entire force moved out to attack this force at Wild Cat. The route through the mountains was rough and heavily timbered, the greater part of the way was between precipitous ridges which rendered our march hazardous. To retard our advance the enemy had fallen trees across the road and in other ways had obstructed our way. We did not reach the enemy until early in the morning of the twentieth, and having marched and worked all the night before, did not feel like attacking the enemy in his den that morning. Gov. A. S. Marks, who was with us and who commanded a company in the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment says, "The hill on which the enemy had fortified was at the head of a gorge about a quarter of a mile wide. This fortified hill commanded the road over Rock Castle hills. The day before the enemy was reached, we found the road approaching the hills, and miles away from it, obstructed by fallen trees. Men were put to work to clear away the obstruction. We were not allowed to eat or sleep until the enemy was reached next morning. We moved a hundred yards at a time as the fallen trees were gotten

out of the way. When the hill was reached the road was found impassable from the fallen trees. The advance was through the woods. We found the face of the hill a precipitous bluff, with but a small place accessible. My company only could find ground to ascend which we did, and found the entrenchments of the enemy but sixty yards from the crest, with abatis in front. We opened fire, which was briskly returned. My company filled all the available space, so we could not be reinforced and we were recalled. I lost in my company six killed, and twenty wounded. Some were killed and wounded in the other companies. No other attempt was made to assault anywhere else."

Col. Newman's regiment was the only one engaged, and his loss in all was eleven killed, and twenty-seven wounded. The loss of the enemy was but five killed and eleven wounded. Zollicoffer returned to camp at Cumberland Ford, and after a few days' rest he began an evacuation of this part of Kentucky. October the thirtieth we bid adieu to Camp Zollicoffer. Moving out early in the morning we headed for the Gap, through which we passed and turned down the mountain toward Jacksboro, Tennessee. Two regiments, Col. Rains' (Eleventh Tennessee), and Col. Newman's (Seventeenth Tennessee), were left at the Gap to hold it against occupation by the enemy.

We reached Jacksboro November the fourth where we remained a few days blockading the passes along the mountain. At this place unfavorable indications began to show regarding the future usefulness of our young brass band. Col. Cummings ordered all the men belonging to the band, (except the old field band), to carry their guns; this, the men did not feel like doing, carry their guns and horns.

So, on the morning of our leaving Jacksboro, we stacked our horns and left them. This was the demise of our brass band. The regiment fell back on the old field band, which she never abandoned, nor did the little faithful band ever prove truant to its trust, and on the morning of the regiment's last roll-call, this same faithful field band called them into line.

Leaving Jacksboro we passed through Wartburg and Montgomery, and crossing Little Emory river, we ascended the Cumberland Mountains again, on whose top we traveled for thirty miles, through as lonely and desolate a country as could be found. We passed a residence about every six miles, till we

reached Jamestown, the county site of Fentress County, a small cluster of houses in a rocky, barren country, almost destitute of any sign of life, where the winds' only song is a sad requiem of starvation. Leaving the mountain just beyond Jamestown we turned our course northward, and the second day we entered the valley of Monticello, Kentucky, beautiful and fertile. We passed through the town of Monticello, December the 2nd, with colors flying and jubilant in spirits, moving on for Mill Springs on the Cumberland, where we pitched our tents the evening of the second day.

After reaching Mill Springs, Gen. Zollicoffer wrote to Gen. A. S. Johnson of his intention to cross the river and fortify on the opposite side. To accomplish this he built two flat boats and with these he crossed the Cumberland with five regiments of infantry, seven companies of cavalry and four pieces of artillery.

Moving out from the river about one mile on an elevation, he fortified his position, pitching our tent in a beautiful beech grove. After Zollicoffer had settled down in his new quarters he received two dispatches from Gen. A. S. Johnson, and in one of them he says, "Mills Springs would seem to answer best all the demands of the service, and from this point you may be able to observe the river without crossing." But before these reached Gen. Zollicoffer, he had crossed the river, and to these dispatches he replied as follows:

CAMP BEECH GROVE, KY., December 10th, 1861.

GEN. JOHNSON—Your two dispatches reached me late last night. I infer from yours that I should not have crossed the river. But it is now too late. My means of recrossing the river are so limited I could hardly accomplish it in the face of the enemy, besides winter is now on us.

Yours,

F. K. ZOLLICOFFER, Brig. Gen.

It was said, Gen. Crittenden sent word to Gen. Zollicoffer to speedily recross the river; but be that as it may, when Gen. Crittenden came he found Gen. Zollicoffer still on the north side of the river, behind breast works and comfortably fixed in log cabins for the winter, which now had set in, in earnest.

Our regiment occupied a position on the line of works on the extreme right, on a high bluff overlooking the river above. We were in a bend of the river, and our line of work extended

from the river above nearly to the river below. We had not had any kind of drill since we left Cumberland Gap, and as for brigade drill, such a thing had not been done. Here we were too busy building breastworks and quarters to think of drilling.

Just now a peep into our inner life as soldiers, shows that in our short outing as such, the morals of the men had degenerated. Strange, how quickly men from under the influence of home and mother, loose sight of the good and with what tenacity they take hold of the bad, and, too, right in the face of danger. Our army tactics, like that of the mariner's when off sounding, knew no Sunday, only as a day of extra duty. Since our crossing the Cumberland river, the Federals had concentrated under Gen. Schoeff at Summerset several regiments of infantry, some cavalry and artillery. And under Gen. Thomas at Lebanon sixteen regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery. Our cavalry were now at the front all the time, and every now and then would have a spat with the enemy. On the eighth of January our cavalry brought into camp fifteen or sixteen prisoners, among whom were Maj. Helveti, and Capt. Prime, both of the engineering corps. It was reported that a regiment of infantry was encamped on the creek not far from the river, nor very far from our encampment. So, the morning of the tenth the Nineteenth Tennessee was sent out to see after them. We left camp about three o'clock in the morning. It was very dark, and a cold, drizzling rain falling and very muddy. As we drew near the supposed camp of the enemy our movements were at a snail's gait, so slow we could not keep up sufficient circulation to keep warm, and freeze we thought we would. We moved on so cautiously, we were not allowed to step so as to make a noise. Our feet were so numbed with cold we could not stand on one foot, and to move was painful. They felt as if a thousand needles were sticking them. At daylight we reached the creek, but found no trace of the enemy. We must cross the creek and the only way was to wade. How could we, this bitter cold morning and almost frozen, but there was no alternative. So, after disrobing partly, in we went and the cold water, as it crept up our legs, seemed full of needles pricking them. This cold wade proved to be the very thing for us, after getting out, reaction set in and soon we were warm and comfortable. We returned to camp with only a fisherman's luck.

January the fifteenth Maj. Gen. Geo. B. Crittenden with Brig. Gen. Carroll's brigade composed of the following regiments, viz: Col. Newman's 17th Tennessee, Col. Stanton's 25th Tennessee, Col. Murray's 28th Tennessee, Col. Powell's 29th Tennessee, Col. White's 27th Tennessee, Col. Wood's 16th Alabama, McClung's battery of two guns, and Col. Branner's and Col. McClelland's battalions of cavalry arrived. Col. Mose White with his regiment remained at Mill Springs and did not cross the river. Gen. Thomas at this time had joined Gen. Schoeff at Somerset, with his eight thousand infantry, cavalry and artillery. The combined force of the enemy now was twelve regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and four batteries. He began an advanced movement on our forces on the 17th of January. For several days previous the rains had been heavy and incessant and the streams were all swollen. Such was the condition of Fishing Creek when Thomas reached it, compelling him to remain on his side of the creek until the evening of the 18th when he crossed a part of his men. Friday night of the 17th Gen. Crittenden called a council of war, composed of the brigades and regimental commanders and captains of batteries, to consider the best thing to do; whether to attack Thomas before he could cross all his forces over the now swollen creek, or wait for him to attack us in our entrenchments. The result of the council was to move on the enemy at the earliest moment possible.

It was said in camp, the next morning, Gen. Zollicoffer and Col. Cummings opposed the advance and the attack. All day Saturday the men were busy inspecting their arms and getting everything ready for the attack. Fishing Creek runs nearly south and empties into the Cumberland river about six miles above Mill Springs. The crossing was on the road leading from Somerset to Mill Springs, and about ten miles from our encampment. On our side of the creek is a low bottom land for some distance. For two or three hundred yards out from the creek was heavily timbered, and from this to the top of the ridge was cleared and under cultivation, and was about three hundred yards wide, the public road dividing it into two large fields.

On the west side and near the foot of the ridge stood a log cabin which was used as a field hospital. Saturday at midnight the army was put in motion. The night was dark and cold, and the bitter winds drove the sleet and rain in our faces, yet

on we went, plodding in the gloom and mud to the front and to battle. The order of the march was as follows:

FIRST BRIGADE—BRIG. GEN. ZOLLIFFER.

Fifteenth Mississippi, Colonel W. S. Statham.
Nineteenth Tennessee, Colonel Cummings.
Twentieth Tennessee, Colonel Battle.
Twenty-fifth Tennessee, Colonel Stanton.
Rutledge's Artillery.

SECOND BRIGADE—BRIG. GEN. CARROLL.

Seventeenth Tennessee, Colonel Newman.
Twenty-eighth Tennessee, Colonel Murray.
Twenty-ninth Tennessee, Colonel Powell.
Sixteenth Alabama, Colonel Wood.
McClung's Battery.

Of cavalry there were Bledsaw's, Sander's, Branner's and McClelland's. Bledsaw's and Sander's battalions were in front of Zollicoffer, the other two battalions were behind Carroll's brigade.

Sunday morning at daylight the cavalry ran upon the enemy's pickets one and a half miles out in their front. A few shots were exchanged and the enemy slowly fell back to his main line. Our cavalry did not push them. The 15th Mississippi took the front, closely followed by the 19th Tennessee. Soon we encountered their main picket line at the foot of the ridge, which as we approached fell back to the top of the hill. We formed line of battle at the foot of the ridge. The balls began passing over our heads pretty fast with a zip, zip, but they did not seem to be doing any harm for they were two hundred yards away on the hill above us. The 15th Mississippi formed on the right of the road, with the 20th Tennessee, Col. Battle joining them also on the right. These two regiments formed the right wing of our line of battle.

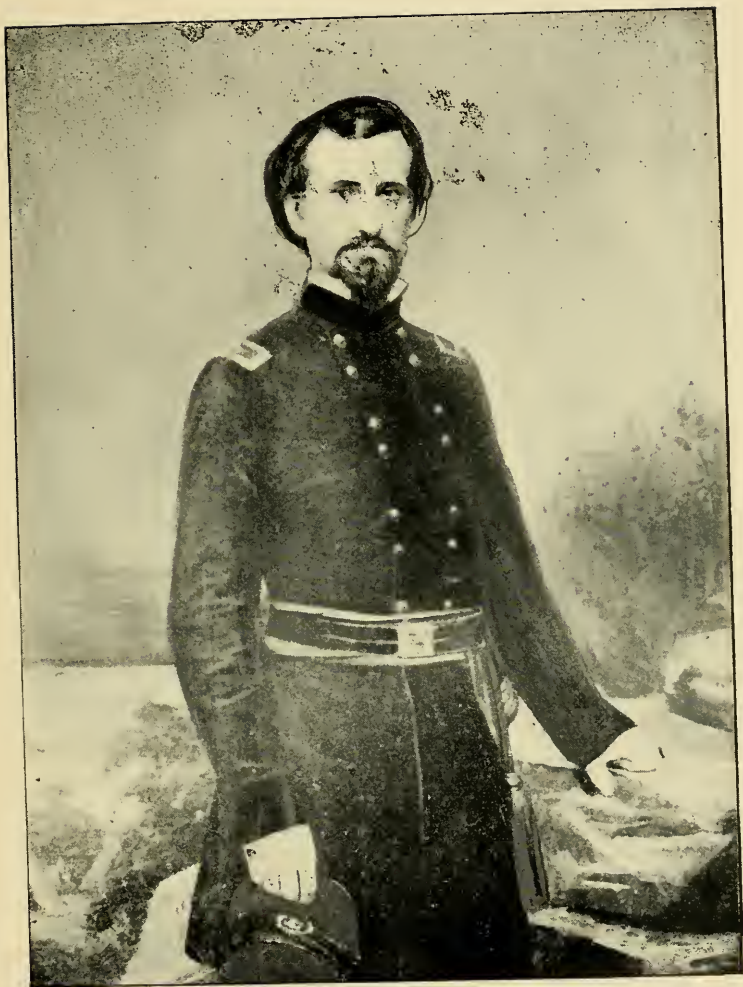
The 19th Tennessee fell into line facing the front just on the left and touching the road, while the 25th Tennessee formed to our left and just a little in our rear. Gen. Carroll had not yet come up and had not formed line of battle. For our regiment to get into position we had to file through an old persimmon thicket, and as we entered it Col. Cummings said to me, "We will hang our overcoat, blanket and haversacks on this bush" (a large persimmon we were just passing,) "and we will

get them on our return." We did so, but neither of us ever saw them again. Getting into line we moved up the hill to the left of the road, and firing on the enemy who retired over and beyond the top of the ridge. By the time we reached the summit, the firing was getting pretty brisk.

The 15th Mississippi first opened the battle, engaging the 12th Kentucky, then Battle opened on the enemy. The 19th Tennessee encountered first the 10th Indiana, about half way between the top of the ridge and the woods and the bottom. We charged at a double quick, closely followed by the 25th Tennessee, and drove the enemy under shelter of the woods. The 15th Mississippi and the 20th Tennessee by this time had also driven the enemy from the top of the ridge into the woods below, thus forcing the whole Federal line from the clearing into the woods on the creek. The rain continued falling, sometimes in heavy showers.

Many of the men had the old flintlock guns which were, in this rain, utterly useless. The writer saw two or three of the boys break their guns over the fence, after several attempts to fire them.

Rutledge's battery was planted on the hill just to the right of the road, and opened with two or three shots only. Our own men being in danger of his shots he fired no more. While in this position Capt. Rutledge had his horse killed under him by a cannon shot from the enemy's gun. Gen. Carroll formed his brigade just under cover of the ridge and awaited orders. The morning was dark, the smoke from the guns was beaten back by the rain, and settling on the ground increased the gloom. By this time the 19th Tennessee was in the edge of the woods to which point we had driven the 10th Indiana. The 4th Kentucky regiment commanded by Col. Fry, came to the assistance of the 10th Indiana and was not more than thirty or forty yards in our front. Unfortunately, Gen. Zollicoffer, owing to the darkness of the morning, mistook the 4th Kentucky regiment for one of his own, and passing through our regiment he rode up to that of the enemy and said to Col. Fry, "We must not fire on our friends," to which Col. Fry replied, "I will not if I know it." Just then Maj. Fogg, of Gen. Zollicoffer's staff, discovered they were Federals and fired at Col. Fry hitting his horse. Immediately a shot from the head of Fry's regiment hit Gen. Zollicoffer in the chest killing him instantly.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. K. ZOLLICOFFER.

General Zollicoffer was born in Columbia, Tenn., May 19th, 1812. At the beginning of the war between the States, F. K. Zollicoffer was made a Brigadier-General and assigned to duty in East Tennessee in May, 1861. General Zollicoffer was killed in the battle of Fishing Creek, January 19th, 1862. He was a brave soldier, generous and kind, and loved by all his command.

Col. Cummings had been ordered by Gen. Zollicoffer as he passed by our regiment to cease firing, which they did, and all this time our regiment was receiving a galling fire from the 4th Kentucky regiment without returning it, and in this confusion the regiment fell back a short distance in some disorder. The enemy pressed forward, capturing the body of Gen. Zollicoffer and also that of Lieut. Baily Peyton, who was killed at the same time.

Lieut. Peyton was one of Zollicoffer's staff. The 25th Tennessee came to our relief and we checked for the time any further advance of the enemy. Here Col. Cummings took charge of the brigade and Lieut. Col. Walker took command of the regiment. The 9th Ohio reinforced the 10th Indiana and the 4th Kentucky and drove our two regiments out of the woods, back some distance, where Col. Stanton, of the 25th Tennessee, fell severely wounded. The 28th Tennessee, came to our help, and we charged the enemy driving them back but a short distance, where we took shelter behind an old fence and kept up a heavy fire for some time. The roar of musketry and cannon seemed to us a considerable battle. The enemy again reinforced their right and began a flank movement, and forced our entire left wing to the top of the ridge. Wood's 16th Alabama and Powell's 29th Tennessee coming in were unable to check the now advancing foe. The whole line now gave way and left the field in wild confusion and disorder. As we went into the battle, and after having driven the Federals from the open field the writer picked up a Yankee overcoat and put it on for the rain was cold and falling fast. When nearly to the woods, we came upon one of our boys so badly wounded, who even with our help, could go no farther, we spread our Yankee overcoat on the wet ground and our wounded comrade lay down upon it to die. The wounded were taken from the field as fast as could be done, some left at the field hospital, others were taken on to camp and from there to Monticello. The last one we helped on this sad morning was Charlie Clemenson, of Company E, 19th Tennessee, who fell mortally wounded about half way up the ridge after we had been driven from the woods. Pink Henderson, Clabe Perry and the writer carried Charlie from the field on a blanket. We had just reached the yard of the log cabin on the hill side where our hospital was located. Our men were now hurrying by as rapidly as they could, the road and

woods were full, all in hot haste to be gone. Wood's Alabama regiment was trying to make some show of resistance but was as powerless as straw in the wind. As the Federals began descending the hill, and before reaching the field hospital, we having done all we could, retired in as good order and as quickly as we could.

Poor Charley was dying when we laid him down. We can never forget the sad anxious expression of his face, as we left him in the last sad trial of the battle of life, dying alone, deserted by all, whom he thought were friends, left on the cold ground with naught but the cold rain to wash the sweat of death from his brow. Charley, we hope

"The blood that flowed from your noble heart
On the spot where you nobly perished,
Was drank by the earth as a sacrament
In the holy cause you cherished."

The battle fought and lost, we made our way to camp in the bend of the river closely pursued by the enemy, and by 3 p. m. they began shelling our encampment. They planted a battery just above us, on a hill in full command of the river and of our works. Our guns replied from one or two batteries and at short intervals the two armies kept shelling during the entire evening.

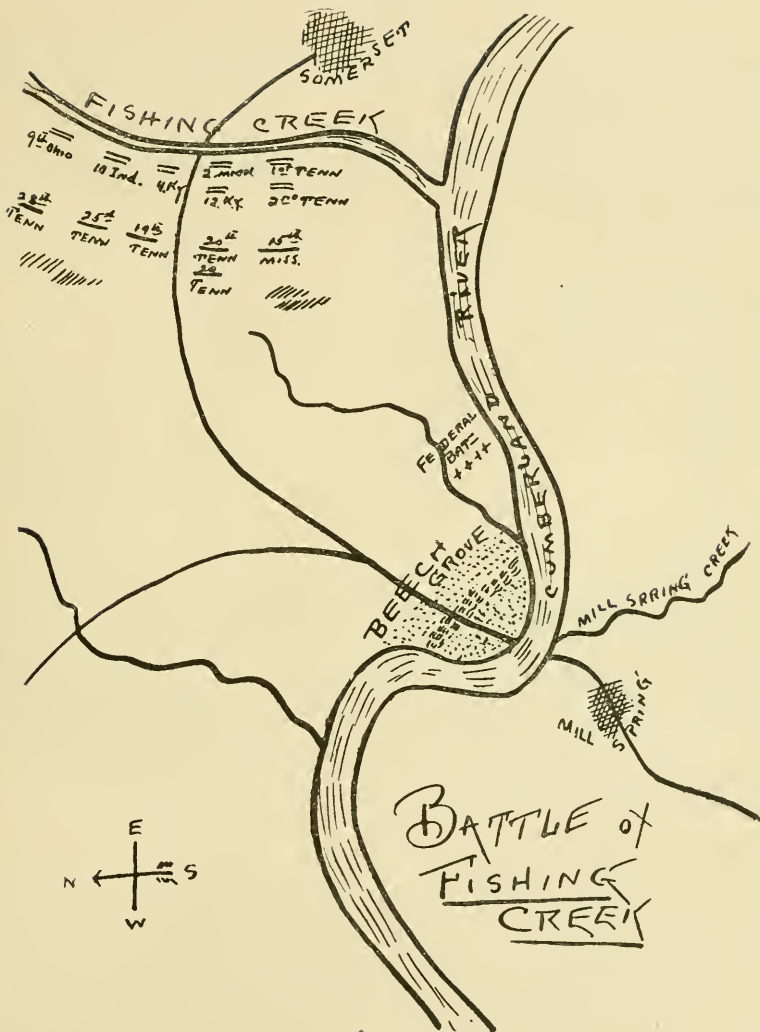
We are sorry we cannot give the names of all who were wounded in our regiment. We give the names of all who were killed, but cannot of the wounded and missing. John L. Rhea, had two or three balls pass through his clothing, but escaped unhurt.

KILLED.

William Dunlap,	Co. A.	Sergt. Middleton,	Co. H.
Lieut. J. Conley,	" B.	Isaac Carmack,	" I.
Jos. Smith,	" D.	Leander Welch,	" "
Charlie Clemenson	" E.	Josiah Woodall,	" "
Lieut. J. Carleton,	" G.	Carroll Carmack,	" K.

WOUNDED.

James Powers, Company A; Abner Vernon, Martin Harr, James Webb, Lafayette Baker, of Company C; James Campbell, R. P. Sharp, David Roller, of Company D; Billie Vestal, Company E; Sam Cox, Company G; S. G. Edgeman, Company H; Andrew G. Johnson, — Moneyham, — Marshall, of Company K.



CAPTURED.

Lafayette Baker, John Baker, Abner Vernon, of Company C; John White, R. C. Crozier, of Company E.

DIED.

Lieut. G. W. Hull, John Jordan, W. H. Barger, George Graham, Martin Harr, James Webb, of Company C, and David Roller, of Company D.

Dr. J. E. Delaney, our surgeon, remained with our wounded on the field and was captured. Our loss in the aggregate in the engagement was:

REGIMENT.	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	CAPTURED.
15th Mississippi,	44	153	29
16th Alabama,	9	5	12
17th Tennessee,	11	25	2
19th “	11	22	3
20th “	33	59	18
25th “	10	28	17
28th “	3	4	5
29th “	5	12	10
Total,	126	308	96

Martin Harr, Lafayette Baker and James Webb died in the hospital at Monticello from wounds received in battle. Lieut. G. W. Hull, John Jordan and W. H. Barger died in camp before the battle came off. This was our first engagement with the enemy that amounted to anything, while they were no better off in point of experience than we, they were decidedly so, as to arms and numbers. They were no doubt better drilled than we were.

Our brigade was never drilled or put in line of battle by any one until the morning of the memorable battle of Fishing Creek. To these causes partly may be attributed our defeat. For we know that no more patriotic and courageous blood ever coursed through the veins of any men than flowed through those of Zollicoffer's brigade. They were willing and ready, but not prepared to meet more than their equal.

General Zollicoffer was loved by his entire command, officers and men. Generous and kind, was always looking to the welfare and interest of his men. Military in appearance, he commanded attention and respect wherever he went. Prior to

the war, his life and work, trend of thought were opposed to that of war, while peace and quiet were a more genial atmosphere for his heart and soul.

But a few days before the battle of Fishing Creek, the steamer, "Noble Ellis," came up from Nashville with provisions and clothing for the men, and had not yet returned. Her presence was our salvation. During the evening all the men were in the ditches, and remained until dark, when a detail was left to be on the lookout and the rest of the men returned to their cabins to prepare meals, for we had not eaten anything since the evening before; we had plenty to cook. My mess had supper ready, hot coffee, hot biscuit, meat, &c., all spread upon a rudely constructed table, in our comfortable quarters.

We were hungry, and were just preparing to satisfy our appetites, when orders came ringing down the line of cabins, "Fall in line quickly and quietly as possible, leave everything but guns and accoutrements, clothing, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, blankets, leave all in camps." We came pouring out of our huts, those who had eaten feeling well, but many had not, of which number was our mess.

How we did hate to leave that hot steaming coffee and biscuit. We could not refrain from casting one long begrudging look at the table as we filed out into the dark to go whither we knew not. After we had left camp and had gotten to the river, the realization of our misfortune came crashing upon the heart like an avalanche. We were retreating. While on the river bank, waiting in the cold and dark, we could but think of our straw beds in the cabin, and the warm fire we left burning.

We are on the river bank in one compact mass of excited and confused humanity. Thousands were crowded there waiting, each his turn to get on the Noble Ellis as she crossed and recrossed the river. The enemy just a little over a mile behind, who, from their battery above us on the hill, kept constantly shelling the boat as she crossed back and forth with her excited fugitive loads. The cavalymen were whooping and hallowing to drive their horses into the river to swim them over. But very few of the horses ever crossed, many of them, perhaps, were drowned, but the greater part of them remained and were captured. Here were artillerymen without artillery, teamsters without their teams and cavalymen afoot. What a racket and confusion reigned here, and right in the face of the enemy. A

hundred men could have captured General Crittenden's whole army. If one gun had been fired just behind us hundreds doubtless would have been pushed into the river. At last we were all over, landing the last load at daybreak. From the Mill Spring side of the river we could see our encampment plainly. And not before sun up did the enemy begin an approach to our works, nor until after they saw the smoke and flame rising from the burning boat. As the Noble Ellis went up in the smoke we could but feel sad, for she had remained and rescued us but lost her own existence. (Gen. Thomas became a deservedly distinguished Federal general in the after days of the war, but he certainly showed little generalship on this occasion. He could and ought to have captured the whole Confederate force.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

JANUARY 20th we took our last farewell look of Beech Grove and Mill Springs. We turned our faces sadly and sorrowfully southward, and beheld in the distance a long journey, hitherto unparalleled, through a rough barren and unfriendly country. We needed sympathy but received none, save that from the heavens, which looking down upon our forlorn condition poured out upon us in heavy showers her sympathetic tears, but they did not make us feel any the more comfortable. Through all the day long the rain continued to fall, when late in the evening we passed through Monticello wet, muddy and tired, not only in body but in mind. We presented an appearance to excite pity rather than applause. One mile beyond the town we sat down to rest for the night. We did not pitch our tent for we had none, neither had we blankets to spread upon the cold, wet ground upon which to lie, and with naught but the leaky clouds for a covering. Having had nothing to eat all day long, we lay down with empty stomachs to dream of the plenty we had left in camp. The next morning we had issued to us an ear of corn to each man (as if we were horses) to parch for breakfast. After building our fires, which were very poor for want of wood, and what we had was wet and sobby, we parched our corn in the ashes and ate it, then started on our march. The long gloomy road this morning stretched itself out to nearly one hundred miles, before we could see any visible signs of provisions or comforts of camp life. So all day Tuesday we plodded our weary way, and passed every now and then, country homes where there seemed to be plenty, but we were none the better off. Night came again to rest our weary limbs and sore feet, but nothing came to satisfy our now keen appetites, except a small piece of beef yet warm from the slaughter, no salt, nothing else. As for ourselves we did not feel the gnawings of hunger as much as we did in the morning.

We roasted our meat by the fire and ate it, and lay down on the rocks to sleep. The next morning we ate the remnants left from supper and started on our third day's march; at the end of which we received beef, salt and meal. We knew how to manage the beef, but how about the meal? We had nothing to put it in, nothing in which to bake it. The meal was issued to us in our hats, in which we mixed it up, and baked before the fire on flat rocks, boards or anything we could find. Some drew flour, mixed it up without salt or lard, rolled it out in strings, size of a pencil and wound it around our ramrods and cooked it before the fire. We ate and enjoyed our supper, retired for the night feeling better and thankful. Who knows what they can endure until they are put to the test. The next morning we moved out again feeling weary and worn, for this journey through the wilderness was a rough and a tiresome one. We reached Gainesboro, on the Cumberland, January 27th, where we were met by a steamer from Nashville loaded with clothing, provisions and tents. We remained here about ten days resting. We needed rest for our bodies and rest for our minds. After crossing the river at Mill Springs many of the men whose homes were in East Tennessee left us and went directly to them, but returned to their respective regiments after a few days' stay at home. This made our army small when we reached Gainesboro, from which place we moved down the river to opposite Carthage, where we camped for a while. Here we had inspection and drill. We who remained with the army felt anxious to hear from home, and to let them know we were yet in the land of the living. The same feeling now was filling each breast that swelled the heart of him who wrote,

"Away from home, how welcome then
Glad tidings from afar,
That tells of friends forever dear,
No matter where we are."

Our disheartened and drooping spirits were now beginning to revive. The runaways, as we called them, were beginning to return, and we sang:

"He who fights and runs away,
Lives to fight another day."

We picked up courage and our tents, and leaving Carthage we headed for Lebanon, Tennessee. As we drew near Lebanon we could see plainly the difference in the responsive sympathy of the people. We began to receive encouragement and



COLUMBUS C. ETTER.

Comrade C. C. Etter was born at Mooresburg, Tenn., October 22nd, 1836, where he lived until May, 1861, when he joined Company K of the Nineteenth Tennessee Confederate regiment. Comrade Etter was a faithful good soldier, and gave up his life early in the battle of his country's cause. Was killed in the battle of Shiloh, April, 1862.

greeting by the wayside, for they were in full knowledge of our retreat from Fishing Creek. Grandmothers, mothers and sisters came out and greeted us, giving us their blessings to cheer us on our way. No doubt they had sons, husbands and brothers somewhere in the Confederate army, perhaps some were with us. We passed through Lebanon February 16th, and there we learned of the fall of Fort Donelson, and that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson was then in Nashville, on his way south with his army, and with whom we would unite at Murfreesboro. Our political firmament began to look dark and dreary, but we took hold of this consolation,

“There is no day but has its share of light
And some where in the dark, there shines a star at night,
And there’s no cloud, however black and grim,
That does not touch the sun light with its outer rim.”

We were told the darkest hour of night is just before the dawn of day, and soon—

The sun would shine the brighter
When the clouds had rolled away.

With this stimulant of hope we received new courage and looked forward for a better and brighter day coming. Leaving Lebanon we turned our course toward

MURFREESBORO,

where we met Gen. A. S. Johnson, from Bowling, Ky., with his own men, and with what troops escaped from Fort Donelson. While we were here all the men who had left us after the Fishing Creek fight, came back to their respective commands, and of all who came to us here, none surprised us more than Billie Vestal, whom we left in Monticello, Ky., as we supposed mortally wounded. He was shot through the bowels, the ball entering an inch to the right of the umbelicus, and coming out just to the right of and missing the spine. He was so very weak he could hardly walk. He had slipped away from the Federal hospital and made for his command. All the sick of Zollicoffer’s and Carroll’s brigades had reported for duty. W. S. Statham, colonel of the 15th Mississippi, who had been absent for some time, returned and took command of Zollicoffer’s brigade, which was known after this as Statham’s brigade.

The union of Johnson’s and Crittenden’s forces, now made one of the largest armies that had yet been brought together in Tennessee. The large number of troops now together seemed

to infuse new life and vigor into all, and made them feel like trying their hand with the enemy again. Here Gen. Johnson organized the army into brigades and divisions. He made three divisions and seven brigades, with thirty-five regiments of infantry, besides the artillery and cavalry. The organization was as follows:

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSON, GENERAL.

FIRST DIVISION.

MAJ. GEN. J. W. HARDEE.

BRIGADES.

Brig. Gen. Hindman—Five regiments.

Brig. Gen. Pat Cleburne—Five regiments.

SECOND DIVISION.

MAJ. GEN. GEO. B. CRITTENDEN.

BRIGADES.

Brig. Gen. Carroll.

Col. W. S. Statham.

17th Tenn., Col. Newman.

15th Miss., Lieut. Col. ———

25th “ “ Stanton.

22nd “ Col. Scheller.

19th “ “ Powell.

19th Tenn., “ Cummings.

37th “ “ White.

20th “ “ Battle.

28th “ “ Murray.

45th “ “ Lytle.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIG. GEN. PILLOW.

BRIGADES.

Brig. Gen. Woods—Five regiments.

Brig. Gen. Bowen—Five regiments.

Brig. Gen. Breckenridge—Five regiments.

Artillery—Twelve batteries.

Cavalry—Seven regiments, five battalions.

The sad news of the disaster at Fishing Creek, and the fall of Fort Donelson, the evacuation of Bowling Green, Ky spread like wildfire over all the South. A great many of the newspapers were full of epithets and denunciations of the direst kind against Gen. Johnson. The situation did look gloomy at this time, and the newspaper men thought perhaps if they had been at the front things would have gone differently.

They had forgotten that enduring the hardships of camp

life, and fighting the battles at the front were much more difficult than sitting around the comfortable fireside and fighting them on paper. Notwithstanding the tirade of abuse heaped upon Gen. Johnson by the press, the soldiers who were at the front and who knew Johnson, loved him. They did not censure him, nor blame any one for the sad changes in affairs, but had the utmost confidence in him as their leader.

Often those who censure most are the ones who do nothing to bring about that, for which they condemn others for not doing.

CHAPTER V.

HISTORIC GROUND.

GENERAL JOHNSON having completed his organization of the army, and all of the absentees having returned, began preparation for a grand move south. He issued the following order:

“HEADQUARTERS, WESTERN DEPT.

MURFREESBORO, TENN., Feb. 28th, 1862.

The column will resume the march to-morrow morning, and continue from day to day, by Shelbyville, Fayetteville and Decatur, Alabama. The march so arranged as to make about fifteen miles a day, so long as the roads permit.

W. W. MACKALL,

By order of Gen. Johnson.

Asst. Adj. Gen.”

So on the morning of the 29th, we moved out for Murfreesboro, passed on through Shelbyville and reached Fayetteville March the 4th, and crossing Elk river we pitched our tents on

HISTORIC GROUND.

Gen. Jackson's old encampment in the years long gone by where we remained for several days. After leaving Fayetteville, we had gone but a short distance when we ascended a high ridge on which we traveled as far as Athens, Ala. This ridge was almost barren and destitute of water. The evening of our first encampment on this ridge we encountered a regular little cyclone with a heavy rain. We had halted in a strip of woods and had just gotten up all our tents, when the storm came. The wind was very heavy—trees were broken off and blown down, and limbs were strewed here and there in our camp. Not a single tent stood the storm. They were all blown down, and we took the rain holding on to our tents to keep them from blowing away. On reaching Athens all our tents and camp equipage were sent on ahead of us, for what purpose we knew not, leaving us to take the rains which were falling heavily and

had been for two or three days past, just coming down in torrents. Where we were the country was so low and flat that it was mostly covered with water, so that at night we had to sit down and lean against trees and bushes to sleep, there being not sufficient ground to lie down on. We crossed the river at Decatur, Ala., and passed on through, camping one mile beyond. Here we remained two or three days. Push now became the order of the day, everything and everybody seemed to be in a hurry. On the 15th of March we moved out for Corinth, Mississippi, where we pitched our tents on the 20th.

While Johnson was pushing his men westward to Corinth, Beauregard was hurrying from Jackson, Tenn., and Bragg, to meet Johnson, with his excellently drilled and disciplined men, was on his way from the south. Gen. Vandorn had been ordered from the trans-Mississippi with his seventeen thousand (17,000) men, also to Corinth.

When these three generals met at Corinth, they had an army without organization. Gen. Johnson was the senior officer and proceeded as quickly as possible to organize, forming corps, which, up to this time had not existed in our army. There were made three corps.

First Corps, under Gen. L. B. Polk.	9,130
Second Corps, under Gen. B. Bragg.	13,589
Third Corps, under Gen. W. J. Hardee.	6,789
With brigades as a reserve under Gen. Brecken- ridge, composed of Trabue's, Bowen's and Statham's	6,439

STATHAM'S BRIGADE.

15th Miss., Col. W. S. Statham.	20th Tenn., Col. Battle.
22nd Miss., Col. Scheller.	28th Tenn., Col. Murray.
19th Tenn., Col. Cummings.	45th Tenn., Col. Lytle.

It was said upon the arrival of Beauregard at Corinth, Gen. Johnson tendered him the command of the army, but Gen. Beauregard, the brave and good soldier as he was, refused it, partly, perhaps, on account of ill health, and probably preferring to serve his country as a subordinate and follow the great leader, Gen. Johnson. He was physically unable to assume so trying and responsible a position. The Federals, under Gen. Grant, had concentrated a large force at Pittsburg Landing on the Tennessee river, about twenty miles from Corinth.

Gen. Buel, with another force of twenty-five thousand, was on his way to join Grant. Grant had already fifty thousand men while Johnson had only about forty thousand. Johnson was very anxious to attack Grant before Buel arrived, and therefore could not await the arrival of Gen. Vandorn, who could not reach him for three or four days. So the morning of April the 4th, '62, Gen. Johnson moved out for the front, taking two parallel roads leading to Pittsburg Landing, which roads came together about one and a half miles southwest of Shiloh Church. Hardee moved out first and camped on the road near Mackey's. Bragg moved on the road leading to Monterey, followed by Polk and Breckenridge. During Saturday we moved cautiously all day, and at night we halted and rested, in close proximity to the enemy.

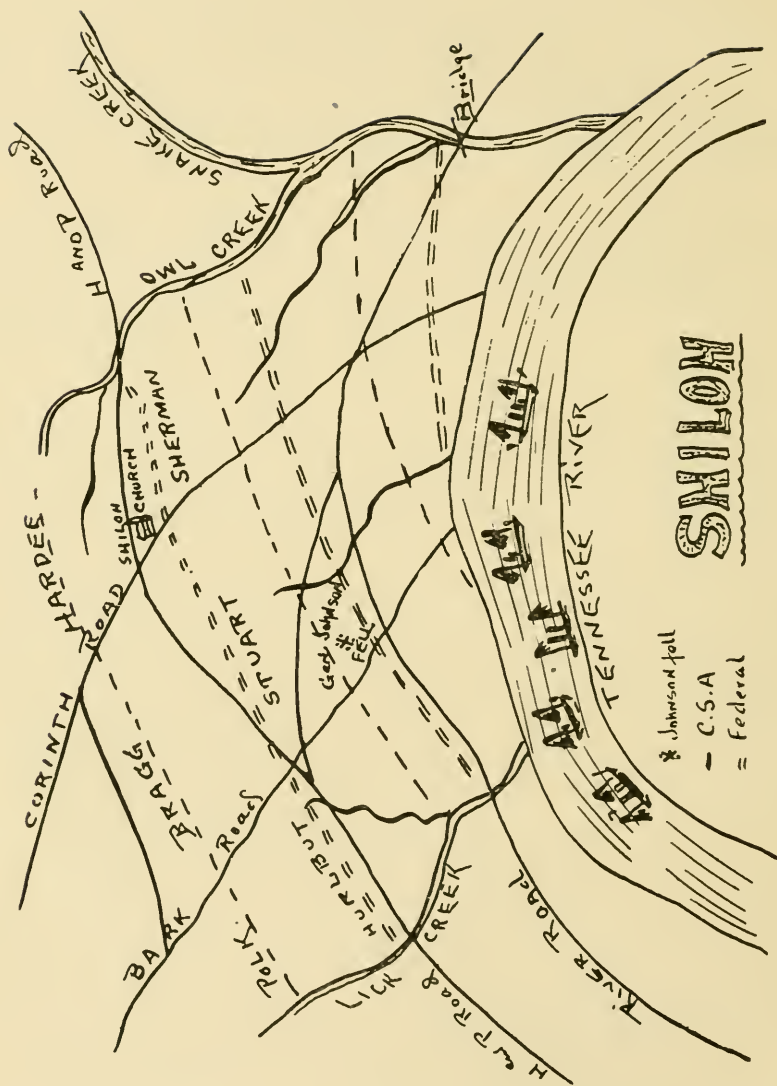
THE BATTLEFIELD.

The battlefield formed a parallelogram of about equal sides. The river and our line of battle formed two opposite sides, and Owl creek below and Lick creek above the other two opposite sides. The two creeks entered about three miles apart, and our line was formed about three miles out from the river. The ground within this boundary was uneven, being interspersed with ridges, ravines and marshy places, with a few clearings in the wooded land. There were several small branches, some running into the creeks and some into the river. Shiloh church is on the road leading from Corinth to Pittsburg Landing, at the crossing of the road from Purdy to Hamburg. The Church stood about two and a half miles out from the river. There were several roads passing through here. Gen. Grant had formed his lines with Gen. Sherman on his right wing with five divisions; the right of which extended from near Owl creek down the Purdy road and by Shiloh Church, and commanding all these crossings. Gen. Prentiss and Gen. Stuart formed the center, while Gens. Hurlbut and Wallace formed the left wing and extended on to Lick creek. Johnson on Saturday evening had blazed out his lines through the woods right in the face of the enemy, and after dark formed his lines so silently that the enemy, though in cannon shot range, did not hear him. On our line Gen. Hardee occupied our left wing, Bragg in the center and Polk forming the right wing with Breckinridge as reserve just in his rear. Here we lay all night quietly resting and wait-

ing for the storm next morning, and like the horse, we could almost sniff the coming battle already.

The two armies lay face to face all Saturday night; the enemy like a wild boar in his den, not aroused by any alarm of unseen danger, while Johnson like a panther hid in his jungle waited opportunity to spring for deadly combat on his unsuspecting foe. Grant certainly was not dreaming of the near approach of Johnson, and his videtts were asleep as to Johnson's movements.

Early Sunday morning, April the 6th, 1862, Johnson moved with as much order as if going on grand review. The enemy were completely surprised. Only a few had finished breakfast, some were yet in bed and asleep, and none ready or expecting such an attack. The enemy, whose encampment our brigade so suddenly and so rudely entered, and, too, without notice, were somewhat indignant and were thrown into great confusion, but they rallied and gave us a soldierly reception. Our men kept pressing forward with a determination not only to gain ground, but to hold all that was gained. The enemy under a continuous fire of musketry and artillery, fell back and formed a second line and for a while checked our advance. Hardee on the left drove the enemy back on his second line held by McLenard, which enabled Hardee now to strike Sherman on the flank forcing him to retire with considerable loss of men and several guns. Gen. Johnson lead Jackson's, Stewart's, Bowen's and Statham's brigades in a successful charge on our right. They advanced in "En Echelon" with the batteries in full play. The resistance was vigorous and the contest was firm. Dead and wounded marked the ground over which they struggled. The enemy was now driven back all along the line, his left and his right farther than the center. Here Bragg had hard fighting, contending with disadvantage of ground and seemingly a superior force. The fighting was desperate all along the line. The roar of musketry and artillery, the bursting of shells and the cracking of grape and canister against the timber, and the zip and the whiz of the minnie balls rendered the scene one that beggars description. Between twelve and one o'clock in the day the enemy occupied a position on an eminence on our right where they had collected a heavy mass of troops. Up to this time there had been four hours of hard fighting, almost an incessant blaze of fire all along the line. We had driven the enemy back on our right



SHILOH

* Johnson's toll
 - C.S.A
 = Federal

to this eminence, where they massed their troops. It was held by Hulburt who had been reinforced by three brigades, and there they stood in double column defying every attempt of our men to dislodge them. Gen. Johnson had ordered Statham's brigade, in which the old 19th was, and Bowen's, joined by Chalmer's of Wither's division, to charge and drive the enemy from this ridge. Statham was on a ridge opposite to that of the enemy, and about two hundred yards from them. To charge the enemy at this point our brigade had to cross this exposed ridge, descend the slope and ascend the one the enemy occupied commanded and raked by their deadly fire. Here we stood delivering and receiving a fire which Gov. Harris said was as heavy as any he had heard, and as heavy as any in the war. We could not drive them by our fire and to charge them seemed like going into the very jaws of death. This position was called the

HORNET'S NEST,

of which Gov. Harris said, "About one o'clock in the evening Gen. Johnson was informed that our extreme right had encountered such resistance as prevented further advance. Gen. Johnson repaired to it at once. We found our right wing posted on a ridge, which upon another parallel ridge in easy musket range, the enemy were in great force. Here the firing was kept up with great energy by both armies for an hour." Gen. Johnson remained upon the line more exposed to the fire than any of the soldiers, and rode down the line in front of the men with his hat in one hand and said, "They are stubborn, we must give them the bayonet, I will lead you." Then the whole line moved with a shout toward the enemy with a rapid and resistless step, when a sheet of flame burst forth from the Federal strong-hold, and blazed along the ridge. What a roar of cannon and musketry! What a storm of lead and iron hail!

The Confederate lines, seemed to wither, to melt away, and the dead and dying strewed the dark ravine, but it did not falter for an instant. On they went up the hill—the crest was gained and the enemy was put to rout. What a baptism of fire! Gen. Johnson, in this charge, had one of his shoe soles torn away and several balls had gone through his clothing. Although the enemy were driven from their strong position, yet as they retired, they fired volley after volley at us.

General Johnson was sitting on his horse watching them,

when a minnie ball from one of these retiring volleys did its deadly work, severing an artery in his leg. Just at this moment a Federal battery from another point opened on us, and General Johnson told Governor Harris to order Statham to charge this battery. Governor Harris did so and rode rapidly back to Johnson just in time to catch him as he reeled from loss of blood and began falling from his horse. Governor Harris caught him in his arms and lifted him to the ground. He was carried back some two hundred yards, just in the rear of the Old Nineteenth, where he expired in a short time, his head resting in the lap of Governor Harris.

The General's horse was hit four times and was led from the field scarcely able to walk. General Johnson had been at the front at other points repeatedly, and at one time was in pistol shot of General Sherman, yet some have blamed Statham's brigade with his death because he had led it, with the other two brigades, in this charge.

The charge was ended, and had been successful, and all were observing the fleeing foe, when the cruel fates directed this random shot that cut the brittle thread of life and the great soldier fell, but fell in the hour of victory which his matchless generalship had planned and his brave battalions had won.

Death was riding over every portion of the field, claiming his victims by the thousands and gloating over the triumph of every hissing missile. It is true that upon no other portion of the field did death gather in such a harvest as in this charge in which Johnson fell, the last one ever led by him. We must pause, shed a tear, and go on.

Immediately after the death of Johnson, General Beauregard assumed the command of the army and continued the battle. Up to this hour (two o'clock in the evening) there had been scarcely an intermission or a lull in the battle, but now an occasional pause was observed in the roar of battle. The right and the left of the enemy's lines had been driven back, while the center seemed to hold its own. Here General Ruggle had concentrated twelve batteries in front of Prentiss, who was stubbornly holding the center of the enemy's lines. Hardee had driven back the enemy before him, killing Gen. W. H. Wallace, which uncovered General Prentiss' right, while Polk and Breckenridge, closing in on his left, cut Prentiss off, forcing him to surrender, with three thousand men, late in the even-

ing, about four or five o'clock. General Prentiss surrendered his sword to Lieut. Col. F. M. Walker, who was in command of the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment. Colonel Cummings, being wounded, had left the field; also Major Fulkerson. William King, of Co. C, was color-bearer, and kept them up where all could see.

Some of Breckenridge's men now exchanged their guns for Enfield rifles captured from General Prentiss; also a few of the Old Nineteenth Tennessee exchanged guns. Immediately after this, Statham and Bowen pressed forward and gained possession of the crest of a hill overlooking the river, and not far above the landing, where they endured for awhile a most terrific fire from the enemy's gunboats.

General McClenard being now exposed, on account of Hurlbut's retreating column, was assailed by General Hardee. Sherman, who was greatly reduced by eight hours hard fighting, was driven back on the hill, with his right resting on Owl Creek, near enough for him to command the bridge just below the junction with Snake Creek. Here the battle ended for the day about five o'clock in the evening, leaving the enemy on his last line, overlooking and crowding the river.

Our left was within four hundred yards of the bridge, the enemy's only crossing of Owl Creek, while our right rested on the river above, exposed to the enemy's gunboats, but being too close to be used without endangering their own men. It was late in the evening when Prentiss was captured, but the battle continued, although the men were tired and exhausted from the fatigue of the day's struggle.

Quiet did not reign until after dark. It was now

NIGHT ON THE BATTLEFIELD

And the men being sleepy, began adjusting themselves for sleep. But can they? The blood-stained field, covered with dead and dying, sadly echoed with the groans of the suffering. During the night the leaves and underbrush caught fire from a bursting shell thrown from the gunboats and burned over considerable ground occupied by the dead and wounded of both armies. It was plainly seen next morning that many had been burned who were alive. The men already dead were only scorched, while the living were blistered. Oh! the ghastly sight presented next day over the burnt field—clothing partly burned away and hair singed, eyebrows gone, eyes blood-

shoten and swollen lips, showed plainly the destruction of a plutonic war. God, viewing the scene with a pitying eye, just after midnight sent a refreshing rain, putting out the fire and cooling many a feverish brain. We had driven the enemy from every position he had taken during the day. They had lost thousands in killed, wounded and captured. We, too, had lost heavily, and although we were the victors, it was at a terrible sacrifice. The day had been a scene of fearful carnage. The crash of minnie ball, grape, canister, bursting of shells, and the cry of the wounded for water and for help, all made a scene of pandemonium. When the battle ended for the day, our entire line fell back about one mile and our tired boys laid down to rest, with their guns as pillows. They could not sleep. Their minds were too much occupied with the results of the day, wondering who were killed and wounded, and when they looked upon their thinned ranks they were astonished and truly thankful they had escaped amid such a storm of lead and iron hail.

“ ‘Tis well the night came on
To cloud the scene of strife
With darkness, and with rain
Wash the blood-stained earth to-night.”

Yes, thousands were sleeping, but they were those who would not awake in the coming morning. The stillness of the night, with its low murmuring wail of distress that seemed to hover close to the ground, was broken only now and then by the whirl and boom of a stray shot from the enemy's gunboats, which were fired at short intervals throughout the entire night, as if tolling the lone hours of the funeral watch. Sadness did not express the deep, anxious longings of our hearts as the hours went by. While we were quiet the enemy was busy. Buell had arrived with twenty-five thousand (25,000) fresh troops and was hurrying to put them into position, and with these our tired but brave boys must contend in the morning. Of these, Nelson and Crittenden were put on their left and were in front of Polk and Breckenridge, McCook in the center, and the rest of their men were in front of Hardee. Breckenridge opened the attack the morning of the seventh, on our right, against Nelson, and the tide of battle rolled down the line to our left. Breckenridge's tired men rushed with such vim against Grant's new men as to utterly astonish them, driving Nelson at once from his position. A battery coming in hot

haste to Nelson's assistance, barely escaped capture at the hands of Cheatham, who had at that moment come to our help. At this hour we had gained but little ground and were barely holding that on our right, while on our left, where the enemy had posted most of their men, we could only hold our own. About ten o'clock Breckenridge sent Statham's and Bowen's brigades, of his division, to Shiloh Church, where, with Hindman's and part of Cleburn's division, under Hardee, they met McCook, whom they repulsed. General Sherman, after the battle of Shiloh, in speaking of McCook's advance at this point near the church, said: "I saw Williche's 32nd Indiana regiment advance upon a thicket of white oaks, behind which I knew the enemy were in great force, and enter it in fine style. Then arose the severest musketry fire I ever heard for at least twenty minutes, when the splendid regiment of Williche's had to fall back. The old Nineteenth Tennessee was at the reception of this charge of the enemy. To-day's fighting was spasmodic, charging here and there with much maneuvering. The last hard struggle was near Shiloh Church, where the worn out Confederates had successfully contended against the enemy. We were gaining no ground, nor were we losing ground. Gen. Beauregard, about two o'clock in the evening, ordered a halt, when seemingly by mutual consent the battle ended. Just at this moment, as the firing subsided all along the line, the enemy were reinforced by three fresh brigades from Wood's division, but they did not renew the attack. Beauregard at this time ordered our (Statham's) brigade with a Kentucky brigade to form at the junction of the roads; the one from Monterey to Pittsburg Landing and the other from Purdy to Hamburg, to meet any advance of the enemy, and to act as a rear guard to the now retiring army. These two roads cross each other at Shiloh Church. These two brigades camped Monday night on the battle field near where the fight began on Sunday morning. Tuesday morning we moved back nearly three miles to Mackey's where we remained three days. Reader, it is useless to attempt a description of the battle field of Shiloh. Language would fail to portray it as it was. The dead were piled on each other in many places. In the center of the battlefield was a pond in and around which were many dead men and several horses, both, either killed there or had been wounded and had gone there for water and had died. This could be truly called the "death-pond" of Shiloh. All over the field the dead lay

side by side—the brave “Who wore the blue and those who wore the gray” now no longer foes. The wounded of both armies, who yet remained on the field, showed the true manhood and brotherly feeling by helping each other as far as possible, consoling each other and sharing each other’s woes. The blue and the gray had fallen on each other and lay as if sleeping in each other’s embrace. Dead horses, broken ambulances and shattered caissons lay thickly strewn over all the field, all of which made up the sad, sad scene. We could see but part of the sad wreck. The loss in the aggregate God only knows, and the morning of the eternity will only reveal. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson had been killed, Gen. Hardee was wounded, after he had his clothes torn by several bullets and Gen. Breckenridge was twice hit by spent balls. The old Nineteenth Tennessee was in some of the hottest contests. Our brigade was the second in the list of casualties. The brigade had lost one hundred and thirty-seven killed, six hundred and twenty-seven wounded and supposed captured forty-five. While there are always some amusing incidents that occur on a battlefield, there are many sad and pathetic scenes during the strife of battle. During the first day’s fighting John Easterling, of Company C, poor fellow, was wearing a blue shade of home-made clothing. A piece of shell tore away a greater part of his lower jaw, he could not speak, and wanting help he went up to Lieut. B. F. Moore, of Company I. The Lieutenant did not recognize him and thinking he was a wounded Federal, spoke sharply to him, told him to go to the rear where help could be had, where he died very soon.

Our two brigades, Statham’s and the Kentucky brigade, after finishing the work assigned them, moved on to Corinth Friday noon and went into camp. We are sorry we could not obtain a correct list of the casualties of our regiment, but give as far as we are able the names of the killed and wounded. Lieut. J. M. Sims, of Company F, was wounded and left on the field and was captured. After we had returned to Corinth, Mr. B. M. Sims, a brother, came to the regiment and learning that the Lieutenant was wounded and left on the field, set out at once to find him. He was found about midnight in the Federal hospital unable to walk and suffering. Mr. Sims slipped his brother out of the tent and carried him on his back that night out through the picket line and five miles before he stopped to rest. They lay there the rest of the night. The next morning

they were picked up by Forrest's cavalry and taken into Corinth and to the hospital.

THE KILLED.

Powers, James,.....	Co. A.	Cunningham, S. H.....	Co. E.
Godby, John.....	" "	Curren, Conley.....	" "
Rowe, Lewis.....	" "	Leath, T. J.....	" "
Willette, Capt. Jeb. T, Co. B.		Allen, Geo. W.....	" F.
Bains, John.....	" "	Farner, Isaac.....	" "
O'Conner, John.....	" C.	Chase, J. T.....	" G.
Vance, Sergt. Sam E.	" "	York, Charles.....	" "
Easterling, John....	" "	Cheek, E. W.....	" H.
Roberts, Isaac.....	" "	Montague, J. R.....	" I.
Lyons, Dan.....	" "	Walker, Capt. T. H....	" "
Cooper, Geo. A.....	" "	Courtney, N.....	" K.
Bradford, M.....	" D.	Keeling, Frank.....	" "
Kemmon, M.....	" "	Wolfenburg, K. S.....	" "
Boofer, Wm. R.....	" "	Etter, C. C.....	" "
Bradley, Sam.....	" E	Webster, E.....	" "

WOUNDED.

Col. D. H. Cummings.		Maj. Abe Fulkerson.	
1. Wright, Thomas..	Co. A.	16. Lincoln, John.....	" D.
2. Gaby, Sam.....	" B.	17. Newport, J. F.....	" "
3. King, E. R.....	" "	18. Shaver, J. A.....	" "
4. White, John.....	" C.	19. Ward, Wm.....	" "
5. Roberts, Jake.....	" "	20. Craig, Al.....	" E.
6. Johnson, B. J. S..	" "	21. Sims, Lieut. J. M.	" F.
7. Harr, Robt.....	" "	22. Rhea, J. A.....	" G.
8. Erps, Adrin.....	" "	23. Potterfield, Wm...	" "
9. Pile, John.....	" D.	24. Duncan, Sam.....	" "
10. Webb, Lieut. Ben.	" C.	25. Wilhorn, Jno. (died)	" "
11. Roberts, Sam.....	" "	26. Buckner, J. M.....	" H.
12. Johns, B. J.....	" "	27. Wilkins, Lieut. Doc	" "
13. Gray, Al.....	" "	28. Brewer Clark.....	" I.
14. Pactol, Sam.....	" "	29. Carmack, John....	" K.
15. Wallace, Lieut. J. A	" D.	30. Speck, Lawrence P	" "
31. Massengill, Felix, Company G, (died, Iuka, Miss.)			
32. Moore, John, Company G, (died, Brownsville, Miss.)			
33. Bruce, Wm., Company G. (died, Mobile, Ala.)			

CHAPTER VI.

AROUND CORINTH.

TWELVE long eventful months had now gone by since the Confederate States began battling for a position in the galaxy of nations, and these months had not passed without results. They had sealed the destinies of thousands of her noble sons. They had brought blight to once happy homes and loving hearts. Grim monster death had been busy hanging crape on the door knobs of those who had gone out in defense of their homes, thus reminding the loved ones there that the vacant chair around the fireside would never be filled by them again.

None but God knew the thoughts of the dying as the last light of earth was receding from vision. Could they have been registered, they would have been, no doubt:

"I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for mother now?"

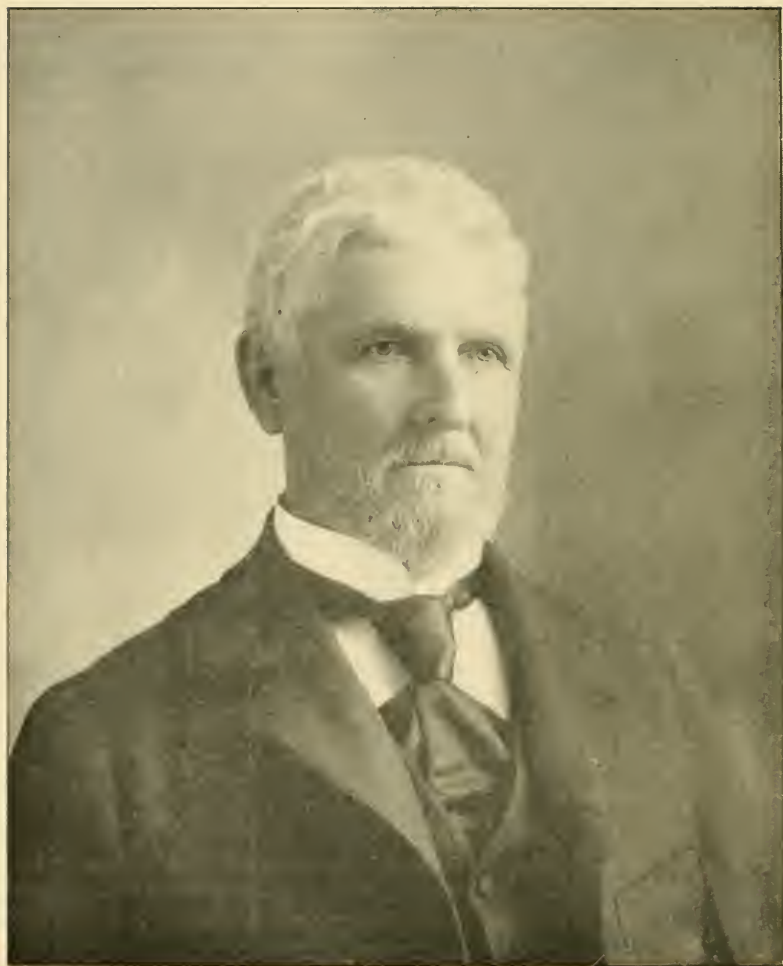
All the men in the army had enlisted for only one year, and that year had now ended and the war but begun. Now comes the true test of patriotism. At the beginning we did not know all that war meant by the word WAR, but now we knew it in all its horrors. Our time was now out and we could have honorably gone home. But no—when we thought of home and what brought us out, we could not return as yet.

"O, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I can never leave our banner
Till in honor I can come."

We re-enlisted, and that for the war, whether long or short. On May 10th the Confederate army re-enlisted till the end. In the

REORGANIZATION

Many changes were made in the officers of the regiment, and



MAJOR A. FULKERSON.

Major Fulkerson was born in Washington county, Va., in May, 1834. Graduated at the Virginia Military Institute in 1857. Joined the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment, and at the organization, in June, 1861, at Knoxville, Tenn., was elected Major of the regiment. At the reorganization, in April, 1862, Major Fulkerson was made Colonel of the Sixty-third Tennessee regiment.

also in those of the companies. The following were elected as regimental and company officers:

F. M. Walker.....	Colonel.
B. F. Mooore.....	Lieutenant-Colonel.
R. A. Jarnagin.....	Major.
Arthur Fulkerson.....	Sergeant-Major.
Dr. J. E. Delaney.....	Surgeon.
Dr. J. E. Pyott.....	Assistant Surgeon.
A. D. Taylor.....	Quartermaster.
J. H. Kennedy.....	Commissary.
Wm. Bowles.....	Adjutant.
W. J. Worsham, } Rufus Lamb, } James Tyner, }	Chief Musicians.

COMPANIES.

Co. A—D. A. Kennedy.....	Captain.
“ F. M. Foust.....	First Lieutenant.
“ Thomas Carney.....	Second Lieutenant.
“ N. P. Nail.....	Third Lieutenant.
Co. B—J. D. Deaderick.....	Captain.
“ J. C. Hammer.....	First Lieutenant.
“ R. J. Tipton.....	Second Lieutenant.
“ T. M. Brabson.....	Third Lieutenant.
Co. C—W. C. Harvey.....	Captain.
“ M. J. Miles.....	First Lieutenant.
“ A. W. Smith.....	Second Lieutenant.
“ William Miles.....	Third Lieutenant.
Co. D—J. G. Frazier.....	Captain.
“ S. J. A. Frazier.....	First Lieutenant.
“ A. B. Hodge.....	Second Lieutenant.
“ Thos. Cunningham.....	Third Lieutenant.
Co. E—W. W. Lackey.....	Captain.
“ S. B. Abbernathy.....	First Lieutenant.
“ Henry A. Waller.....	Second Lieutenant.
“ Jake L. Waller.....	Third Lieutenant.
Co. F—J. H. Hannah.....	Captain.
“ J. M. Sims.....	First Lieutenant.
“ J. F. Sharp.....	Second Lieutenant.
“ Robt. Rhea.....	Third Lieutenant.

- Co. G—A. L. Gammon.....Captain.
 “ Jas. A. Rhea.....First Lieutenant.
 “ J. K. P. Gammon.....Second Lieutenant.
 “ H. D. Hawk.....Third Lieutenant.
- Co. H—W. Paul McDermott.....Captain.
 “ J. H. Kimborough.....First Lieutenant,
 “ Frank S. Hale.....Second Lieutenant.
 “ Benj. F. Hoyle.....Third Lieutenant.
- Co. I—J. D. Lively.....Captain.
 “ J. E. Wooding.....First Lieutenant.
 “ W. H. Lovejoy.....Second Lieutenant.
 “ Wm. Hale.....Third Lieutenant.
- Co. K—C. W. Heiskell.....Captain.
 “ J. H. Huffmaster.....First Lieutenant.
 “ W. W. Etter.....Second Lieutenant.
 “ W. B. Miller.....Third Lieutenant.

All the old officers who were not re-elected left us for other commands, preferring to be privates under other men, than those over whom they had had command. Some were elected to higher rank of command in other regiments. After the battle of Shiloh, Beauregard began fortifying extensively around Corinth. The Federals followed slowly and did not press their suit to any greater degree than a cavalry picket line. We remained here nearly two months, during which time the pickets kept up almost daily a musket and artillery duel.

The water we had to use was of the poorest kind, very bad and only accessible by digging holes in the ground one or two feet deep, and allowing them to fill up with seep water. After exposure to the sun but a day or two, the water would be full of wiggletails, and the use of this water soon began to tell upon the health of the army. The sick list ran up at a fearful rate, and the mortality increased daily. Beauregard sent the sick away as fast as they could be moved. While many died from sickness contracted in camp, many died from their wounds received in the battle at Shiloh. We give but a partial list of deaths of the old 19th, from sickness while around Corinth.

DIED.

McKinney, William....	Co. A.	Burnett, James.....	Co. H.
Salts, John	“	B. Graves, Wash.....	“ “
Hampton, William....	“	Douglas, H. D.....	“ “
Webb, Lieut. Ben.....	“	C. Williams, C. F.....	“ “

Cook, John	“ “	Hall, John M.....	Co. I
Flenor, Pete	“ “	Melton, A. J	“ “
Roberts, Sam.....	“ “	Parker, L. D.....	“ “
Harr, Robert.....	“ “	Langrace, R.....	“ K
DePue —	“ B.	Cross, A. J.....	“ “
Gray, James.....	“ “	Duncan, William.....	“ “
Grant, John	“ G	Drake Samuel.....	“ “

Soon after Gen. Beauregard had reached Corinth, Gen. Vandorn, with his command of seventeen thousand (17,000) men, arrived. He should have reached the battlefield of Shiloh Sunday evening, and met Gen. Buel's fresh troops. If he had, we would have made it more lively for Grant, Monday, than we did. May the 25th, 1862, Beauregard began moving all his munitions of war from Corinth, and as soon as this was accomplished, the army began falling back towards Tupelo, Miss. The morning of the 25th our regiment was sent down the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, about eight miles to protect a bridge across a creek running through a low, swampy country, and a perfect jungle. In this place we lay about one week, with scarcely enough ground above water on which to lie down. The undergrowth was so dense that just now and then, and here and there, the sun could get through the foliage to give life to the struggling vegetation, dying for want of sun-light. About noon of the second day of June we crawled out from our hiding place in the swamp, out of the mud and water, on to dry ground, to sun and dry ourselves. We moved out from this place without a single regret, and took the railroad for Baldwin, Miss., where we stopped but a day. From here we moved on to Tupelo, where now the entire army was encamped. In the jungle or on the high-lands, in camp or on the march, in the rain or stretched out lizzard-like taking a sun-bath, no jollier set of men could be found than the Old Nineteenth Tennessee; always willing, ever ready to go where duty called.

Gen. Beauregard took command of the army on the field of Shiloh, and finished the battle when he could scarcely keep in the saddle. His ill health was his great impediment. And owing to the continued failure of health, he turned over the command of the army to Gen. Braxton Bragg June the 10th, 1862. Soon after taking command, Gen. Bragg sent a portion of the army to Vicksburg, under Gen. Breckenridge, and with the remainder of the army he returned to Tennessee. Statham's

brigade, in which was the Old Nineteenth, was one of the brigades sent to Vicksburg. June the 19th, Gen. Breckenridge received the following order:

Special order, } HEADQUARTERS WESTERN DEPARTMENT.
No. ——— } TUPELO, MISS., June 18th, 1862.

Breckenridge's division of the Army of Mississippi, will be prepared to move in light marching order with all possible celerity, with six days' rations, one hundred rounds of ammunition for small arms and the current supply for field batteries. Brig. Gen. Preston will report at once to the commander of the forces for special instructions.

By command of Gen. Bragg.

GEO. W. BRENT,
Act. Chief of Staff.

McClung's battery, having been transferred to our brigade, became part of it. We moved out from Tupelo on the 20th with one division, composed of four brigades. Our line of march from Tupelo, was northwest across the country, through a land not very rich and poorly watered. We suffered for water, often going miles without finding a well, cistern or running stream. The horses suffered alike with the men.

We reached Abbeville on the N. O. & N. W. R. Ry, on the 25th of June, where we rested for the day. Here we took the train and passed through Jackson on to Vicksburg, which place we reached on the evening of July 1st, 1862.

CHAPTER VII.

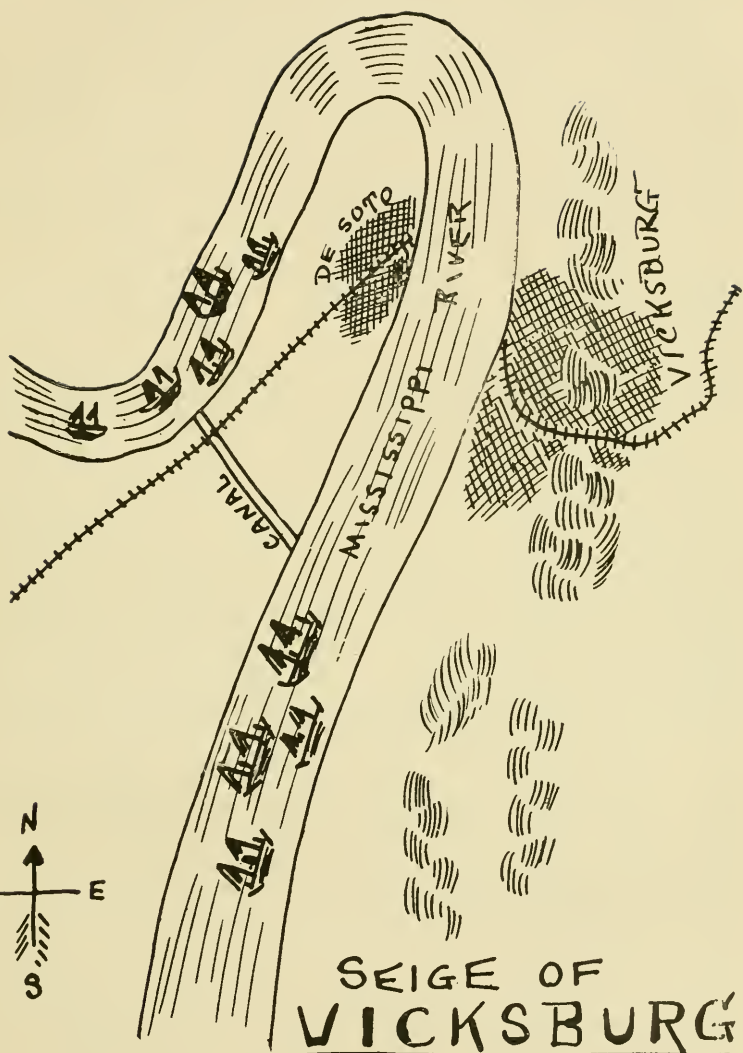
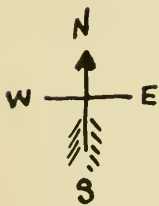
VICKSBURG.

VICKSBURG, the city on the hills, like her ancient sister, Rome, her foundations are the eternal hills. The hills are called "Walnut Hills," and each one stands alone, or seemingly so, while in truth it is a ridge broken along here by deep ravines. The railroad from Jackson finds its way to the wharf through one of these ravines. On these hills we had our large siege guns, making a splendid fort, underneath which was the magazine, deep beneath the reach of the enemy's shells. Vicksburg was a romantic place. Her several hills were covered with beautiful residences, with large yards full of flowers and shrubbery, and many gardens growing figs, pomegranates, artichokes, etc., not such as we were used to, for these were on trees and shrubbery instead of in the ground. We lived well here. The scenes and the surroundings were so different from anything we had yet met. Our encampment was out from the city about two miles. Our water supply for the first few days was from an old pond, full of green moss and wiggletails, and we had to filter the water we used. We were on picket duty along the levy about five days and nights in each week. Here again we were under fire of the enemy's gunboats. There were two fleets, one above and one below the city. The third day of July we lay on the levee, below the city, and remained there all night. We expected the enemy to begin the celebration of the Fourth of July early the next morning by shelling us from the two fleets. Early in the morning of the Fourth we moved up from the bottoms on to higher grounds, directly under one of our large batteries, and were in plain view of both fleets all day. Our most sanguine expectations of a lively day from shot and shell of the enemy's gunboats and mortar boats were sadly disappointed. Everything was strangely silent. The sun this morning (the fourth) seemed to spread a pall of silence

over everything, and not until it had climbed the eastern horizon and passed the zenith was the monotony broken. There had not been a day, not even a Sabbath day, so quiet as this one so far had been. About two o'clock in the evening one of our large guns sent a shell whizzing through the air, inquiring of the enemy why they were so silent, when one solitary shot from the enemy's lower fleet came in reply, and silence reigned again until night spread her dark mantle over all. Constantly the two fleets kept us on the lookout day and night. Shells, two hundred-pounders, were bursting over our heads and all around us continually. The air was kept full of flying missiles, falling here and there, and often wounding women and children in their homes and on the streets. Shells would go crashing through their residences. The streets were kept torn up by the shells going into the ground and bursting, tearing up holes sufficient to bury a horse in. The soil being sandy, it was fun for the boys when one of these would go four or five feet in the ground, to gather around the opening, when the explosion of the shell would throw dirt all over them. The lower fleet was about three and a half miles below the city and the upper one about three miles above, directly opposite the city across the peninsular. The hills around the city and below had many beautiful residences on them. There was one large house on one of these hills not far from the lower fleet, from the top of which the fleet could be seen plainly. The boys would gather on top of this house and watch the maneuvering of the fleet. One day the boys of the Old Nineteenth were on top of the house and had attracted the attention of the enemy and they made the house a target. The first shot came so close the boys got down and off, none too soon for the second shot demolished the house. The gunboats were very restless, moving about, staying in one position but a short time. Each fleet had a small boat, the boys called the "fice," they were continually on the run, to first one boat and then another. While we were here, the Federals began cutting a canal across the peninsular. They worked principally at night, for during the day our guns made it too warm for them to stay in the canal.

GUNBOAT HUNT.

For several days the Federals had two mortar boats tied up to the bank on our side of the river. The Old Nineteenth and a part of the Fifteenth Miss., under Col. Walker, were sent down



to investigate the right they had taken in so doing, and to take them in if necessary. The day was an exceedingly hot one, and but little air was stirring. The road was graded, cutting through the small hills and when we would get into one of these cuts the heat was so oppressive that it was almost intolerable. The distance we had to go was about four miles, and many of the men were overcome by the heat, fell by the wayside, completely exhausted. There were more Mississippians fell out on account of the heat than Tennesseans. The writer gathered leaves and put them in his hat changing them every few minutes, yet he came very near giving it up at one time. The sun light seemed to have gone out, everything became dark. He staggered and came very near falling. Sitting down for a while this soon wore off and he moved on alright. Finally we reached the river bottoms across which we must go, through marshy places, mud and lagoons. There were bamboo briars in abundance, whose long thorny arms reaching out for everything that passed, were ahead of and awaiting us. We fail to express it when we say that it was with great difficulty we picked our way across the bottom and reached the levee beyond, upon whose crest for some distance above and below us was a thick, heavy cane brake, which completely hid us from view of the enemy. On reaching the cane brake we found the object of our search lay about one hundred yards below us. Moving cautiously down the levee behind the cane, until we thought we were far enough, and were even with the boats, we made a rush forward to the river. The lower end or left wing of our column fell in about twenty yards above the nearest boat. Out in the river before us lay the entire fleet like a small village on the water. The two boats were moored close to the bank and the men were out, some on the bank sleeping, some playing cards and others on the deck. Little did they dream of danger. One or two volleys from our guns sent several of them to their long homes, just how many were killed we could not tell. It was only a moment's work and we had to take shelter behind the elevation of the levee just in time to save ourselves, where we had to remain for some time. Oh, my! It seemed as if the very gravels and rocks from the river's bed arose in their defense and came crashing through the cane after us. From the side of every boat came shot and shell, grape and canister until the boat seemed a blaze of fire and one continuous roar of cannon. As soon as the firing subsided sufficiently for us to

venture from our hiding, we moved out while the enemy kept up the firing which hurried us on. We did not go out in as good order as we went in, nor were we as particular in picking our way. The grape kept coming too plentifully for comfort and the writer made for a large cypress tree that stood just ahead of him, when just before he reached it and within two steps of it, a four pound shot went through the tree a little above his head. Thinking it but little safer behind the tree than anywhere else, he moved on. Several of the men lost their shoes in the mud. Capt. Deaderick mired up in the quicksand so he could not move, and two men had to help him and they too, came near sticking. It was said one man lost his breeches, torn off by the bamboo and the thorns. We lost two men, supposed killed and two wounded. It was certainly a "wild goose chase," and was not as successful as was our trip to Goose Creek in Kentucky. But then, gunboats are not as easily handled as salt. We returned to camp and had many a hearty laugh over our adventure in the "gunboat hunt." On one of these walnut hills, an Englishman had a fine residence in a beautiful, large, grassy yard full of shrubbery and flowers. In this yard our regiment passed one or two afternoons and nights each week resting under the shade of the trees. Here we were in plain view of the upper fleet. Our continued presence attracted the attention of the enemy and they would shell us, the shells passing through the yard and burst near by. This raised the ire of the old Englishman and he soured on us. He would have quickly driven us out and off of his premises had he the power. After a few shells had gone through his yard and had demolished some of his shrubbery, thinking to fortify against the enemy's shell he raised the English flag on top of his house and also on his barn. So we rested under the shadow of the English flag as well as that of the Confederate; while in sight in the distance, the stars and stripes floated in the breeze. The old Englishman soon learned that his flag did not put eyes to the shells of the Federal guns. For one day he was in his barn currying his cow, which was a daily business with him, when a shell came crashing through the barn, barely missing him and his cow and went on, on its frightful mission to scare some one else. As usual we had to keep up drill and inspection. We had in our regiment a dutchman, and judging from his physique he was of lager beer fame, having a large "bay window." One morning Lieut. Col. Moore was inspecting the

regiment and was getting the men in line. This dutchman, whose name was Godhelp, seemed with great difficulty to get into line, his "bay window" being too large. The Colonel called out to him, "You dutchman, Godhelp, put in your belly."

On July 10th General Breckenridge issued the following order:

General Order {	HEADQUARTERS BRECKENRIDGE'S DIVISION,
No. 2. }	VICKSBURG, MISS., July 10, 1862.

Hereafter the several brigades composing this division will be numbered as follows: First brigade, Brig. Gen. Bowen; Second brigade, Brig. Gen. Helm; Third brigade, Brig. Gen. Preston; Fourth brigade, Col. W. S. Statham.

By command of Maj. Gen. Breckenridge.

JOHN T. PICKETT,
Asst. Adj. Gen.

Our brigade was composed of the same regiments as when at the battle of Shiloh, and was the fourth in the present division. On the 16th there was read in the brigade the following order concerning a boat that was then anchored in the Yazoo river, above Vicksburg:

CAMP OF THE HUDSON BATTERY,
NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., July 16, 1862.

Capt. W. C. McCawley, Assistant Adjutant-General of the Second Brigade, Breckenridge's Division:

DEAR SIR—I received a circular, of date July 15th, calling for volunteers to go on board the Arkansas Ram to attack the fleet just below us. Respectfully,

H. B. HELM,
Brig. Gen. Second Brigade.

This was news to us, for we did not know we had a gunboat so near. This call was made in all the regiments of the brigade. The Old Nineteenth responded, which she always did, to any duty in any emergency. A detail was sent from our regiment to Captain Brown, who was in command of the boat. A few days after the detail had been sent from the brigade, there was read the following notice, which seemed to show there had been some trouble:

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE,
VICKSBURG, MISS., July 20, 1862.

Major Pickett, Assistant Adjutant-General:

DEAR SIR—I have the honor to report, after making examination, that the lieutenant and men who volunteered from my brigade and went on board the Arkansas are there yet and have not been ashore with the purpose of leaving the boat. The lieutenant is distressed that such a report should be made concerning him and his men. Direction will be given that they remain until otherwise ordered from your headquarters or by Captain Brown. I make this report at the request of Col. W. S. Statham, commanding brigade, who is now in bed with a very hot fever. The six volunteer firemen called for yesterday were sent to the Arkansas late yesterday evening.

I am, very respectfully,

HARRY P. THORNTON,
Act'g. Ass't. Adjt. Gen.

Col. W. S. Statham, our brigade commander, had been complaining for several days, although he had been out nearly every day. The communication just given was the last one he ever wrote or dictated. He grew worse rapidly and August 1st he surrendered to the grim monster death. All the men loved Colonel Statham and sorrowfully gave up their brigade commander, and while they deeply mourned his departure, they consoled themselves that his was but a transfer of his enrollment from the army on earth to the one in the beautiful beyond.

While here we were kept busy day and night on the lookout for first one thing and another. The enemy's shells annoyed us, but there was another foe we had to contend with, more annoying than the enemy's shells—the mosquitoes, or, as the boys called them, “gallinippers.” Roll up in your blanket ever so well, they would bite you. They would either get on the blanket with you and roll up with you, or they would bite you through all the folds. The boys said “gal or no gal, they had the nippers,” and right well did they ply them. There were barking lizards and other curious things. When we first moved on to the hills overlooking the river, there was a cluster of bushes near by. In them were these lizards, and they would, every now and then, begin to yelp just like puppies. After night the enemy's shells were more entertaining than any other time, the fuse of the shells could be seen from the time they left the

gun until they burst. Often six or eight would go up at one time following each other, if the night was cloudy, the shells would go up through the clouds and be lost to sight for a time. When the bursting time came they lost all their beauty for the flying pieces of shells made it uncomfortable and dangerous.

“THE ARKANSAS RAM.”

The Arkansas Ram, a gun-boat of which notice has already been made, was then in the Yazoo river about twenty miles above Vicksburg. Her sides, top and bottom were of railroad iron, she floated deep in the water, was well equipped with large guns. She made her appearance in the Mississippi July 16th. To get into Vicksburg she had to pass the upper fleet. Soon as the black smoke began to ascend from the low smoke stack of the Ram, and was seen nearing the Mississippi river, a small swift steamer belonging to the enemy that had been for some time lying in wait, watching the movements of the Ram, turned her course homeward as fast as the current of the river and her engines could propel her, to give warning that the Ram was coming. Out of the mouth of the Yazoo into the “Father of waters” she came midway of the stream, she floated quietly yet defiantly for the wharf at Vicksburg. About six o’clock in the morning she came in sight of the fleet that was awaiting her and was careful to give ample room. The enemy was enthusiastic in their demonstrations and gave the Ram loud and continuous salute. The Ram was as courteous and returned the fire with a vim. She moved slowly, nor turned out of her way, and when her broadside presented to their boat she gave them shot after shot the enemy did not relish. On she came triumphantly into court, having suffered considerably from the enemy’s shot and shell, and with her crew almost annihilated. Having lost twenty-five killed, thirty wounded. Hair, brains and blood were strewn everywhere in the boat.

James Tyner, who was just only fifteen years old when he enlisted in Co. I, was given an honorable discharge by Lieut. J. E. Wooding, commanding company. Rev. D. Sullins, Brig-ade Quartermaster, gave him transportation home. James Tyner was our bass drummer and while he made a good and faithful soldier, yet his young and tender age forbid his remaining longer. Lode Walker, Henry and Rufus Staples, of Company H, were transferred to other companies in other commands.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR stay in Vicksburg was, for us, romantic and full of thrilling events, though some of them were of too shaky a nature to be pleasant. Towards the close of our stay here nearly all the men contracted chills, which constituted the shaking part of our experience. The weather was very hot and sultry. Dr. Montgomery, of Mississippi, assisted our surgeon, Dr. Delaney, and had charge of the chill department.

Our boys began to be homesick and long to leave the land of flowers, magnolias and chills, but no furloughs nor transfers were granted.

As has been stated, the death of Col. W. S. Statham occurred August 1st, and after his death, Brig. Gen. Clark took command of our brigade. The next day after Gen. Clark took command orders were received for all able for duty to be ready to move at a moment's notice for

BATON ROUGE.

A good number of our men were chilling, which left few able to respond to this call. Gen. Breckenridge left for Baton Rouge with two divisions of two brigades each. The first division was commanded by Brig. Gen. Clark, and was composed of the second and fourth brigade and commanded respectively by Col's Hunt and Smith. The second division was commanded by Brig. Gen. Ruggle and was composed of the first and third brigades, commanded respectively by Col's Allen and Thompson. We had with our brigade two guns of Henderson's battery, one gun of Cobb's battery. As soon as Gen. Breckenridge left for Baton Rouge, the enemy's lower fleet also left and was closely followed by the Arkansas Ram. We reached Baton Rouge late in the evening of the fourth, and formed our lines after dark with Gen. Clark on our right, and Gen. Ruggle on the left. Early in the morning of the 5th, Gen. Clark advanced on the Grenwell Spring road and as soon as it was light enough to see, Gen. Ruggle opened the fight by an attack on the enemy's pickets and soon

his whole line was engaged. He soon drove the enemy from all his positions. He started in with a cheer and a shout, and the little army moved forward with the impetus courage of mighty force, capturing two pieces of artillery. Just at this time Col. Allen fell, loosing both legs from a cannon shot; and following this very soon Col. Thompson was wounded. On our right Gen. Clark pressed the enemy back at every point, but was resisted with great stubbornness. After several hours of hard fighting he drove the enemy back to his encampment in a large grove, just in the rear of the State penitentiary. Here the battle was most obstinate and fierce, and where the first division suffered the greatest loss. Here Col. Hunt, commanding the second brigade, was shot down, and Gen. Clark, commanding the division, was severely wounded. The third brigade on our left having exhausted its ammunition was ordered to fix bayonets and support the fourth brigade in a charge with bayonets. Our whole line had suffered from the gunboats until we had driven the enemy in, so close the boats could do us no harm. It was now ten o'clock in the morning and the Arkansas Ram, which should have been on hand and putting in her best work, had not yet opened her mouth. At half-past ten, when our men had driven the enemy from their last encampment in the grove and where the fight was a bloody one, they broke and ran down the streets followed by our men firing on them at every step until they took shelter in the arsenal and barracks. It was now noon, and our men exhausted from heat and thirst, withdrew under a galling fire from the enemy's gunboats. We expected to find water in all of the cisterns but were disappointed, and kept on in search of it. But finding none we returned to the front, and succeeded in obtaining a scanty supply from a few cisterns. All this time the boats were shelling us, but here on this line we remained until nearly night.

Having no picks and shovels, and not being able to procure any in the city, we gave up the field with its dead to be buried by the Federals.

The Ram never showed up, the Captain reported that the machinery gave out and could not be worked—he abandoned her, then blew her up.

The battle of Baton Rouge was a bloody little fight, we moved all our wounded to comfortable quarters, sending to Jackson, Miss., all who could bear moving, leaving the dead on

the field. Breckenridge had but a small force. He lost one division and two brigade commanders and a great many killed and wounded.

Of the Old Nineteenth, Thomas White was wounded through the hips; Lient. J. M. Sims was wounded in the leg, the same leg in which he was wounded at Shiloh; Emmett White was killed in this battle; Elbert Roberts, of Knox county, Tenn., was also killed; he belonged to Ruggles' command, and was a kinsman of the writer. The Old Nineteenth Tennessee, while she could not boast of her numbers engaged, could boast of grit and nerve, for many of our regiment were barely able to walk. Lieutenant Etter fought through this battle with a chill on him, shaking so he could hardly go, and following this ague was a high fever and intense thirst, yet through the heat of the day and the torture of this chill and fever he never left the ranks. All of the sick of the regiment who remained in camp at Vicksburg had the nerve and would have gone into this fight, but did not have the physical strength. Many who did go, ought to have remained in camp. Immediately after the battle of Baton Rouge, Breckenridge ordered all the troops who remained in Vicksburg to report at Jackson, save just sufficient force to garrison and hold the forts. So when we returned to Jackson we found the remainder of the army there. While here at Jackson, Colonel Cummings, our old colonel, visited us and we were right glad to see him again and shake his hand. General Breckenridge ordered inscribed on the flag of the Old Nineteenth Tennessee regiment the names of all the battles we were in, viz: Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Vicksburg and Baton Rouge. Verily, of the Old Nineteenth Tennessee regiment, none were ashamed, but all were proud of her record.

We were, and had been encamped around Jackson for several days. Since we started out, had gone through many rough scenes, and many had been pleasant. We would have enjoyed our stay in Vicksburg much more had it not been for the chills, yet as it was, our soldiering there was romantic and exciting. Gen. Breckenridge made some changes in our brigade which the following order shows:

General Order, }	JACKSON, MISS., PALMER HOUSE,
No. 23. }	September, 7th, 1862.

The 4th, 5th and 6th Kentucky regiments, and Cobb's battery will for the present, constitute a brigade under the command of Col. R. P. Trabue and be called the first brigade.

The 19th, 20th and 45th Tennessee regiments and McClung's battery, will form another brigade under the command of Col. F. M. Walker, and be called the second brigade.

By command of Maj. Gen. Breckenridge.

JNO. A. BUCKNER,
Maj. and Asst. Adj't. Gen.

In this reorganization of the brigades, the Fifteenth Mississippi, which had been with us so long, ever since our encampment at Cumberland Ford, Ky., sharing our joys and hardships on all our long marches, standing side by side with us in all battles, journeying with us over mountains and through valleys, now left us, and we bid good-bye to our old, true and tried friends. Also the Twenty-second Mississippi, that fell in with us at the organization under Gen. A. S. Johnson at Murfreesboro, Tenn. We had been encamped within the city limits for some days, but on the 8th of September we moved out six miles from Jackson, where we adjusted our payrolls, to keep in remembrance that there was such a thing called money.

Here we drew eleven months' pay, clothing and provisions were issued, and we were happy. The money we drew, was in uncut sheets, and sixty dollars to each private. The paymaster's tent was one mile from camp. Jake Willeford who had a "chuck-a-luck" bank won all the money the men received before they reached camp. All the sick, unable for duty, were sent to the hospital in the city, where J. B. Irwin and S. M. Jenkins, of Company F, and S. W. Riley, of Company I, died.

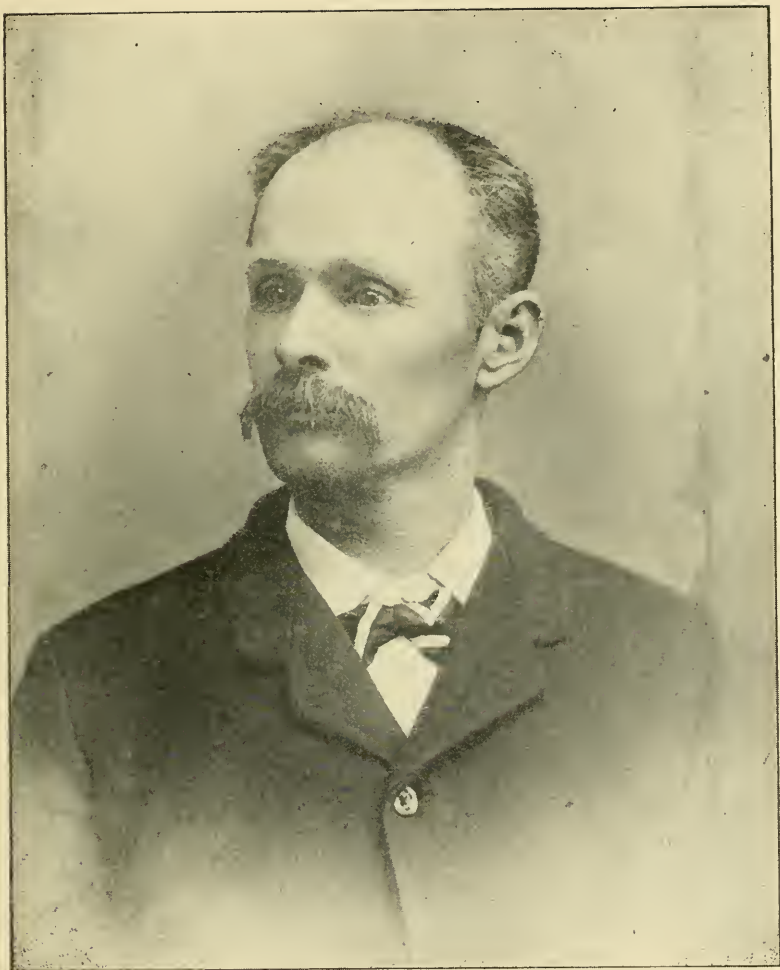
Somehow a happy infatuation got hold of us just now, rumor was rife in camp that we were on the eve of going home. But we know

"Rumor is a pipe,
Blown by surmise and conjecture
Of so easy and so plain a note,
The still discordant multitude
Can play upon it."

While we were enjoying the happy thought of a "Happy homeward bound," came the following order:

Special Order, } HEADQUARTERS, BRECKENRIDGE'S DIVISION,
No. 17. } JACKSON, Miss., Sept. 9th, 1862.

The second brigade of this division will be at the railroad station in Jackson, and under command of Col. F. M. Walker, will move at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and take the



LIEUTENANT H. D. HAWK.

Lieutenant Hawk was born in Sullivan County, Tenn., joined Company G. of the Nineteenth Tennessee, in June, 1861. At the reorganization at Corinth in 1862, he was elected Third Lieutenant of Company G. In May 1863, he was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and was wounded in the battle of Chicamunga. He made a faithful good soldier through the war and was at the last roll call of the regiment in 1865.

cars for the north. The commanding officer will report to Brig. Gen. Villipigue at Holly Springs, Miss., (or beyond if he has moved) until the arrival of the Major General commanding the division.

By order of Maj. Gen. Breckenridge.

J. L. ROBERTSON,
Capt. and Asst. Adj't. General.

We left our camp the morning of the 10th, somewhat disappointed, and took the cars for Holly Springs, instead of for home. We started out in one of the hardest rains that had fallen on us in Mississippi.

It seems as if rain was one of the concomitants of a soldier's life. We boarded an old cattle train, all the cars were open but covered, slatted and filthy beyond description. We were on this train one whole day and night, no protection from the rain, which poured down on us all the way. How we longed for the enjoyment and pleasure of walking again. The only place the boys could lie down, was on top of the cars, where they had the full benefit of the rain. Inside the cars was almost too filthy to even stand. We finally reached Holly Springs, and got off the cars, wet, muddy, nasty and mad. We were not to be envied either in feelings or in looks, all sleepy and tired out; and if we had been attacked by the enemy, however small the force, we could neither have fought nor run. We moved up the railroad towards Grand Junction one mile and encamped on a small stream that reminded us very much of Camp Zollicoffer in Kentucky, where just one year ago we were. How little then did we think what was before us; what long marches without anything to eat, and the sleepless night watches that were in store for us. The work of the inexorable "Fates," like the coral builders, was unseen yet they wove for us a journey rough and sure.

It is well we cannot lift the veil and see the coming events.

"If this were so,
How many viewing their progress through,
What perils to come, what crosses to endure
Would shut the book and sit him down to die."

After completing the work we were sent here to do, (and I must confess there was nothing here for us to do), we again took the cars and returned to Jackson; but we did not stop, went right on to Meridian, which place we reached September

the 22d, where we rested for a few days. Here Gen. Breckenridge made us a cheering, patriotic speech; a farewell, for he was going to turn us over to another command. The next morning we received the following order:

Special Order, } HEADQUARTERS, BRECKENRIDGE'S DIVISION,
No. 27. } MERIDIAN, MISS., Sept. 24th, 1862.

Col. F. M. Walker will move with his, the second brigade, by rail, to Mobile, Ala., thence to Montgomery and to Chattanooga, Tenn.; taking his tents, ammunition and fifteen days' rations.

By order of Maj. Gen. Breckenridge.

JOHN A. BUCKNER,
Maj. and Asst. Adj't. General.

This was the last order Gen. Breckenridge ever gave our brigade. We bade him adieu. Again we boarded the cars, this time for home. Our boys were happy, some danced, some sang "Homeward bound" and all felt jolly.

Just before the train pulled out from Meridian, in the car in which the writer was, all were jolly, eating and dancing in turn, when one of our number fell over dead. Our dancing was cut short and a pall of sadness mantled our jollification. Andrew Flenor, of Company C, was sitting down eating, when suddenly he fell over dead. We supposed he had choked to death. Poor Andrew had received his furlough home to return no more. His brother Pete preceded him but a few months, having died at Corinth just after the battle of Shiloh. He was gently lifted from the car and with sorrowing hearts we left him in Meridian. It seemed more sad than had he been killed. At the very acme of his joys of soon seeing home and being with loved ones again, he yielded to a higher mandate. This was the first death of the kind in our regiment, and it seemed to weigh upon the hearts of the boys more than had he fallen in battle.

We moved out for Mobile and did not make any halt longer than to get aboard the steamer, and on our way across the bay a soldier fell overboard and was lost. He disappeared before succor could reach him. Brave comrade, we can not follow thee with solemn tread and funeral march to the grave, but we can sing:

"Sleep, we give thee to the wave
Red with life's blood from the brave.
Fare thee well!"

So, one by one, our ranks are thinning. In battle array, or the quiet camp, death is claiming all, his own, and soon the soldiers' big roll-call will be on the other shore, where the beautiful bivouac will never break up.

We landed from the steamer at the wharf in the city of Tensas, where we took the cars for Montgomery, through which we passed without halting, and on to West Point where we remained for a few days. Leaving here we passed through Atlanta, Dalton, Ga., and on to Knoxville, Tenn., where we arrived September 30th, 1862, after a long and tedious journey with exposure and anxious waiting at almost every station on the way. It seemed when we were in the biggest hurry, the slower was our progress, and we seemed to halt by the way for the least trivial excuse. It seemed the great anxiety for our reaching home, was the burden that retarded our speed. But after all we arrived at Knoxville, and our regiment was given a six days' furlough. At Dalton, Ga., our regiment left the other regiments of the brigade, the 20th, 28th, and 45th Tennessee regiments went on to Chattanooga.

At Knoxville our men separated, and each one went to his respective home, to be greeted by loved ones and welcomed by friends, and too, we can say with none the less joy, by the old faithful watch-dog.

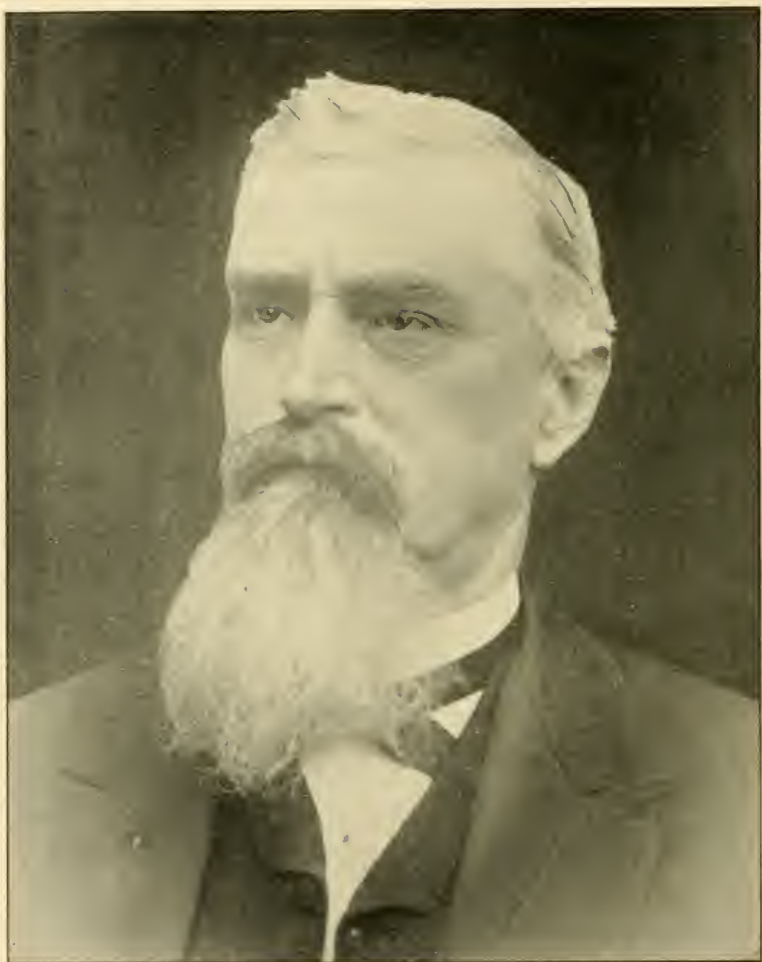
"It was sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we drew near home,
And sweet to know an eye would watch our coming
And grow the brighter when we come."

CHAPTER IX.

AT HOME AGAIN.

WHAT a joy to be at home. More than a year had gone by, months of danger, of anxious waiting by loved ones at home. Reader, did time ever fly more rapidly with you at one time more than another? If so, you can appreciate, when we say we had scarcely finished shaking hands of welcome until the good-bye, "God bless you," were ringing in our ears. How quickly these six days went by. They were gone and as the camp may be called the home of the soldier it can be said, again the boys are gathering home. Our camp was at Knoxville and where we awaited orders. No doubt many reluctantly gave up the comforts around the old hearth-stones, for the cold camp-fires and rigid discipline of army life. "But duty calls, and we must go."

Officers as well as men came in slowly and not near all had come in when we received orders to move out for London. We left Knoxville the 15th of October, 1862, and reached London, where we remained for a few days and where all the men came up. Col. F. M. Walker had been assigned to duty somewhere else, and Lieut. Col. B. F. Moore was in command of the regiment. Colonel Moore was a strict disciplinarian; he never issued an order but what he intended it to be carried out. One night he went out and around in rear of the sentinel post below the bridge overlooking the river and threw a rock or two near where the sentinel stood, to attract his attention, then went up to the sentinel. The sentinel saw who it was, but permitted the colonel to come on without a challenge. The colonel called the corporal of the guard and had the sentinel relieved and put under arrest. The next morning the colonel released the prisoner with a reprimand and told him to do so no more. We left London October 30th, and passing on through Chattanooga, did not stop until we reached Bridgeport, Ala., where we remained



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. G. DEADRICK.

Colonel James G. Deadrick was born in Jefferson county, April, 1838. He joined Company B, Nineteenth Tennessee Confederate regiment, and at the organization of the regiment at Knoxville, in June, 1861, was elected Third Lieutenant of the company. At the reorganization, in 1862, he was elected Captain of the company. In 1863 he was promoted to Major of the regiment, and at the close of Hood's campaign into Tennessee he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment.

one week. Leaving here, our next objective point was Wartrace, where we remained but one week. As this was not to be a resting place for us, we shouldered our knapsacks and guns and counted the cross-ties between this place and Shelbyville, where we halted but a few days.

Now getting into the habit of moving like the gypsies, we packed and unpacked almost daily. From here we moved to Eaglesville, around which place we lay for several days, inspecting arms, drilling and hunting hickory nuts, of which there were plenty. While here, Colonel Walker came to us, having been gone ever since our return from Vicksburg. We were all glad to see him, and the boys gathered around him and shook his hand, giving him three hearty cheers as a warm welcome. Leaving here, we moved nearer Murfreesboro, which now seemed to be the center of attraction for both armies. Here our regiment was placed in a new brigade and a new division. We were put in Brigadier-General Stewart's brigade, Cheatham's division and General Polk's corps.

General Polk's corps was as follows:

CORPS.

Lieutenant-General L. Polk.

DIVISION.

Major-General B. F. Cheatham.

BRIGADES.

Donelson's, Maney's, Stewart's, Smith's.

STEWART'S BRIGADE.

Fourth and Fifth Tennessee, Col. O. F. Strahl.

Nineteenth Tennessee, Col. F. M. Walker.

Twenty-Fourth Tennessee, Col. J. A. Wilson.

Thirty-First Tennessee, Col. E. E. Tansil.

Thirty-Third Tennessee, Col. W. J. Jones.

Stafford's Battery.

The Federal General, Rosecrans, who was now at Nashville seemed to be making Murfreesboro the focus of his vision. Like two angry clouds approaching each other to meet in a terrific storm these two mighty forces, Bragg's and Rosecrans's were about to meet in clash of arms.

Gen. Rosecrans left Nashville December 27th, with about 65,000 men and approached Murfreesboro in three columns, and

on three different roads, as rapidly as the roads and circumstances would allow, in order to reach Stone river and form his lines before Bragg, with his 40,000 men could get ready for an attack. But being met at every turn of the road by the Confederate cavalry, he did not reach the battlefield until the evening of the 30th, where he found Bragg seated amid the cedars and rocks some two and a half miles west of Murfreesboro, awaiting him.

THE BATTLEFIELD.

The battlefield lies between Stone river on the east, Overall creek on the west and the Franklin or Triune pike on the south, while the river and creek formed the northern boundary.

The river in front of Murfreesboro ran due north for a short distance, then its course was northwest. The ground within this boundary is very broken with large bowlders and ledges of rocks projecting three or four feet in some places, while thick clusters of shaggy cedars covered the whole ground, except where the absence of rock admitted of a clearing. Running across this battlefield were several pikes and dirt roads leading into town.

Rosecrans formed his lines with his right wing, under McCook, resting on the Triune pike near Overall creek and running north-east to the Wilkerson pike, there joining Thomas, who formed and held the center and whose line extended on to the Nashville pike. Crittenden occupied the left and extended down the river.

Bragg formed his line with McCown's and Cleburn's divisions of Hardee's corps on our left, with Polk's corps forming the center and extending to the river. Breckenridge crossed the river and formed on the north bank. Cheathan formed his line just in the rear of Cleburn's and Wither's divisions. Our line ran principally through the cedars and rocks, and this cold winter evening, when all nature presented a dreary outlook, these thick cedars and bowlders seemed to cast a double mantle of dreariness over every thing. Yet on this Tuesday evening of December the 30th, when the two lines of battle lay in waiting for each other, there occurred an incident in which both armies took a part, and which is not often recorded in the history of battles. With us both armies spoke the same language, learned the same tunes and played the same airs. The officers of each army were graduates from the same school, and many of them

were schoolmates. It was like diamond cut diamond. The night before the battle, after the bards had finished their usual evening serenade, after the sounds of the last piece were dying away in the distance, a Federal band struck up slow and softly.

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

Out in the darkness of this cold December night, amidst the dense cedars and rough bowlders along the banks of Stone river,

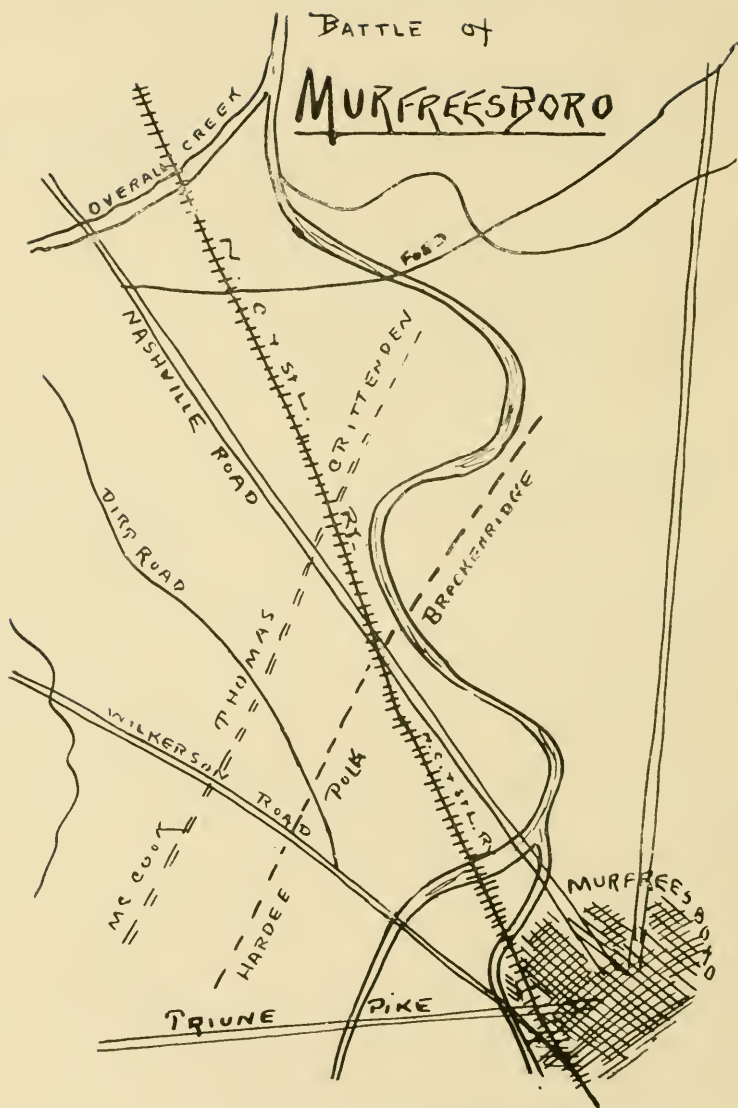
“Whose sad, slow stream, its noiseless flood
Poured o’er the glancing pebbles
All silent now, the Federals stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.
No heart or soul had heard unmoved
That plaintive note’s appealing,
So sweetly, ‘Home, Sweet Home’ but stirred
The hidden fount of feeling.”

Reader, I tell you this was a soul-stirring piece. During the stillness of the night, each soldier of both armies, was holding communion with his own soul, his mind occupied with the thought of what to-morrow would bring, whether wounds or death, and would he ever see home again, when the notes of this inspiring tune came floating on the stillness of the night. Immediately a Confederate band caught up the strain, then one after another until all the bands of each army were playing “Home, Sweet Home.” And after our bands had ceased playing, we could hear the sweet refrain as it died away on the cool, frosty air on the Federal side. What a thrill of memories was brought to the minds of all that night.

Who knows what a stimulus this “Home, Sweet Home” gave each one the next morning in battle. And as the minnie balls and grape sounded the early reveille next morning, each thought it was for home and country.

During the night of the 30th, Gen. Crittenden crossed a part of Wood’s division to the north bank of the river, under the impression that Bragg had withdrawn his men from that side. But after crossing he found too many Confederates to rest comfortably, so he withdrew under cover of night and bivouaced with the other part of his division.

Early Wednesday morning, about seven o’clock, Hardee with McCown’s division, closely followed by Cleburne, opened the attack. Bursting through the thick cedars they fell upon



Johnson and Davis of McCook's corps, like an avalanche, before they were aware of his coming, while the invincible Cheatham moved forward upon McCook's center, and drove him from his stronghold and first position. The Federals had a battery concealed behind a cluster of cedars on a dirt road running between the pikes which raked our line but failed to check our advance. Our regiment had advanced to a temporary breastwork of loose stones made by the enemy during the night before, and halted for a few minutes, when a shell from this concealed battery struck the rock wall, bursting, killed one and wounded six others of Company I, of the Old Nineteenth Tennessee. From this position, our whole line again moved forward to the enemy's second line where the two armies came hand to hand in a musket fire that was destructive to friend and foe alike. The enemy strengthened their line here by reinforcement, but they could not withstand the impetuous rush of Hardee and Cheatham, who broke their lines again, killed their artillery horses and captured three pieces of artillery which fell into the hands of the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment. These pieces of artillery were supposed to have been the concealed battery from which came the fatal shot to Company I at the rock wall. In this charge the color-bearer was shot down, and as the colors were falling Corporal Mason, of the color guard, seized them and bore them aloft as a beacon for the regiment through the storm of battle. Mason was of Company K, a brave, daring fellow, who never let the colors lag.

The Federal General Post made a desperate attempt to turn our advance, for a while held us in check, but, his men falling all around him, his gunners dead, his horses killed and guns silenced, was forced back to a line of fences where was established one of their field hospitals which was soon in our possession. Gaining this point Hardee's and part of Polk's lines faced due north, having swung around on a pivot, resting near the Nashville pike, forming a right angle with their first line in the morning. After driving Rosecrans' right around, Polk's whole command moved against Sherman. Here Cheatham's division again bravely faced a shower of shot shrapnel that thinned his ranks fearfully, but he drove Sherman back and took possession of his line, and finding himself exposed to a hotter and a more deadly fire, fell back. In this charge the Old Nineteenth lost some of her best men. Here Major Jarnagin, Capt. J. G. Frazier, Lieutenant Abernathy and many others

were killed. Major Jarnagin served the first year as a private, was faithful, always ready where and whenever duty called. At the reorganization at Corinth, R. J. Jarnagin was made Major of the regiment, was a noble officer, a brave soldier, although small in stature was every inch a man. The regiment sustained a loss in the death of Major Jarnagin that would be hard to fill; was liked by all, kind and generous. Here Lieutenant Sims caught it again, a ball hit the top of his head knocking him down but was not dangerously wounded. Many others were killed and wounded in this battle. A part of Wither's division came to our assistance and we held our position.

Here Col. Loomis of Wither's division was so badly hurt by the falling of a limb cut by a shell that he had to be carried from the field. Shot and shell were flying thick and fast, the artillery fire very heavy. The Federal General Sill, in a wild and excited attempt to drive Cheatham back, fell in his heroic charge near our regiment, killed. The battle waxed hotter and in the center the struggle was most stubborn. On our left McCown and Cleburne again pressed McCook and threatened Thomas's rear causing him to fall back, and in doing so an Indiana regiment in crossing a small clearing was almost annihilated, judging from the number of men left in the clearing. Night came and put an end to the first day's fight. In the fight to-day the Old Nineteenth suffered more than any other regiment in the brigade, her loss being double that of any other. In one of the engagements the regiment halted in the edge of a cedar bottom, Orderly Sergeant Joseph Thompson, of Company I, ran forward far out in the clearing and captured a prisoner. As he was returning with him, the prisoner was killed by a piece of shell, Thompson returned and captured another and brought him out safely. During the entire day's struggle the banner of the Old Nineteenth could be seen fluttering in the breeze in the fiercest of the battle and the hardest of the strife. To-day many of the noble old regiment gave their lives as a sacrifice to the God of War. During the day Bragg drove the enemy from nearly every position he held, captured thirty-one pieces of artillery and four thousand prisoners, including two Brigadier Generals, and two hundred wagons and teams. For three miles or nearly, now in our rear amidst the thick cedars and bowlders, beginning with their first line in the morning, their dead, wounded, their field hospitals, guns, knapsacks, broken

ambulances showed clearly the victorious advance of our men, who bivouac'd, within a quarter of a mile of the railroad, behind which embankment the enemy took shelter. As the old year was dying, she passed away amidst the roar of cannon and the clash of arms, that shook the very foundation upon which the city of Murfreesboro stood. The night that followed was lonely and dark, and there were no flickering camp fires to be seen, although the night was damp and chilly. There was but little moving of troops and what there was, was done in silence. The old iron-mouth cannon seemed to be asleep, for silence reigned supreme. We lay all night with a feeling of loneliness as if all were dead but ourselves, knowing that although the cedars and rocks were lying thousands of friends and foes alike unconscious in that sleep from which the morning reveillee will not awake them. There were many wounded too who had not been cared for, suffering not only from wounds but from cold. Oh! The deep, anxious reverie of the soul in such an hour as this, none but those who have gone through it can tell. The grey dawn of another day and of another new year as well, was welcomed indeed, as it came creeping slowly upon us like the vanguard of a mighty army on its foe. It was relief. It came not to arouse us from slumber for we supposed but few closed their eyes in sleep that night. But it lifted the deep dread that had settled like a pall over the soul.

The morning found our lines pretty much the same they were the evening before. Rosecrans had improved his, had dropped back from "Round Forest," a point on his line between the railroad and the river, he had occupied the evening before a hill farther back and also down the river. The next day the enemy maneuvered his troops considerably. He crossed the river with one or two divisions of Crittenden's corps, and a battery of twelve guns, to the north side and in front of Breckenridge, Hardee still held the left. Hardee, the day before, had some of Breckenridge's men and he had sent them around to him early in the morning. Polk still in the center gazing at the iron-crested hill in front of him whose fifty mounted "War Dogs" stood ready to be turned loose on him at the first move he made.

As old "Sol" continued driving his fiery chariot up the eastern horizon, the armies still remained silent, looking at each other like two mastiffs after a hard tussle, debating whether

to open again the battle or not. The afternoon passed with little more than skirmishing between the pickets, and the darkness of another night settled everything into a quiet sleep. The next morning, the third day, all was activity and life. There were moving of troops and artillery. About the middle of the evening Breckenridge charged Beatty in front of him, driving them from their position and across the river. Here the fifty guns massed on the hill opened upon him a perfect tornado of iron hail that literally cut down his men like grass. In this charge General Hanson was killed and General Adams was wounded. The fight was short, but Breckenridge loosing so many of his men from the battary across the river he fell back. This ended the battle of Murfreesboro. Hardee and Polk, since the morning of the second day, had gained no new position. During the second and third day Bragg was busy in getting the spoils from the field and in caring for the dead and wounded. Bragg's loss in this battle in killed, wounded and captured, was 14,560. Rosecrans' loss was 11,578. Bragg abandoned Murfreesburo Saturday night by sending off the infantry but leaving the cavalry to occupy the town until Monday morning Jan. 5th, 1863.

Our loss in this engagement was very heavy in killed and wounded. We were not very successful in getting the names of our regiment who suffered. There were always difficulties in the way, having too much to do and could not get the reports. Our regiment had 38 killed and 111 wounded. The captured we did not learn.

KILLED.

JARNAGIN, MAJ. R. A.

Burkheart, William....	Co. A	Ellison, A. J.....	Co. F
Childress, D. M.....	" "	Skelton, H. H.....	" "
Curran, O. S.....	" "	McKissack, J. R.....	" "
McGhee, J. M.....	" "	Williams, P. A.....	" "
Brown, Corp. Clebe....	" B	Hamilton, S. Rhea....	" G
Foster, Samuel.....	" "	Tipton, J. A.....	" "
Aikin, S. B.....	" "	Bowles, D. R.....	" "
Gaby, Cris.....	" "	Barger, J. R.....	" "
Roller, George.....	" C	Wayler, Jackson.....	" "
Erps, Adrin.....	" "	Kincaid, Pat.....	" H
Gaby, John.....	" "	Smith, Thomas.....	" "
Keller, Geo. W.....	" "	Stansbery, Y. A.....	" "

Easterly, Jno. L.....	Co. C	Archer, Wm. A.....	Co. H
Frazier, Capt. J. S.....	" D	The one at rock wall...	" I
Rhea, William.....	" "	Marshall, E. W.....	" K
Abernathy, Lieut. S. B. "	E	Wax. William.....	" "
Earnest, Ed	" "	Miller, Charles.....	" "
Swan, J. H.....	" "	Fudge, Charles.....	" "
Sloan, J. H.....		Co. E.	

WOUNDED.

Hutson, Andy.....	Co. B	Russell, W. R.....	Co. G
Smith, John.....	" C	Ford, Alfred.....	" "
Burnett, Frank.....	" "	Horn, Simeon.....	" "
Holly, William.....	" "	Hilton, James	" G
Colville, R. W.....	" D	Cresswell, Van.....	" "
Brataber, John	" "	Hale, Elija	" "
Carson, Samuel.....	" "	Strange, James.....	" H
Loftis, D. W.....	" "	Basket, John.....	" "
McClarín, Jasper.....	" "	Grogan, Washington..	" "
Mitchell, John.....	" "	Alexander, Thomas....	" "
Kineaid, Creed.....	" E	Six wounded at wall...	" I
Sims, Lieut. J. M.....	" F	Huffmaster, Capt J. H.	" K
Rhea, Wm. R.....	" G	Miller, Lieut. W. B....	" "
Ford, Martin.....	" "	Jackson, E. H.....	" "
Roller, David.....	" "	Carmack, John.....	" "

CHAPTER X.

AFTER Bragg had removed all the wounded that could be moved, all the spoils and army stores, he moved out from Murfreesboro. Gen. Polk went out on the Shelbyville pike, Hardee on the Manchester pike and Breckenridge further on to our right in the direction of Tullahoma. On this chain of ridges Bragg formed his line of defense, and where we remained all winter. But little was done other than drill and picket duty. After we had settled down in camp changes were made in the officers of the regiment. January the sixth, First Lieutenant, J. C. Hammer, Co. B, resigned, and Second Lieutenant, R. J. Tipton was made first lieutenant; Third Lieutenant, T. M. Brabson was made second lieutenant, and A. C. Smith made third lieutenant. In Co. D, First Lieutenant, S. J. A. Frazier was made captain in place of J. G. Frazier, killed at Murfreesboro. In Co. E, Second Lieutenant, H. A. Waller was made first lieutenant in place of Lieutenant S. B. Abernathy, killed, and Jake L. Waller was made second lieutenant. For a short time our encampment was below and across Duck river from Shelbyville. From this place we moved nearer to Eagleville where we had encamped once before, remaining but a short time, we moved to the pike about nine miles from Shelbyville. Soon after coming to this encampment, Brig. Gen. A. P. Stewart was taken from the command of our brigade and put in command of General McCown's division.

Col. O. F. Strahl was given command of the brigade; the following order explains the change:

Special Order }	HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,
No. 52. }	TULLAHOMA, TENN., Feb. 27, 1863.

4th. Maj. Gen. J. P. McCown, provisional army, is placed in arrest and charges preferred against him and he will proceed to Chattanooga and await orders. 5th. Brig. Gen. A. P.

Stewart, provisional army, is assigned to the command of the division of which Maj. General McCown is relieved, and will constitute a part of Lieut. General Polk's corps.

By command of General Bragg.

KINLOCH FALKNER,
Ass't Adj't Gen.

Captain W. C. Harvey of Co. C, resigned and Second Lieutenant A. W. Smith was made captain. Lieut. Smith was promoted over M. J. Miles, first lieutenant, and the Third Lieut. Miles was made second lieutenant, and D. W. Gammon was made third lieutenant.

April 5th, Captain C. W. Heiskell, of Co. K, was promoted to Major of the regiment, in the place of R. A. Jarnagin killed. First Lieut. J. H. Huffmaster was made captain; W. W. Etter went up to first lieutenant; W. B. Miller was made second lieutenant, and C. C. Spears was made third lieutenant.

J. K. P. Gammon, second lieutenant of Co. G, was elected Major of the 63rd Tenn. and on May the 2nd left us for his new command. Lieut. H. D. Hawk was promoted to second lieutenant, and J. H. Rhea was made third lieutenant. During all these months our regiment had not been out of sight of the pike but once, and then only for a few days. At this time a spirit of revival seemed to spread over our entire division. Rev. J. B. McFerrin, of Nashville, preached for us several times, for some time now we had scarcely thought of war save only when we were at the front on picket duty. Our time had been occupied in drilling both in regimental and brigade, inspections, dress parade and our big revivals.

DEATH SENTENCE OF PRUITT.

One, Nathaniel Pruitt, of Co. H, was court-martialed for desertion and sentenced to be shot. This was the first and last death sentence ever passed upon one of the Old Nineteenth. June 10th was set for the execution, but through the influence of Col. Walker and Maj. Heiskell, Pruitt was reprieved. He was brought out from prison to an old field near the command; his coffin placed in front of the open grave and he knelt behind it. The guards were drawn up and made ready, when his reprieve came and he was released. He deserted the next night, and fortunately for him, was never caught.

So far, the months had dragged wearily on with but little excitement; some of our regiment died while here, one of spinal meningitis.

Martin Conwell of Co. G, and O. M. Humphreys of Co. B; J. J. Payne and Felix Lauderback of Co. K, also died.

While on picket duty Lieut. R. G. Rhea, of Co. F, was killed; J. J. Ford, of Co. G, wounded, and Lieut. A. W. Smith was captured.

About June the fifteenth (15th) the Federals began to make the front all along the line more lively. They began to press our front, and we strengthened our pickets. Videttes became more bold, skirmishing more frequent and heavier. The old iron-mouth cannon that had been silent so long turned loose again to alarm the natives. The evening of the fifteenth our regiment was ordered to the front. We moved out as far as the Lytle residence on the pike, in whose yard we found the enemy's videttes. Our regiment deployed and moved forward, drove the enemy back, and our main skirmish line occupied the yard. For awhile it looked like hide and seek. The enemy then drove us back some two hundred yards and occupied the yard again. It was in one of these skirmish charges that Lieut. Robert Rhea was killed. Later in the evening we drove them back again and occupied their line, which we held. That night the enemy left our front and we saw no more of them. The war cloud seemed to be growing darker and more threatening, and soon we expected it to break upon us in a perfect storm. Cheatham's entire division was ordered to the front, to repair at once to Guy's Gap, a point on the pike further up than we had yet been, but from some cause this was not put into execution.

Hardee and Stewart were on our right and were being engaged with the enemy. Stewart was being pressed. During the night of the 26th we received the following order:

HEADQUARTERS POLK'S CORPS,
SHELBYVILLE, TENN., June 26th, 1863.

Major General Cheatham, Commanding Division:

General—The Lieutenant-General, commanding, directs that you move your division from its present position to Tullahoma



CAPTAIN S. J. A. FRAZIER.

Captain Frazier was born in Rhea County, Tenn., in 1840. Graduated with the degree of M. A., at the Tennessee College in 1859. Joined Company D of the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment, and at the organization of the regiment at Knoxville, was elected third lieutenant of the company. At the re-organization was elected first lieutenant. At the death of Captain J. G. Frazier, he was made captain of the company, January the 5th, 1863. At the battle of Chickamauga was wounded and captured.

by the Schoefner and Brownsville road, turning to the right to Brownsville. Let the movement be commenced at the earliest hour possible to-morrow morning.

Respectfully, General,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS M. JACK,

Asst. Adjt. Gen.

Very early next morning, before the break of day, we pulled up and left our encampment on the pike, and were in Shelbyville by eight o'clock, hurrying everything that could be gotten away. We distributed several hundred rations to the citizens and burned everything that could not be gotten away, that would be of any benefit to the enemy. Starting out from Shelbyville in the hardest kind of rain, we headed for Tullahoma. Our march was very slow on account of the rains; wagons, both of the commissary and ordnance trains, were continually miring up and with great difficulty were gotten along. We could not leave them.

The enemy was pushing for Tullahoma and so was Bragg. Cheatham's and Cleburne's divisions, moving on different roads, each in a hurry, approached a bridge across a river at the same time. Some confusion resulted as to who would cross first. Cleburne halted and Cheatham crossed. We reached Tullahoma late in the evening of the 28th, tired and almost worn out. Everything had the spirit of move on it but the wagon train. The enemy had kept moving; so had we, to keep pace with him. They were approaching Tullahoma in force, and from indications Bragg intended to give battle. Early Tuesday morning troops were seen by the thousands hurrying in all directions through and around the town, getting into position in the ditches. The fortifications around Tullahoma were not completed and a heavy detail was made to finish them. We lay all day and night in the ditches and in the mud without shelter. We had nothing to eat, nor had we all day. The boys began to get wrathful and hot, but the rain, which kept falling in continuous showers, kept us cool. Generals and men all fared alike in these ditches. During one of the hardest rains that fell, the writer saw General Cheatham on a stump, sitting as complacently as if in the sun, with one shoe off and one of his big toes sticking out through a hole in his sock.

The enemy presented only a small force in our front, while the main force of his army hurried on to our right flank, thus forcing Bragg from Tullahoma and disappointing the men of the anxiously expected battle, which they were ready and waiting to give.

We left the ditches July 1st at daylight in the direction of Cowan. The boys were mad and wetter than wet hens. We do not know whether their ruffled tempers were due to being wet and muddy or to the fact the "Yanks" had fooled them. After dark that evening Gen. Polk received the following dispatch from Gen. Mackall, Bragg's chief of staff:

DECHARD. July 1st, 1863, 7 P. M.

GENERAL—The enemy have reached your front, close up. The question to be decided instantly, shall we fight at the "Elk" take position at the foot of the mountain, at Cowan.

Answer.

W. W. MACKALL,
Chief of Staff.

To which Gen. Polk replied:

ALLISONA, July 1st, 8 P. M.

GEN. MACKALL—You ask, "Shall we fight on the 'Elk' or take position at the foot of the mountain at Cowan," in reply, take position at the foot of the mountain at Cowan. In that case I think as much of the wagon train as possible should be thrown over the mountain, and a supply of grain ordered up by railroad for the animals we must retain on this side.

Respectfully,

L. POLK, Lieut. Gen.

Arriving, Gen. Polk formed line of battle, and all the wagon trains were hurried across the mountain, and all the troops, except Polk's corps and Wheeler's cavalry. So there was no fighting. That Bragg was moving to avoid an engagement, was very evident. After all the wagon trains, artillery and troops had crossed over to the other side of the mountain, except Polk's corps and Wheeler's cavalry. Polk's men began climbing the mountain's steep and rugged side. Cheatham's division was the last to begin the ascent and that directly over the tunnel. The cavalry still battling with the enemy's vanguard. After a long and tiresome pull up the mountain, we camped on its top near "University Place," July 3rd, Friday night.

Gen. Polk camped with Gen. Cheatham that night near our brigade. Since we had left the Shelbyville pike, the enemy had kept pressing us hard by day and with but little relenting at night, pushing with indomitable energy to either cut Bragg off from the river or by pressing him so hard, he would not be able to cross all his army and army trains, and thereby capture a part of his army at least. If such was their aim they made a complete failure. At eight o'clock that night Gen. Polk received the following dispatch from Gen. Wheeler, who was at the foot of the mountain, or nearly so:

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, July the 3rd, 1863.

R. R. CROSSING, NEAR UNIVERSITY PLACE.

LIEUT. GEN. POLK—The enemy are engaging me very warmly at this point. Our men are maintaining their ground bravely. The enemy have infantry and cavalry and are evidently reinforcing.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH WHEELER,

Major General.

Leaving our encampment on the top of the mountain early next morning, descending the eastern slope of the Cumberland we hastened on to the river. All the army that had preceded Polk and Wheeler had crossed the river, part on the railroad bridge at Bridgeport and part on pontoons at the mouth of "Battle Creek" where now is the city of South Pittsburg. We crossed on the pontoon. Wither's division after crossing the river moved out to Whitesides, Cheatham halted at Shell Mound. Cheatham had brought up the rear to the river and there ended the pursuit, and the river remained the picket line for some time.

CHAPTER XI.

ON the seventh day of July, 1863, Gen. Bragg's tired and almost worn out army entered Chattanooga after a long and a remarkable march from Middle Tennessee. The enemy had pressed us so closely we experienced a feeling of relief when we put the Tennessee river between us and sat down around Chattanooga to enjoy a quiet rest. Cheatham's division left the pike some ten miles out from Shelbyville; made the march through rain and mud, halting and marching, forming lines of battle in ditches and out of ditches, pressed day and night by a relentless foe; yet we came into Chattanooga without the loss of a single gun or a pound of quartermaster's or commissary stores or a round of ordnance, except what was given to citizens at Shelbyville when we were leaving. Although there were some wounded and some were taken sick on the way, yet our division made the march and went into camp with 400 more men than we started with. Around Chattanooga we had but little to do, except to build fortifications. For one week the Old Nineteenth Tennessee camped on the hill above and overlooking the boat landing, on a high bluff where we threw up fortifications. On the 10th of July, R. P. Nail, Third Lieutenant of Company A, resigned and R. P. Jones was made Third Lieutenant to fill the vacancy. On the 28th, O. Engledow was made Third Lieutenant of Company E, in the place of J. L. Waller, who had been promoted. J. F. Tatham was made Third Lieutenant of Company F in place of R. Rhea, who was killed on the Shelbyville pike.

We have been having a quiet time so far, since we came to Chattanooga until now. The enemy having crossed part of their army to this side of the river, a few miles below Chattanooga, and a part came up on the other side opposite the city; and the two armies were again confronting each other, and picket duty was in demand. Regular details from each regiment was made every few days for picket duty. August the

first, a detail was sent out from our regiment under Lieut. R. J. Tipton of Company B, who late in the evening, in a spat with the enemy, was killed. On the fifteenth of August, Lieut. Thomas Cunningham, third lieutenant of Company D, resigned and R. W. Colvill was made third lieutenant to fill his place. T. M. Brabson, second lieutenant of Company B, was promoted to first lieutenant to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lieut. Tipton, and A. C. Smith was made second lieutenant. The 22nd of August, Lieut. R. W. Colvill was promoted to first lieutenant, filling the vacancy made by the promotion of S. J. A. Frazier to that of captain.

The enemy kept steadily encroaching toward the city from below, inch by inch, until he occupied Lookout Valley, and the opposite bank of the river in front of Chattanooga. The Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, was with us and had been for some time. He was occupying one of the churches of the city on Sunday morning, August 21st, the day appointed for humiliation and prayer by President Davis. The church was filled with men, women and soldiers. While Dr. Palmer was at pray, the Federals threw a bomb into the city, the shell falling and exploding in the street just in front of the church door. The Doctor did not stop in his prayer, nor look up, but went on as if nothing had happened, although it produced some little rustle of excitement. When he had finished his prayer and gotten up, he found but few in the church. Nearly all had slipped out quietly and gone home. Only three or four soldiers remained, Maj. C. W. Heiskell was one of them. The Federals kept shelling the city at intervals all day. One of the first shells thrown, exploded wounding a little girl breaking her leg, and out of this sad accident came near being a sadder affair in our division and in our regiment.

A CHALLENGE.

The father of our Lieut. Col. Moore was living in the city at the time and had in his house several sick, in fact it was full. The wounded little girl was taken to Mr. Moore's home but was refused admittance for want of room. Brig. Gen. Smith, of Cheatham's division, being present at the time made some unkind remarks about Mr. Moore. These remarks reached the ear of our Lieutenant-Colonel, and he asked an explanation of Gen. Smith, concerning the remarks he made about his father. To Col. Moore's mind no satisfactory explanation was

made, and he challenged Gen. Smith for a duel, which was accepted. By an agreement Gen. Smith, Lieut. Col. Moore and Maj. C. W. Heiskell met in Col. Moore's tent, where Maj. Heiskell poured oil on the troubled waters, and the two brave officers separated good friends. It may not be out of place just here, to say sadly, we pen the fact, that but a few brief days both these brave officers fell in battle, the one, Gen. Smith, in the battle of Chickamauga, the other, Col. Moore, in the battle of Mission Ridge.

The bombardment created considerable excitement in the city, and activity in the camp. For several days at intervals they continued the shelling.

On Sept. 2nd our brigade received the following order:

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 1st, 1863.

GEN. CHEATHAM—The Lieutenant-General commanding, directs that you order Strahl's brigade to take the position now occupied by the regiment on out-post duty on the other side of Lookout Mountain. This brigade will relieve that portion of Smith's brigade on duty beyond the mountain. You will likewise order Smith's brigade to a suitable point on the Rossville road this side of the mountain to guard and picket the same.

Respectfully,

THOMAS M. JACK, Ass't Adj't Gen.

Accordingly our brigade moved to the west side and beyond Lookout Mountain, where Wood's division of the enemy was posted, and trying cautiously to peep around Lookout. At the same time Thomas was moving southward down Lookout Valley beyond the mountain seeking a place to cross. McCook also was moving in the same direction, having crossed the river below Bridgeport at Carpenter's ferry, aiming to get in the rear of Bragg. Wood kept pressing Lookout point in order to hold as much of Bragg's army as possible, and as long as possible in Chattanooga. Col. O. F. Strahl, who had been commanding the brigade ever since Brig. Gen. Stewart was taken from us in Middle Tennessee, was now made Brigadier General. Gen. Strahl sent the following dispatch to Gen. Polk from our position beyond the mountain:

LOOKOUT POINT, Sept. 6th, 1863.

LIEUT. GEN. POLK, Commanding Corps,

The enemy are just in front of my pickets, send a battery immediately if you can.

O. F. STRAHL, Brig. Gen.

This was O. F. Strahl's first order as a Brigadier General. We had now been three days on the west side of Lookout Mountain, opposing Wood's division of Crittenden's corps, and while they were advancing slowly feeling their way we offered but little resistance. In the mean time Bragg had been busy moving everything from Chattanooga, and had about gotten all away. On the morning of the 5th, the enemy began crossing the river at Harrison, above Chattanooga, and began to gather around Bragg like bees around a gum. For Bragg now to leave Chattanooga was one of the inevitables, and to this end, Gen. Polk issued the following order to Gen. Cheatham:

HEADQUARTERS POLK'S CORPS,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 6th, 1863.

MAJ. GEN. CHEATHAM,

General—The Lieutenant General commanding, directs that you have your command placed in readiness to move without delay, with three days's rations.

Respectfully,

THOS. M. JACK,
Ass't Adj't Gen.

Bragg left Chattanooga the morning of Sept. 7th, and moved out in the direction of Lee and Gordon's mills on the Chickamauga, which we passed late in the evening of the same day, where we halted for two days. The enemy's cavalry was but a short distance from us in McLemore's cove, and were at the mills the day before we left Chattanooga. By this time Thomas and McCook were on this side of Lookout Mountain and perhaps even with Crawfish Springs. Crossing the Chickamauga, Bragg moved on to Rock Springs where a part of his army stopped, and part (Cheatham's division) moved on to Lafayette, Ga. The Federal General Crittenden followed us closely all the way from Chattanooga to Lee and Gordon's mills where he halted, sending only a small force on to keep in touch with and watch Bragg's movements. We lay around Lafayette three or four days, during which time Gen. Thomas and Gen. McCook had crossed Mission Ridge and moved close around Crawfish Springs. Crittenden had now pushed a heavy force out in the direction of Pea Vine creek.

The night of the 11th, Cheatham received orders to be ready, with the rest of Polk's corps, to move against this force.

LAFAYETTE, GA., Sept. 12th, 1863, 3 A. M.

MAJ. GEN. CHEATHAM,

The Lieut. Gen. commanding, directs that you hold your command in readiness to move at daylight. You will move light, carrying your ambulances and ordinance trains.

Respectfully,

THOMAS M. JACK, Ass't Adj't Gen.

We beat the long roll, and the men were in line by the first streak of the gray dawn, the morning of the 12th, feeling assured something was going to be done. The men were ready and waiting in line when the following was received:

LAFAYETTE, GA. Sept. 12th, 1863, 9 A. M.

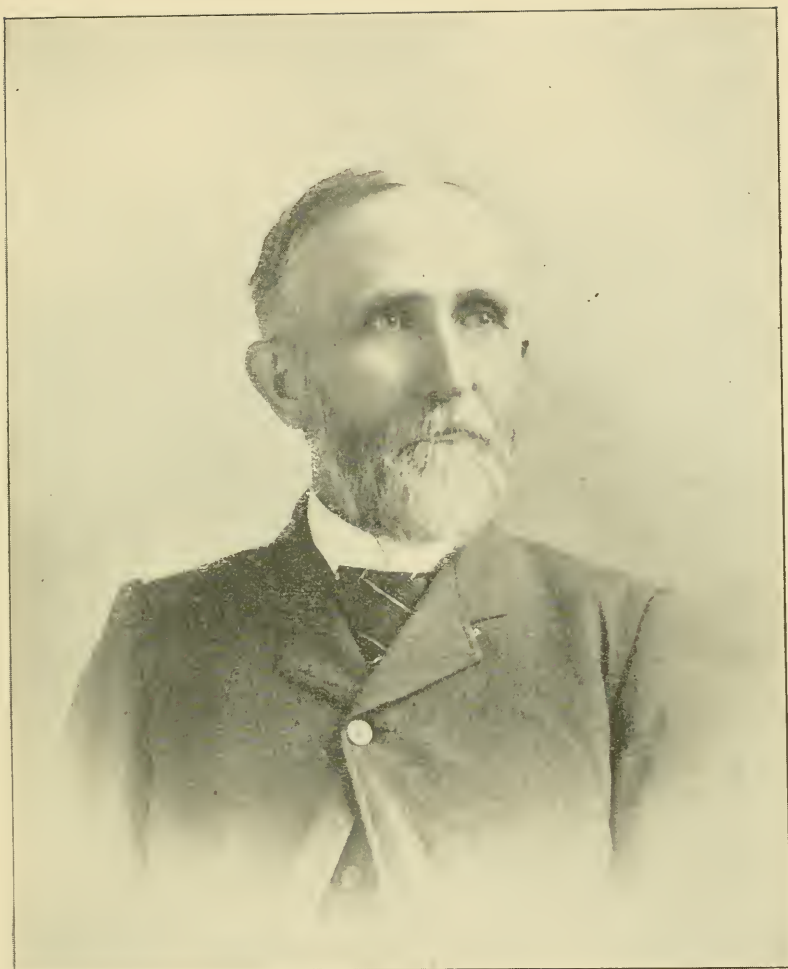
MAJ. GEN. CHEATHAM,

The Lieut. Gen. commanding, directs that you at once proceed to Rock Spring with your division and take position.

Respectfully,

THOMAS M. JACK, Ass't Adj't Gen.

Leaving Lafayette that evening, we took position a short distance beyond Rock Spring Church on the Crawfish road. Hindman's division was posted on the right of us in the direction of Peavine Church, while Walker's division was to the right and rear of Hindman, and on to Peavine creek. The next day Cheatham moved out to Lee and Gordon's mill, and on reaching the top of the ridge overlooking the bottoms fronting the mill, our brigade was thrown forward as a skirmish line. Maj. C. W. Heiskell was in charge of the Nineteenth regiment skirmishers, and so close came the enemy that we could hear them give the command to the cannoneers and then the cannon boomed. Nothing however was developed by this move, except a few cannon shots exchanged and some picket firing. We returned to Rock Spring where we remained until the 18th of September.



JAMES H. HAVELY.

Sergeant James Havely was born in Lee County, Va., February the 24th, 1838, and moved to Tennessee when but six years old, where he lived until 1861, when he joined Company K at Rogersville, Tenn., in April, 1861. In June following, Company K was assigned to the Old Nineteenth Confederate regiment in its organization at Knoxville. Sergeant Havely was with the regiment in all her battles, shared in all the hardships of camp life. He was a faithful brave soldier. He surrendered with the regiment near Greensboro, N. C., in April, 1865.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA.

THERE had been a great deal of maneuvering of troops in both armies in the last few days. The demonstration the enemy had made south of the Chicamauga was only feeling for Bragg and to ascertain the trend of his intentions. The morning of the 18th Gen. Thomas, who had been at Crawfish Springs moved to their extreme left and took position near Reed's bridge on the Chicamauga. Crittenden occupied the center and McCook the right wing of the line of battle. Rosecrans held all the bridges on the Chicamauga the morning of the 18th with an advanced line out from the creek to dispute the advance of Bragg's army. Early in the morning of the 18th the order of line of battle was read, and the command to advance and cross the Chicamauga was given.

Johnson's division was to advance and cross the Chicamauga at Reed's bridge. He met the enemy near Peavine creek, but they fell back, and Johnson reached the bridge with but little resistance. Walker was to cross at Alexander's bridge and Buckner to cross at Tedford's ford. Polk to cross wherever he could between Lee and Gordon's mills and Tedford's ford. Walker met with such strong opposition that he could not cross at Alexander's bridge, but was forced to go down the creek to Bryant's ford, a mile or more below, where he succeeded in crossing.

The Old Nineteenth was in Gen. Polk's command which was as follows:

POLK'S CORPS.

DIVISIONS.

Cheatham's—Hindman's.

CHEATHAM'S DIVISION.

Maney's, Smith's, Wright's and Strahl's Brigades.

STRAHL'S BRIGADE.

Fourth and Fifth Tennessee, Col. J. J. Lamb.

Nineteenth Tennessee, Col. F. M. Walker.

Twenty-fourth Tennessee, Col. J. A. Wilson.

Thirty-first Tennessee, Col. E. E. Tansil.

Thirty-third Tennessee, Col. W. J. Jones.

Stafford's Battery.

During the night of the 18th Bragg crossed the Chicamauga with his veteran army and formed his lines, with Rosecrans in his front and the bounding, turbulent Chicamauga, with but few places to cross, at his back. All had crossed but Cheatham's division which had remained on the south or east side of the creek until the next morning. While we had not marched very far, yet we were without rations, depending upon our supply train which had not come up. The general surface of the battlefield was rough and heavily timbered, and the two armies lay that night in closer proximity than each perhaps thought. Rosecrans had all the advantage as to position, as he picked his own ground, giving Bragg only room enough to form his lines between him and the creek, over which he could not have recrossed, without great danger of capture had he been defeated. While Rosecrans had all the roads open and free in his rear. The numerical strength of each army was, Rosecrans about sixty-five thousand (65,000), and Bragg about sixty thousand, (60,000.) Saturday morning came bright and clear, and the glittering bayonets on the rebel guns reflected in the sunlight, presaged no retreat, victory or death. Cheatham's division left its bivouac early Saturday morning, and crossed the Chicamauga at Hunt's bridge, a rude construction for farm use, about one mile below Lee and Gordon's mill, moved rapidly to the front, to our right, where from Walker's guns, the red tide of battle began and rolled down the line to our left, while the roar of musketry broken only by the loud peals from the iron-mouth cannon, showed clearly the battle had opened in earnest. We double-quickened through the woods and over rough ground which threw our regiment out of line. Having nearly reached the line then engaged directly in our front, we halted but for a moment to straighten our lines, when Gen. Cheatham came riding rapidly down in front of our line, saying, "Give them hell, boys, give them hell;" he was not out of sight, and scarcely out of hearing when Gen. Polk came in full tilt on his

heels and said "Give them what Cheatham says, we will pay off old chores to-day."

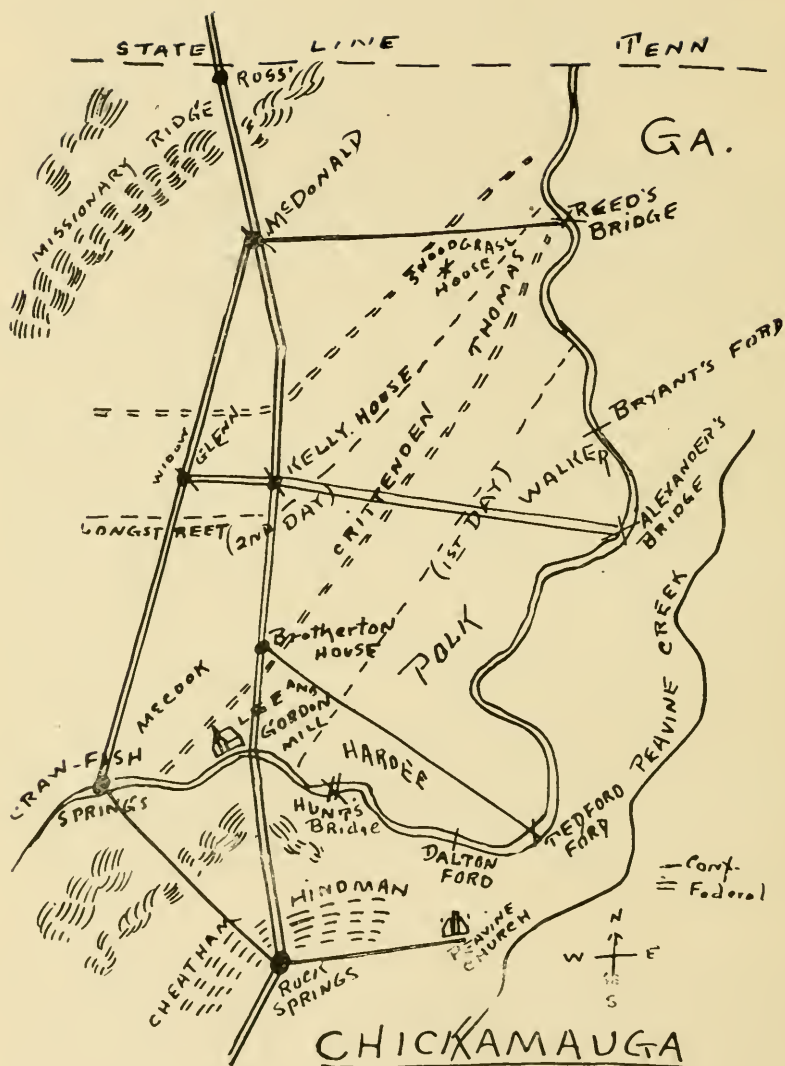
Notwithstanding the tumult and uproar of battle, and bursting of shells around us there went up a "Rebel Yell" that vied with the roar of battle.

Just as Gen. Polk passed our regiment, two of Company A, who were standing at the head of the regiment leaning against a blackjack, one on each side of the tree, a capped shell came crashing through the woods, struck this tree and burst, wounding the two men so they had to go to the rear, this ended their part of the fight for the day. We could have put our hand on the shoulder of one of the men, but was not hurt.

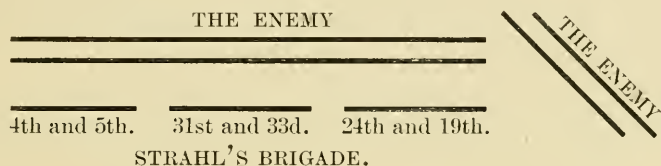
As we went into the battle we met, seemingly, more men coming out wounded than were of us going in, some were being carried and some were able to walk. The sight was anything else than inspiring and encouraging. Whatever thoughts or feeling of fear, were passing through the minds of the brave boys, were soon dispelled, for we moved at once into the thickest of the fight. No one knew what havoc was being made, save only immediately around him. Cheatham had been ordered to the assistance of Gen. Walker who had opened the battle and had been engaged some time against a stubborn force, from whom he had captured three pieces of Scribner's battery, and was, when Cheatham arrived being driven back, assaulted in front and on both flanks. When Cheatham struck the advancing enemy he not only checked his advance, but drove him back to a small clearing only a few rods wide, one side of which was a thick undergrowth. Over this spot of ground both armies had been driven and each had left their dead and wounded to mark the

ILL-FATED SPOT

where the Old Nineteenth lost most of her men that day. Here Capt. Wm. Lackey of Company E, fell, a minnie-ball passing through his hat-band in front, coming out beneath the hat behind. This spot of ground was strewn with dead who wore the "Blue," and who wore the "Gray." Here Ben C. Looney of Company K, a brave, good soldier, fell. From this fearful fire of the enemy, Strahl's brigade recoiled but for a moment, yet in range of the enemy's fire just sufficient to rally from the shock, which was especially deadly to the Old Nineteenth, who



seemed to have suffered most. From this point, Cheatham ordered our brigade to the support of Gen. Smith, but a few hundred yards from where we were and soon we were at it again. From some cause a gap in our line had been made to our right and the enemy began filing through, flanking us, when our brigade was ordered to drive back this column and fill the gap. The Old Nineteenth occupied the extreme right of our brigade, and as we moved our regiment got the full benefit of both the flanking column and the one in our front.



We had to fall back some fifty or a hundred yards to head off this flanking column. Our brigade at this point lost in killed and wounded about two hundred men, of which number the Old Nineteenth lost more than any other regiment in the brigade. Here Maj. C. W. Heiskell was wounded. We were re-inforced by Maney's brigade, drove the enemy back, and filled the gap. The 19th, 31st and 33rd Tennessee regiments were thrown forward in advance of the main line and held it under a most galling fire. Gen. Wright, who was on our right, had been under fire for two long hours of hard fighting when the enemy re-inforced his front, and would have forced him back, but for the timely arrival of Cleburne, who also saved us, who then with Cheatham fought Johnson and Baird like tigers, capturing some artillery, guns, colors and several hundred prisoners. The fighting was sanguine and desperate. We drove the enemy back towards the road leading to Chattanooga. In this charge of Cheatham, Brig. Gen. Smith was killed, falling at the head of the regiment he commanded so long as colonel and was then commanding as general. He was soon followed by two of his staff. This was the last charge of Cheatham for this day. We bivouaced in line of battle that night. It was after dark when Gen. Longstreet's men, or the greater part of them came on the field. As soon as he formed his lines in the dark he attacked the enemy on our left and for one hour the roar of battle was heavy. The firing ceased about nine o'clock when silence quietly rested upon the two

armies for the night. The firing had been kept up so constantly all day long, and until a late hour of night, that the air was almost stifling from the smoke of battle. We had not gained much ground, but our whole line was encamped on the ground occupied by the enemy the morning before.

Each army during the day had been driven back and forth over the same field repeatedly. Through the night we lay quietly, resting, and some sleeping and naught could be heard but the low, pitiful moan of the suffering, some calling for water some for help, but neither could be had. None dare venture lest he too would fall and perhaps lower than those whom he would help. The stars came out, the immortelles of hope, and the moon with pitying eye looked down through the dense smoke and foliage, upon the thousands of pale faces silent in death.

“While the wind passed o’er with a dirge and a wail,

Where the young and the brave were lying.”

In today’s fighting Thomas Wright was wounded three times, once in the right side and twice in the breast. He was left on the field the first day as dead, where he lay until nine o’clock Monday morning without any attention, when he was picked up and taken to the hospital. There was little sleep on the field of carnage that night, and perhaps less in hundreds of homes in the south, where mothers, sisters and wives were praying for their dear ones, many of whom that same hour were lying upon the battle field of Chicamauga in that sleep that knows no waking. Nearly all night long, in front of where we were, could be heard the axes of the enemy busily preparing for the coming day’s struggle. Our boys were silent and thoughtful, ready to take whatever the “fates” decreed. The next morning a dense fog from the Chicamauga mingled with the smoke of Saturday’s battle, covered all the valley. Through this fog and smoke, the sun veiling his face, looked as if made of blood, thus presaging another baptism of fire that was too dye the field of battle a deeper crimson. Somehow it seemed to have infused new life into our men, for after the sleeplessness and silence of the night came life and activity. The lines of both armies had been shortened during the night and the boys were ready and waiting for the coming struggle, which was soon to awake the echoes from hill to hill, and carry with it hundreds more of noble and brave men into death’s spacious maw. Orders had been given to open the battle at the break of day, but

from some cause it was eight or nine o'clock before the first sound of conflict was heard rolling down the line from right to left as it did the morning before. Gen. Polk opened the attack this morning with intense fury. The enemy had prepared breast-works, behind which they intended to fight that day, but our men charged them with desperate determination and took them. The boys looked with indifference upon whatever the enemy had made for their protection, not intending to fight behind works they did not make any, and whatever the enemy took shelter behind, our boys intended to drive them from it. The fighting this morning was

A DEATH STRUGGLE.

The tug of war was between two brave armies, and the bravery of such men, the determination to win or die, banished all fear. All along the line our men pressed forward, yielding no ground. So desperate was the conflict in several places that hand to hand fight was waged and a clash of bayonets was heard.

Gen. Hood made a desperate charge on the enemy's lines near the Brotherton House, where he received a severe wound in the leg which necessitated the amputation of the limb. He had succeeded in breaking the enemy's line and forcing their right back on to the Crawfish Springs road below the widow Glenn's, when Longstreet drove them around like a barn door, while all along great chasms were being made in his lines.

So dreadful now was the storm of battle, and the deadly fire of the Confederate guns, who surged forward like an ocean of fire, that the right wing of the enemy could not stand it. Hindman's division swung around on the spur of Mission ridge, where he had men killed by being pierced with the bayonet, where he captured about twelve hundred (1200) prisoners.

Bragg kept pressing the right of Rosecrans until he fled from the field in confusion seeking safety within the limits of Chattanooga. Here Gen. Garfield came very near being captured, in the confusion that now reigned. He must have gotten lost and in one wild desperate ride, in front of our lines and a battery he rode for life and safety.

The left wing of Rosecrans's army was more stubborn, Thomas had been driven back to an elevation near the Snodgrass residence, who having such a strong position held his

ground against repeated attempts of Bragg to dislodge him, until nightfall when he abandoned the field, leaving the battlefield of Chicamauga in our hands with all its dead and wounded. Thus ended one of the greatest battles of the war and of the world's history of battles. The casualties of modern warfare of Europe has but one parallel, that of Waterloo.

Of the two great armies here engaged, Rosecrans and Bragg lost about one third of their men, (33⅓ per cent.) The Old Nineteenth lost about forty per cent (40 per cent) of her men.

Maj. Gen. Hood lost a leg, Maj. Gen. Hindman slightly wounded, Brig. Gen's Helm, Smith and Deshler were killed, Brig. Gen's Adams, Gregg and McNairy were badly wounded.

Upon the sanguine fields of Virginia more men had been marshalled in one army, but the armies did not suffer that fearful rate of loss as did the two armies in the battle of Chicamauga. We can give only a partial list of our loss in the Old Nineteenth Tennessee.

KILLED.

Jolley, W. F.....	Co. D	Hawley Martin.....	Co. G
Lackey, Capt. Wm. W. "	E	Cook, William.....	" H
Traynor, Mike.....	" "	Looney, Benj. O.....	" K
Suan, Wm.....	" —	Stover, Jake.....	" "
McAndry, J. W., Co. K.			

WOUNDED.

Heiskell, Maj. C. W.....		Tresby, John.....	Co. D
Wright, Thomas.	Co. —	Rhea, Lieut. J. H.	" G
McPherson, Frank.....	" C	Blair, Capt. R. L.....	" "
Barnett, J. W.	" D	Hawk, Lieut. H. D....	" "
Frazier, Capt. S. J. A..	" "	Grisham, James.....	" H
Brataber, John	" "	Sims, Lieut. J. M.....	" F
Delones, Wm.....	" "	Carmack, John.....	" K
Kelley, W. A.....	" "	Johnson, Andy G.....	" "
Mitchell, John.....	" "	Parrott, Dan.....	" —
Renfro, James, Co. D.			

CAPTURED.

Holly, Bill ...	Co. C	Cooper, John.....	Co. C
Frazier, Clark.....	" G	Frazier, Capt. S. J. A..	" D



LIEUTENANT WILLIAM W. ETTER

Lieutenant William Etter was born at Mooresburg, Tenn., August 10th, 1838. He enlisted as a private in Company K, Nineteenth Tennessee Confederate regiment, May, 1861. He was once wounded in the Georgia campaign. Lieutenant Etter made a brave soldier, faithful to duty and always at his post. He died January the 5th, 1898, at Palarm, Arkansas.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHATTANOOGA.

AFTER the battle of Chicamauga, Rosecrans hastened to Chattanooga and began preparations for the evacuation of the city, fully expecting Bragg to thrust his iron column of rebels into the city and take it.

Rosecrans, in his hurry to be gone, left his dead and wounded on the field. Bragg cared for them, burying the dead and taking the wounded to the hospital; did not press the pursuit but allowed Rosecrans to rally his men and form a line of defence around Chattanooga. If Bragg had pushed on his forces immediately he could have captured Rosecrans' entire army, but it seems that at the very crowning moment of success, some unseen or mystic influence controls the situation, and often the goal of our ambition is lost forever. Such was the case here.

While Rosecrans no doubt keenly felt his defeat in the battle of Chicamauga, he rejoiced in that he gave Bragg only a chance to peep into Chattanooga from the top of Mission ridge and top of Lookout Mountain. For days our men were busy burying the dead, caring for the wounded that remained on the field and gathering up the guns, blankets, swords, broken caissons and broken ambulances. Dead men and dead horses lay thick all over the field. It would be useless to attempt a description of the scene of suffering. The crazed condition of those poor fellows, many whose brains had been plowed by the deadly bullet, both Federal and Confederate, yet living, but unable to tell of their suffering was a pitiable spectacle indeed. Others we saw dying, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality. One happy christian we saw as we passed lying on the ground with a rock for a pillow, so badly wounded that the surgeons had passed him by, as being beyond any possible hope of benefit, dying; exhorting every one around, and all whose eye he would catch to become christians. He would put the pertinent

questions: "Are you a christian? Do you love Jesus?" We could go on and mention other scenes of similar character, but we must desist.

Bragg and Rosecrans settled down to work with pick and spade, directly under each others' guns with all their might as if preparing a grave each one for the other. Bragg kept pushing the enemy's lines in on the city until he held the river from Lookout Point to about half way to the city and from Sherman Heights to the river above. For days the videttes of each army stood in two hundred yards of and gazed at each other like grim monsters. The valley out and around Chattanooga was literally blockaded with breast works and plowed up with rifle pits. The crest of Mission Ridge, its base and sides were furrowed with rifle pits and covered with cannon. Every now and then from the summit of Lookout Mountain were sent savage, hissing shells which would fall and burst in the camp of the enemy. For days the pickets of each army sat in their "Gopher Pits" cracking jokes with each other, while from the top of Mission Ridge and the rocky peak of Lookout went shrieking messengers of death over their heads unnoticed and uncared for by them, and the signal flags from the mountain tops talk with each other in their silent way over the enemy's camp.

A STRANGE SCENE.

A peculiar scene is here presented in the two encampments of supposed hostile foes; both armies were under the range of a single shot; the bands of each played for the entertainment of the other; while the sweet notes of "Dixie" were wafted towards the city over the encampment of the enemy, they were met by those of "Yankee Doodle" coming over to us. Another uncommon feature of these two encampments was while the enemy could plainly see the men and officers moving around Bragg's headquarters, we in turn from the top of Lookout and the ridge with glasses could see what the Yankees had for dinner.

While here Bragg had detailed a special secret scout, for what purpose or whither they went, no one but the detail knew. This secret scout or detail was told it had a hazardous undertaking. It was a volunteer detail; there was one from each company of the Old Nineteenth, and those of our regiment had to report to Lieut. A. C. Smith, of Co. B. We can recall but the names of Lieut. Smith, Co. B, Jack Lackey, of Co. E, Harrison

Chase, of Co. G, C. C. Moore, of Co. H, Jake Williford, of Co. K, and John Field, of Co. C. Harrison Chase was captured and died in camp Chase. About one-fourth of this detail never returned, nor did we ever hear any report from them.

Thursday night, October 22nd, our division (Cheatham's) was ordered to Tyners, a station on the E. T. V. & G. Ry. We moved out in one of the hardest rains (which we always did) of the season, feeling our way through the gloom and darkness of the night that seemed almost impenetrable. Over the rough ridges, through the dark and muddy hollows we went, and reached the station cold and wet and took the cars for Knoxville. There were three trains of cars for us ready and waiting. Our brigade took the middle section, and moved out without a hitch or jar, until somewhere about Cleveland two cars of the front section broke loose, started back and met our section on a curve. The engine of our section struck the runaway cars and split one of them open. The sudden jar, when it struck, knocked off a good many men on our section, and who in turn hallowed to the rest on the train to jump that the rear section was right on us. And such another jumping out of and from the top of the cars, the writer one of them. No one seemed to be hurt except from jumping. The writer falling on his back instead of his feet was hurt by another falling on him.

Soon we were on the cars again and moved on to Charleston, where we found the bridge had been burned. On our arrival we found Gen. Stevenson with his division, who had preceded us but a few days, had prepared a temporary pontoon bridge across the river over which we crossed. Having to cross single file we were some time in getting all the men over. When this was accomplished we moved on up the road as far as Sweetwater, where we remained two days. Here we had issued to us what the boys called "sick flour," from which we made biscuit. Having no lard or grease of any kind, we worked up our bread with salt and water. These biscuits made a lot of sick boys. They were so hard, we saw several of the boys gouge holes in the biscuits, fill them with powder and blow them open, as they said, so they could eat them. While we were here Gen. Longstreet relieved us and we returned to Chattanooga. On our return our brigade was transferred to Stewart's division, but we returned to our old quarters on the line of works around Chattanooga. Sunday morning we in company with Rufus Lamb,

went upon Lookout point, where we had a grand view of the encampment of both armies. The enemy's two pontoon bridges, one below and the other opposite the city, were in plain view. Walthrall's brigade of thirteen hundred (1,300) men was around on the west side of the mountain and had only two pieces of artillery. We were on Lookout nearly all day. Hooker, who was in the valley just beyond, was in plain view and on the move all the time. They took advantage of the bushes and the spur of the hills to obscure their movements, but could be plainly seen from Lookout point. They were evidently maneuvering for an attack on Lookout. The enemy had a battery of four guns on one of the knolls across the river in the toe of the Moccasin, from which they kept up a constant shelling of the Point all evening.

Hooker began moving against Walthrall the morning of the 24th, moving slowly and fighting all day as he ascended the mountain, reaching the Cowan house about four o'clock in the evening. Before night a heavy fog that had gathered down the mountain, and was too heavy to scale the top, moved up the mountain towards the river and enveloped the men as they fought, shutting out all view of the battle except the flash of the guns, and for this cause it was called

"THE BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS."

The battle lasted until long after dark. The ground was so rough that no line could be observed, and so close were the two contending forces that it was with difficulty you could mark the line between them. The whole side of the mountain was covered with men firing from behind trees and rocks, the flash of their guns resembling fire-flies.

Our division lay in the valley and watched the battle above the clouds. The night was clear and frosty, and the moon a little below the zenith passed through an almost total eclipse. We had not yet been asleep, and we lay out on the ground and watched the moon as it passed through the shadow of the earth. While we lay around Chattanooga, although not fighting, still death made her requisition upon us, and we could not shirk the demand. The following died while here:

Wideman, J. P.....	Co. A	Stowe, Richard.....	Co. F
Dakin, Charles.....	" B	Raney, J. R.....	" "
Morgan, Andrew.....	" C	Sharp, F. E.....	" "
Martin, Harris.....	" F	Smith, Ranson.....	" "
Michaels, J. H.....	" "	Harshberger, J. D.....	" K

MISSION RIDGE.

As the old town clock on the city hall struck the hour of one at night, the whole of Bragg's army could have been seen moving for the crest of Mission Ridge to form line of battle. Our brigade left its ditches in the valley and formed line along on top of the ridge about one hundred yards from Gen. Bragg's headquarters, where now stands the "Lone Cedar" on the ridge. In forming our line we put one line as skirmishers at the foot of the ridge and had only a single line on top. The two lines were so deployed that neither formed a good skirmish line. To our right and in front of Bragg's headquarters was a knoll, which the Federals had covered with cannon, and from these batteries they shelled our brigade and regiment. Stafford's battery was placed with our regiment.

The sun as it mounted the "Ninth hour of the watch," taking in the grand view, saw quite a difference in the two armies as they lay in unrest waiting for the coming conflict. Bragg's army, not its former self, depleted by the battle of Chicamauga, had not been strengthened by re-inforcements. Gen. Bragg had been returned to Johnson, and Gen. Longstreet had been detached and sent to Knoxville. So Bragg had but a handful compared with the large army of Rosecrans. The latter had been re-inforced, the wear and tear of his army had been more than made good, while Bragg had no source from which to fill his depleted ranks.

While we lay in line of battle, watching the busy maneuvering of the enemy's troops, one of the Old Nineteenth sat alone, seemingly, holding communion with his own heart, utterly oblivious of what was going on, unconscious of the excitement that was moving and agitating Bragg's whole army. This was Lieut. Col. B. F. Moore, and such a state of mind and feeling was never observed before, at any time, much less at such a time as this. Lieut. Col. Moore, like Marshal Murat of old, was one of the bravest of the brave. We believe that if Col. Moore had thought there was one drop of cowardice blood coursing his veins, he would have severed every artery to have let it out. If there be such a thing as premonition of coming danger, the soul of Col. Moore must have been heavily pressed by such an unseen power. About noon Col. Moore's father came up to our regiment, and the Colonel gave him everything he had about his person, his knife, comb, money, watch, every-

thing. The battle had not yet opened, but the enemy's thousands were moving before and approaching the skirmish line of the Confederates. The very air smelt of battle, and the winds as they came sweeping the crest of Mission Ridge, made sad music as if the precursor of the coming storm. Bragg had the heaviest part of his line on the right, while his left was strung out until it presented only a single and deployed line. About two o'clock in the evening the sound of musketry and cannon were heard on our extreme right, and grandly came on down the ridge to us and rolled across the valley like a wave at high tide. The enemy made a vigorous assault on our right but our men held their places not only against one but repeated attacks.

Gen. Cleburne, after he had exhausted his ammunition, continued the fight by rolling large bowlders down the steep side of the ridge on the enemy. About three o'clock in the evening, Thomas advanced on our left with, it seemed to us, ten thousand, where, with our brigade we had only a skirmish line. We counted right in our front, four double columns of the enemy all moving directly against our brigade of a single line.

These columns of the enemy seemed to us to be not more than seventy-five or a hundred yards apart. In front of our regiment at the foot of the ridge, was a small field not more than fifty yards wide, across this these four columns had to pass. On the Federals came with that determined step that defied all opposition. Our men from the top of the ridge and from the foot who were behind works, while the enemy were crossing this field, poured so heavy a fire into them, both of musketry and cannon, that after they had crossed there were left on the field men dead and wounded seemingly as thick as stumps in new ground. Several of our men who were at the foot of the hill never reached the top, whether they were killed or captured we never knew. Those who did reach the top, came through a shower of bullets that plowed the ground and skinned the trees all around them.

The air between the Ridge and Orchard Knob was filled with shot and shell. The ridge where we were was quite steep but the enemy came on, crawling up the steep ascent like bugs, and were so thick they were almost in each other's way. Our men fell back to a spur of the ridge; leaving the top under a

most galling fire, going down the slope and across an open field to our new position on this spur. As we descended the ridge, Tom Kennedy, an Irishman of Co. C., brave as are made, did not stop to load his gun, but would turn around every now and then, take off his hat and shake it at the enemy, while the minnie balls were hissing all around him. Tom Kennedy, brave soldier, finally fell in line of battle the 22nd of July, around Atlanta. Gen. Strahl formed his men on the spur of the ridge opposite the one we had left, where we checked the enemy and held them for a while. They charged us from the front, at the same time sent a column to our left and rear. In this charge our Lient. Col., B. F. Moore was killed and his brother was captured, whether he was wounded or not we do not know, however, he remained with the Colonel, who fell on his father's place, almost in sight and hearing of his home.

The Federals with an overwhelming force against Bragg's left wing, drove it back and had succeeded in gaining his rear by left flank, thus forcing Bragg from the ridge and across the Chicamauga. Our brigade crossed the Chicamauga after dark by the light of large fires on the bank, and being the last to cross, were kept on picket all night on the east side of the creek.

The following is a partial list of the killed and wounded, what few we could gather.

KILLED.

Lieutenant-Colonel, B. F. Moore,

Field, John.....	Co. C	McRussell, Hugh.....	Co. D
Johnson, M. S.....	" D	Huffmanster, J. M.....	" H

WOUNDED.

Smith, Capt. Wm.....	Co. C	Holly, Wash B.....	Co. G
Allison, Bob.....	" "	Ensinger, Thomas.....	" H
Burnett, Frank.....	" "	Johnson, Andy G.....	" K

CAPTURED.

Bruden, J. M.....	Co. A	Lyons, Dau.....	Co. C
Bowers, James.....	" B	Ford, James J.....	" G
Moore, James.....		Co. B.	

The next morning early, the army began passing through Chicamauga station, our brigade being on picket, was the last to pass through. Before our regiment left the station, we burned a few cars loaded with corn that had not been removed. There were a few dead lying here and there around the station,

some in the yards and some lying out on the commons. These had been killed that morning by sharp shooters and shell. They still remained lying on the ground when we left, and if they were taken care of by our men we never knew, nor did we know who they were or to what regiment they belonged. How indifferent we become towards our dead in times of war; we pass them, cast a glancing look and go on, with but little more feeling than if they were hogs.

The enemy occupied a ridge near by, from which they kept up constant shelling all the time we were in the station, making it lively for us but we did not leave until we were ready. We passed out east of the station and across the ridge when we turned southward in the direction of Ringgold, Ga. The ridge we had just passed was under cultivation and a fence ran along the crest of it for some distance. After we had gone beyond some distance the Federals had just gained the top of the ridge and had lined the fence. We tarried not, nor did we loiter by the way for the enemy's vanguard in a measure, was our rear guard, they no doubt captured every now and then some of our men who happened to straggle too far behind. We did not rush but moved slowly on account of our wagon train, so that the enemy kept close upon us. As we retreated and showed no disposition of resistance, the enemy became more bold causing us to halt and form line of battle more than once, before reaching Ringgold, twelve miles from Chicamauga station. We passed on through Ringgold, and Ringgold Gap, where we halted with all the division train wagons, about half a mile beyond the gap. Stewart's division was put in easy position for action if needed.

Cleburne's division was placed in Ringgold Gap. Now this gap is the pass through Taylor's ridge, half a mile below the town of the same name, and through it, there is just room enough for the creek, the public road and the railroad. Thick undergrowth and vines covered every available space between the creek and the roads. In the gap Cleburne's men were concealed by the thick undergrowth, on the morning of the 28th, and awaited the slow approach of the enemy. Polk's corps was in easy reach and at his back. The enemy entered the gap with closely compact column, dreaming naught of an ambush awaiting them, until Cleburne opened upon them unexpectedly such a deadly fire that they had to retreat, leaving in the gap

five hundred dead and wounded. This put a quietus to their enthusiasm. We moved on to Dalton unmolested, reaching that place November 30th. Our division (Stewart's) encamped on the ridge one mile below Rocky Face, and west of the city.



CHAPTER XV.

AROUND DALTON.

OUR camp fires had scarcely begun to burn in our new encampment around Dalton before Gen. Bragg laid aside his official robes to be put upon the shoulders of another. December the 2nd, 1863, Gen. Bragg issued his last order to the men he had commanded for the last eighteen months, and whom he had led in several hard fought battles. He was endeared to the men, by sharing with them the hardships and toils of army life, the long marches by day and by night, through rain and sunshine, heat and cold. Often the frozen ground the only bed of repose to the weary body, and with the clouds for the only covering. With these associations crowding his memory it was with a feeling of deep sadness he said farewell. In departing he left with the army his blessings and the prayers of a grateful friend. The army was loath to give him up, the only censure that pervaded the army and gave shape to expression was, in not pressing forward and reaping a full harvest of victory after his battles, which were his, save the last one, Mission Ridge. December the 5th Maj. C. W. Heiskell received his promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment and Capt. J. G. Deaderick, of Company B, was made Major.

To Tennesseans the future horizon of the young Confederacy began to look dark and hazy. We had now been battling for two and a half years, and had been driven back and back by our foes, until our homes were now in the hands and at the mercy of the enemy. When Gen. Bragg left, his mantle fell on the shoulders of Lieut. Gen. Hardee, for a short time; who in taking command of the army sought the confidence of the men as their leader, and endeavored to inspire enthusiasm, to dispel all clouds of doubt that had gathered above our horizon, to begot again in us a hope of ultimate success. Gen. Hardee was

in command only twenty-five days, but they were fruitful and satisfactory.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson took command of the Army of Tennessee the twenty-seventh of December, 1863. There were but two army corps, Hardee's and Hood's. The latter now commanded by Gen. Hindman.

December the twenty-eighth the Rev. R. W. Norton, a Baptist minister, was appointed Chaplain of our regiment. We had been without a chaplain ever since the reorganization at Corinth, when the Rev. David Sullins left us. Again we had the privilege of building huts for winter quarters, which we did on the side of the ridge west of Dalton. Christmas caught up with us again and came on in full sympathy of the times, boisterous and stormy. It seemed there were more fighting and drinking in camp than usual, gambling was again on the rampage.

The devil, who is ever alert to his own interest, seemed more busy than for some time. Billie Vestal, a little fellow of light weight, and Newton Williams of large proportions of two hundred pounds or more, seemed to lock horns more often of late, and fought harder, but little Billie, like the goat, always came of first best.

Gen. Johnson, now began granting furloughs to all who could go home and return by the middle of March, granting a certain number at a time. But few of the Old Nineteenth took advantage of this offer of furlough, partly on account of the improbable chances of reaching home. Our regiment was small compared to what it was when we started out, having been reduced by deaths, wounds, captures and with sorrow, be it said, by some desertions, until now it numbered only about one-third of its former self.

The army of Tennessee had never been engaged in battle (save that of Perryville, Ky.) that some of the Old Nineteenth Tennessee were not left sleeping on the battle-ground. And while Bragg was in Kentucky, our regiment was not lying idle, as Vicksburg and Baton Rouge can testify, for the soil of both places was stained by the chivalric blood of her men, and where we left some of our brave ones to sleep until the morning of the resurrection. On our arrival at Dalton, Ga., Gen. Cheatham began maneuvering for his old brigade. On our return from Sweetwater just before the battle of Mission Ridge, we were taken from Gen. Cheatham's division and put in Gen. Stewart's

division. February the 12th our brigade left the ridge west of the city, and also Gen. Stewart's division, and moved to the east side of Dalton, two miles on the Spring-place road, and back into Cheatham's division. We were happy and so was Cheatham. We were now in Hardee's corps; which was made up as follows:

HARDEE'S CORPS,

Four Divisions,

Cheatham's, Cleburne's, Walker's, Bate's.

CHEATHAM'S DIVISION:

Four Brigades,

Strahl's, Maney's, Wright's, Vaughn's.

STRAL'S BRIGADE:

Fourth and Fifth Tennessee, Col. J. J. Lamb.

Twenty-Fourth Tennessee, Lieut.-Col. S. E. Shannon.

Nineteenth Tennessee, Col. F. M. Walker.

Thirty-First and Thirty-Third Tennessee, Lieut.-Col. F. E. Stafford.

In our new quarters we pitched our camp along by the side of Jackson's brigade. The first thing that attracted our attention was stocks in his brigade and a man imprisoned in them. Our brigade was furiously indignant at the idea of a man being punished in such a manner. So after dark the first night of our arrival, the night clear and frosty, the moon seemingly shining brighter than usual, some fifty or a hundred men from our brigade, made an invasion on Jackson's stocks. While the writer took no part in it, curiosity carried him along to see the fun. Jackson's men did not like the stocks any more than we did, yet they resented what they took to be an invasion and rose to a man in defense of the eye-sore of their brigade. Quickly the men were in line by companies and moved to the scene of the excitement. The alarm being given, we scattered. The writer dodged under the shadow of one of the cabins just as a company filed by him and made his escape. They captured three or four of our men, and kept them in the guard house all night. The next morning our men demanded the release of the prisoners which was granted. One month from this time, the stocks were seen in the Old Nineteenth staring our own men in the face and in them our men were placed without much kicking. How readily we adapt ourselves through habit to surrounding

circumstances, no matter how obnoxious they may have been to us at first. February 20th, Cheatham's division was ordered to the assistance of Gen. Polk who was at Demopolis, Ala. Leaving camp early in the morning we boarded the cars at Dalton for Atlanta, where we arrived late in the evening of the same day. The next morning Gen. Cheatham and about one-third of our brigade took on a high "Tight," and we had a lively time in the streets of Atlanta that day.

The men ran after Gen. Cheatham, calling him "Mars Frank;" begging him to make them a speech, (a thing the General could not do), he would say "Ah, go away, my boys," but the boys would not go. The General would run to the next corner and there be headed off by another crowd, equally as anxious to hear him speak as the others. All the General could say was "Come along boys, you are all my boys." If there ever was a General and his men, of whom it could be said, the men belong to the General, and the General belong to the men, it was Gen. Cheatham and his division.

Leaving Atlanta next morning we moved out for West Point, which we reached at four o'clock Sunday morning. We remained here all day and having an opportunity to attend church we took it in, both in the morning and at night. Leaving here Monday morning we went to Montgomery where we went aboard the steamer "Reindeer" for Selma. Here again we took the cars for Demopolis where we met Gen. Polk, and where we remained for three or four days. Just what was the object of our trip remained in the bosom of our commander. We saw nothing nor did we hear anything to call us to this point. Gen. Polk told us he wanted Cheatham's division with him again and wished we could stay. But this was not our place on the war's great chess board. We returned to Dalton over the same route we had gone and back to our camp again. On our return we found our rude plank shanties partly torn down. Of course we laid it at the door of Jackson's brigade without any feeling of bitterness or ill will. We repaired our shanties and felt glad we were at home again. During the night of March 21st, snow fell to the depth of four or five inches.

BATTLE OF SNOWBALLS.

The next day the Old Nineteenth and the regiment of Jackson's brigade that lay close along the side of our regiment began snowballing. At first not more than a dozen began, then one

by one joined, then they fell in by the score and soon each regiment was in line one against the other. Soon the two brigades were out, and finally the greater part of the two divisions (Cheatham's and Walker's) were engaged in one of the biggest snowballing of the world's history. Generals, Colonels, and company officers were engaged. Regular military maneuvers were observed, two lines of battle and more than a mile long, lasting three and a half or four hours. There were about five thousand engaged in it. April the first, Gen. Johnson fought two sham battles below Dalton. He had one or two divisions on each side, and in which the artillery played a conspicuous part. When the first battle came off our division knew nothing about it, and just such another hustling of our men to get ready to move to the front, you never saw. The men were lounging around, some asleep when the cannon opened. Every man had his accoutrements on in twenty minutes ready for marching. The sound of battle coming from the direction of the front, we were sure the enemy had made an attack.

A few days later Cheatham's, Cleburne's and Bate's divisions with their respective artillery fought their battle. Citizens from Atlanta, Dalton and other points were present to witness the battle. After all this was over, the Chaplains of each regiment and brigade, began a progressive movement in their work. A revival spirit took hold of the men as well as the ministers, and each brigade had its "Brush arbor." Each afternoon and night, meetings were held under each arbor, when inspection and drill were not in order. As the brigade arbors were near each other, every night could be heard singing and shouting from four brigade arbors at the same time. Our Chaplain, Rev. R. W. Norton and Rev. Brother McCutcheon, Chaplain of the 24th Tennessee regiment, conducted the meetings in our brigade. Father McCutcheon was a Cumberland minister, blessed old man, he is in heaven to-day, for he was an old man then. Maney's brigade was about half a mile from ours. In clearing off the ground for their arbor, they had left standing close by the arbor a tall hickory tree with scarcely a limb on it, and to all appearances perfectly sound. They had swept some trash up against this tree and partly burned it, no one thinking the tree had burned, not even scorched. The meeting had been going on for some time and much interest was manifested.

On the night of April the 29th there were hundreds under the arbor, and about forty penitents. At one bench there were

eight penitents and two others, who were Christians, talking to them, all were kneeling, when, with no more warning than a sharp crack or snap of the tree, it came crashing through the arbor and fell along side of this bench,

KILLING THE TEN AT ONCE.

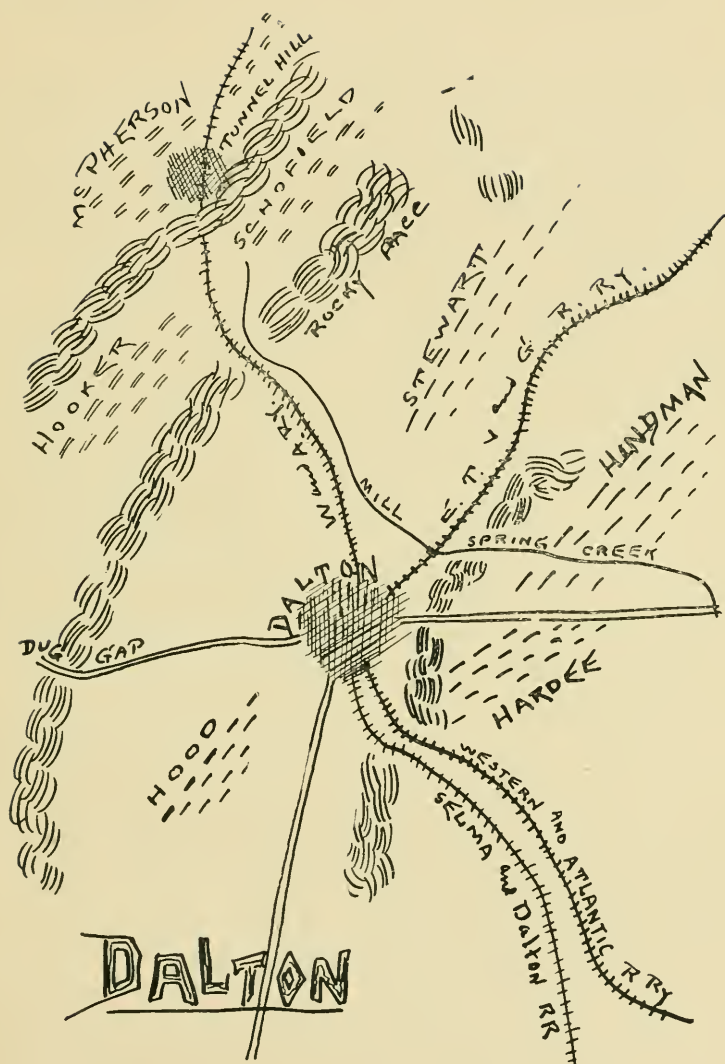
This came like an explosion in the deep world of thought, and the soldiers whose hearts of adamant had not been moved for years, began to show signs of unrest, and began to look forward beyond the sunset of this life and to think of the life over there. The next day they were buried. It was a sad scene, as the long column of soldiers moved in solemn procession headed by the band playing the funeral march, closely followed by ten ambulances, each bearing its dead, to where ten open graves were waiting their reception. These same men, who had just buried their ten comrades, had in days gone by, buried upon the battlefield hundreds of their comrades, piling them in ditches one upon another with, seemingly, indifference. But here their stout hearts were bowed in deep sorrow, as they laid away their comrades beneath the cold sands of the grave. The next day the Old Nineteenth buried one of Company G, who died with congestive chills, Others died while we were here at Dalton, viz:

Jackson, Lee.....	Co. D	Wright, Calvin.....	Co. D
Rush, William.....	“ “	Roller, William.....	“ G
Rose, C. F.....	“ “	Wood, Talbert.....	“ “
Sampson, S. S.....	“ “	Hord, J. J.....	“ K
Tally, C. F., Co. K.			

CHAPTER XVI.

ROCKY FACE.

TAKING it all in all, we had a nice time while we were around Dalton. April 29th, 1864, the enemy made a feint movement on the front and began to stretch himself, waking up from his long winter nap and throwing out his long arms feeling for "Johny Rebs." He seemed intent on pushing Johnson from his present quarters, but he found our general wide awake. Like Davy Crockett, Johnson slept with one eye open and was never caught napping. Gen. Hood, who lost a leg in the Chicamauga battle had returned and had taken charge of his command. While we were here Serg't John Richards and Geo. Cheek of Company H. went over to Spring Place, a small village east of Dalton and conscripted one William Garner and brought him to the regiment. They did this with the expectation of getting a furlough, but as the enemy began pressing our front, Johnson countermanded the order giving furloughs, and Garner joined Company H. and remained with them. May 8th, our (Strahl's) brigade was ordered in double quick time to Dug Gap, some five miles below Dalton, where Hooker was trying to force his way through, but was resisted by Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry. We reached the gap after an exceedingly hard march, having double quicked nearly all the way to the foot of the ridge, then had to climb a long steep road, where we reached the top nearly exhausted. On our way up the ridge we passed several cavalymen at a spring severely wounded. Hooker's command was in plain view and near the top of the gap on the other side. After dark their camp fires filled all the valley beyond. We formed our line along on top of the ridge, and for some time the enemy's artillery sent shot after shot scalping the crest of the ridge. Soon after dark the skirmishing ceased and all became quiet. Again our ears were greeted with some sweet music from the Federal bands which made us



wish "this cruel war was over." We lay here all night on the rough rocks. The next morning Cleburne's division relieved us and we moved to the right on the line above Dalton and occupied a position on

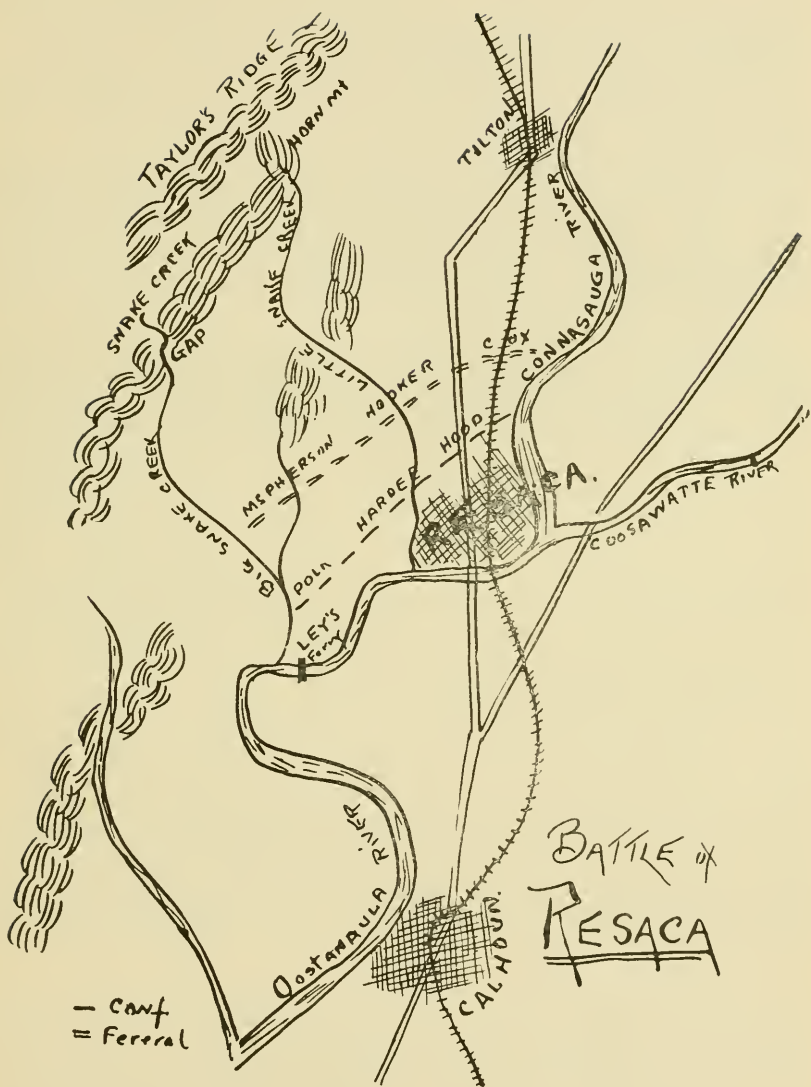
ROCKY FACE,

overlooking the gap through which the public road, Mill creek and the railroad ran. Our regiment occupied the summit of Rocky Face, where we piled up rocks for the protection of our heads, behind which we had to lie down in order to get even that protection. The enemy's bullets were coming thick and fast and now and then would find their way through the rock wall and wound our boys in the head and face. Their skirmish line was at the foot of the ridge, and just in front of our regiment was an opening in the bushes as if it had been cleared, some twenty feet wide. We were lying down looking through an opening in the rock wall when one of the enemy's pickets started across this opening. All along by the writer the boys were on the lookout, and no sooner did the Federal picket show himself in the clearing than a Rebel bullet went through his body. We were watching him. Soon as he fell two of his comrades came to pick him up when they too fell and lay by his side. Others started to them but quickly returned. The leaves of the trees just over our heads were cut by the leaden missiles and were falling thick all around us, when Gen. Joseph E. Johnson came up to where we were and would stand and tiptoe to see over the ridge while the bullets were cutting the leaves right around his head. We were lying down, afraid to stand up. One of the boys ventured to warn the General of the danger he was in but he only smiled and remained a few minutes longer, and went on up the line alone and afoot. We remained here until late in the evening when we were ordered to our extreme right and placed on a high knoll standing out in the valley not far from Varnell's station. We were up some two or three hundred feet, and in our front about one mile in plain view, the Federals moved across the valley column after column towards our right. They had a heavy skirmish line under us, and Wheeler's cavalry was skirmishing with them. We had thrown up breastworks around on this knoll. Capt. Deaderick and the writer were standing by the ditches watching the two skirmish lines charge each other. Standing down in the ditch the writer could not see very well and had to get up on the embankment while the Captain being

much taller stood in the ditch. We had been watching but a few minutes when zip came a ball passing between us, from the gun of a sharpshooter lying behind a stump in the field in front of us about two hundred and fifty yards off, who had taken deliberate aim at us. We agreed to watch the sharpshooter time about, and one watch the skirmish; when we saw the gun fire we could sit down out of danger before the ball would reach us. Out on the skirmish line there was considerable commotion raised and we both looked and while we were looking the sharpshooter fired, the ball brushing the writer's coat just under the chin and passed through the Captain's hat. A short distance this side of where the Federal column crossed the valley, stood a beautiful residence surrounded by orchard, shade trees and out-buildings, and just before night the Federals burned all these buildings. We left the extreme right late in the evening of the eleventh and moved back to or near Dug Gap and remained all night. Sherman was moving down the valley on the opposite side of the ridge toward Resaca. Gen. Leonidas Polk had reached Resaca from Demopolis, Ala., early in the morning of the twelfth and had taken position below the town. Hood left Dalton early in the morning of the twelfth, and Cheatham's division left about midnight, and reached Resaca about sunrise the morning of the thirteenth, where we found Hood's pickets were already engaging those of the enemy about one mile in the direction of Snake Creek Gap, through which the enemy had passed, twenty-three thousand strong, under McPherson and were pressing with vigor for Resaca and the railroad bridge across the Oostenaula.

Sherman followed Johnson on the east side of the ridge. On reaching Resaca, about sun up, our regiment with the brigade formed line in front of the town and near the railroad. Polk formed on the left and below the town with his left resting near the river, Hardee was in the center in front of the town, and Hood's line extended to the right and almost to the Conasauga river above.

Polk skirmished heavily all day of the 13th, and so did part of Hardee's corps. The two armies took up the principal part of the day in maneuvering for positions. Our boys were on tip-toe in their frenzy of excitement, and, like the old war-horse, could hardly be held in with bit and bridle. The enemy kept inching along closer and closer to our lines all the evening, and



with an effort our officers kept down the inclination on the part of our men to charge. That night the two armies lay in line of battle close to each other, and ready for the fray next morning. Heavy skirmishing began early next morning, with Polk against McPherson, and soon the whole line was engaged. Our division engaged Baird and Jefferson C. Davis in a desperate charge, where the fighting continued for two hours unabated. In fact the whole line from right to left was exceedingly heavy; musketry and cannon played almost incessantly, and long after the battle had subsided the boom, bang, zip, zip, sound continued in our ears. More than a hundred cannons of both armies were playing upon each other, and the woods and fields were filled with deadly missiles of shot and shell.

Hood drove the Federal line around some distance, and on Cheatham's line, held by Strahl's brigade, there was exceedingly hard fighting, where the Old Nineteenth lost in killed and wounded. The battle seemed more stubborn as the night came on until dark put an end to the fight. Again the two armies lay in line, in the same relative position as when the battle ceased. There was but little change of position in either army. The next morning, May the 15th, the center of the two armies seemed to be the attraction of the war-god's fury. Fighting Joe Hooker made a most savage charge on Cheatham's line, coming in solid phalaxes by brigades, one after the other, but were driven back to the point of starting, with heavy loss, which was plainly visible; lying upon the ground were their dead and wounded over which we had driven them. Here, too, the Old Nineteenth, as usual, had her share of casualties, whose flag was on the front line, amidst this storm of shot and shell, guarded and kept by as faithful and brave a regiment as ever was on the field of carnage. Here Wm. R. Rhea, of Co. G, lost a leg, and others were killed and wounded of the regiment. J. M. Wright and Tobe Moody were killed here.

General Sherman had constructed a pontoon across the river at Lay's ferry, several miles below the city, and began crossing by the middle of the evening of the 15th. This move of Sherman caused Johnson to withdraw from Resaca, which he did at midnight. General Hood crossed the Oostanaula on a pontoon, above Resaca; Hardee on the railroad bridge and Polk on the county bridge, a short distance below. Strange as it may seem, other regiments sometimes would go through a

battle and come out unharmed, but the Old Nineteenth never came out of an engagement without leaving some of her men, and here many of her men fired their last gun in battle and ended the struggle of life as well.

During the first day's fight around Resaca we were standing by the roadside, and just below, some two hundred yards, stood a cabin in which were two women and three children. Just at this time there was only skirmishing going on; the enemy, being in our front about a quarter of a mile, opened a battery with this cabin in its range. The first shot passed over the cabin and exploded in the distance; the second burst in the yard, when out came the women and children screaming at the top of their voices. The shells by this time were coming faster and as each shot passed or exploded near by, the women and children would throw up their hands and fall on their faces and halloed as loud as they could, "O, Lordy! O, Lordy." Then they came running towards us, but before reaching us the battery ceased and they returned.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE battle of Resaca was the first engagement that amounted to more than a heavy skirmish, the army of Tennessee had been in under Gen. Johnson. Sherman had many more men than Johnson, he could send a large force around him and yet confront him with as many men as Johnson had, but Johnson met Sherman in every move he made, and was never taken by surprise. We fell back to Calhoun, where we rested one day and night and then moved on to Adairsville, reaching there the morning of the seventeenth, where we formed line of battle. Schofield being the vanguard of the enemy, came up in front of Cheatham and began skirmishing. Although no regular engagement seemed anticipated, yet each one kept strengthening his lines until it reached the dignity of a battle, and continued long after dark. Here one of our batteries came very near getting General Sherman. He rode up to their front line, to a point in plain view of one of our batteries, when a shot from one of our guns aimed at the group, burst in a few feet of the General; he turned and moved off a few feet just in time, when a second shot burst just where he had been standing. In this (must I say big?) skirmish, again a few of the Old Nineteenth gave up their lives, a sacrifice to the god of war. John Sherman, Co. B; Wm. Oliver, Co. G; M. Orick, Co. K, were killed. John Baily and Wm. Bowers, of Co. G; Wm. Banard and Wm. Mee, of Co. K, were wounded. Sherman again moved around Johnson and we fell back to Cass Station, about seven miles below, where he formed line with the full purpose of giving battle. Here Johnson had an open field in front, over which the enemy must go if he attacked. Sherman did not advance, but moved to our left in a southwestern direction, and away from the railroad. Johnson abandoned his lines and moved down the railroad as far as Cartersville, when he too, left the railroad, which he had been hugging all the way from Dalton; moved southwest and crossed the Etowah

river not far from Roland's Ferry, about five miles from Cartersville, while at the same time, Gen. Sherman was crossing at Stile's Ferry, six miles below and to our right, and moved up and on the west side of Raccoon creek as fast as he could. Johnson pushed forward his men to keep pace with him. Johnson to facilitate his movements, pushed his men on different roads, parallel, yet centering on, or leading to New Hope Church. Gen. Polk halted at Dallas; Cheatham's division of Hardee's corps moved on to a point beyond Dallas and halted late in the evening of the 24th. Hood came in on the Alatoona road, bivouaced near New Hope Church. Our division had pitched camp seven miles beyond Dallas, but was recalled at midnight and in a drenching rain we moved back to Dallas. Johnson formed here what was known as the

NEW HOPE LINE.

Sherman thought Johnson was still in the vicinity of Alatoona, and on reaching New Hope and Dallas, thought he was beyond and in Johnson's rear, but found himself in the very teeth of Johnson, with eyes wide open and staring him in the face. Along the line we threw up works of loose logs, which however, did not amount to much. About the middle of the evening the enemy fiercely attacked our line, seemingly determined to drive us from the face of the earth. There were two battling elements at work at the same time this evening, battle of men and battle of the clouds, each vied with the other, which could make the most and loudest noise. It was a terrific thunderstorm. The attack of the enemy lasted for two hours or more of hard fighting and skirmishing until after dark. G. W. Holt, T. L. Miller and Henry Burrows, of Co. K; Elija Hale and Daniel Breen, of Co. G, were wounded. Our loss in this battle was something over four hundred and fifty in killed and wounded. The attack was renewed the next morning all along the line from New Hope Church to our extreme left. But little sleeping was done the night before. Each army now was vigilant and on the lookout for any surprise or attack, for each watched for the weak points of the other's line. On this line Billie Vestal came near losing his life. The regiment was resting, and Billie was sitting down, tailor-fashion, facing the enemy when a shell came and burst in his lap. A small scratch on his face, scarcely bringing blood, was all the wound he received,

except powder burn. The writer picked the powder from his body, from his legs, arms and face. What a wonderful escape!

Not an hour day nor night but the sound of musketry and cannon were heard. Changing positions, fighting as we changed, moving here and moving there, fighting as we went, fighting standing, fighting lying down, yes, fighting all the time. Up to this time Hardee's corps formed the left wing, and was south of New hope, and late in the evening the corps was divided and Cleburne's division was moved to the right of Hood to Pickett's mills, where on the 27th he was attacked by Howard.

PICKETT'S MILLS.

Cleburne had good breastworks with head logs, behind which the men lay quietly waiting. As the enemy advanced, Cleburne held his fire, and but for the Confederate flags floating above the head logs, there was nothing to show that the ditches were not deserted. The enemy advanced slowly and with a firm step, expecting the Confederate guns to open on them every moment. Yet when they were within a few yards of Cleburne's ditches everything seemed as still as death. No one, none but God, ever knew the fearful emotion of their souls, and with what trepidation of heart they now advanced. They could not but have known and doubtless felt that there was a Confederate gun, (which was the fact), pointing with deadly aim at each and every man. Was this bravery? Then the Spartans must be laid upon the shelf. Now they are only a few feet from the ditches, when there rang out upon the stillness, the command of Cleburne, "now men fire!" Like a flash of blinding lightning, with a peal of deafening thunder, there went up from under the head logs of Cleburne's works a volley that did its deadly work. But few who composed that front line returned. That one volley laid upon the ground more than one thousand brave men. The next day, the 28th of May, Cleburne moved back to the right of Cheatham, and the same evening Col. J. J. Lamb, of the 5th Tennessee regiment and of our brigade was killed. At midnight the same day the enemy charged the lines of Cheatham and Cleburne, and soon after that of Bate, and continued until day light, and too in an almost continuous fall of rain. In these ditches we had to remain, where the water and mud in many places were two inches deep, where we slept when we could.



CLARK BREWER.

Comrade Clark Brewer joined Company I, of the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment when but a boy. Made a good, faithful, brave soldier. He was always at his post of duty. He was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, and as soon as he was able resumed his post of duty with another command, and fought with that regiment to the end of the war. Brave as the bravest, and as sensitive to duty as brave.

On June 2nd, Bate, Cleburne and Walker were moved to our right leaving Cheatham to hold the extreme left alone. On the 4th, Cheatham moved to the right with the other divisions of Hardee, which then occupied the extreme right, with Hood in the center and Polk on the left.

There was a continuous moving of troops to-day, under a constant fire from the skirmish lines all the time. Sherman kept inching along back towards the railroad and Johnson kept pace with him. On the eighth, Johnson fell back from the New Hope line and formed a new line to the left and beyond Lost Mountain and running to and over Pine Mountain that stood out in a salient and continued on over the top of the Kennesaw Mountain. This new line again placed Hardee in the center and Cheatham's division along over Pine Mountain, with Strahl's brigade and the Old Nineteenth resting on top of the Mountain. Here on this, as was on the other, fighting was continuous day and night.

DEATH OF GEN. POLK.

On the morning of June 14th, Generals Johnson, Polk, Hardee, Hood and Cheatham were riding down the line inspecting it, and that of the enemy's as well. On reaching Pine Mountain at a point of fine observation held by the Old Nineteenth, of Strahl's brigade, they all rode up on the eminence where they had a good view of the enemy's lines. As soon as the Generals reached the summit, they were observed by the enemy and were fired upon from a steel battery, not more than four hundred yards in our front. They all fell back out of sight and of range. Gen. Polk, not satisfied with the view he had, rode back to the same point but for a moment, yet one moment too long, a second shot from the same battery well aimed sent a four pound shot through his body, killing him instantly. In this sad calamity we sustained a loss not to be easily filled. Gen. Polk was a brave officer, a good man and a Christian soldier. The next day, the 15th of June, our regiment was transferred to Maney's brigade with Col. Walker in command, and the 41st Tennessee was taken from Maney and put in Strahl's brigade.

As Pine Mountain made a considerable elbow in Johnson's line, he on the 16th of June, abandoned this point and thus straightened his line and shortened it. On the 17th Johnson swung the left of his line back towards the railroad, and across

a small stream called Mud Creek, where works had been prepared for us. The point where Cheatham's and Loring's divisions joined was found to be too weak, and Johnson swung still further around with his left crossing Nose creek, but still hanging on to old Kennesaw. Cheatham's division occupied on this new line an elevation from which the enemy longed to dislodge him. On the 24th, they made an attack on this part of the line which lasted for some time, and which was an utter failure on their part. In all these engagements of Cheatham, the Old Nineteenth was there, with her battle-flag all torn and tattered, and left the soil more sacred by being stained by the life blood of her noble men. I would be doing injustice to the grand old regiment if I did not say the Old Nineteenth was always in the fight and always on the firing line, and if it were possible for the roll call of Cheatham's division to be made of her slain in battle, when the name of the Old Nineteenth would be called, there would come from the bivouac of the slain, quick and loud the answer, here. Johnson still held Kennesaw Mountain, and on this line which was nearly parallel with the railroad, was some of the hardest fighting of the war.

OLD KENNESAW.

What a grand view from this grand old mountain. Standing in bold outline a little north of west from Marietta is Pine Mountain, dressed in its dark fringed foliage, through which the passing winds mournfully sing a sad requiem to the memory of General Leonidas Polk, who gave up his life on its summit, June 14th, 1864. Further on and southward is Lost Mountain, standing as a lone sentinel to guard the bloody fields and the dead of Dallas, New Hope and Pickett's mills. From the western base of Kennesaw ran Johnson's line in a southern direction, for perhaps seven miles, and parallel to his, ran the line of the ever vigilant enemy, watching his chance to break Johnson's lines and route him from the field. For days on this line the blue smoke from the guns outlined our position, and at night it was lit up with the red glow of the artillery and small arms. Early in the morning of the 27th, there was a noticeable restlessness and an unusual movement of the enemy's troops.

Sherman began an advance all along in front of Johnson's line. The cry rang out up and down the line, they come, they come, and from left to right and right to left the music of battle rang, and our men sent volley after volley into the ranks of the advancing foe.

Oh my! the cannons bellowed like so many mad bulls, sent shot and shell plowing the ground, scattering rocks, dirt and everything moveable, cutting down trees and felling limbs as if the air and tree tops were full of invisible sappers and miners. At times, from the roar and smoke of battle, we fought neither by sound nor sight. The air was so full of sulphurous smoke of battle we could not see, and the roar of musketry so continuous we could not distinguish the report of our gun from that of the one by our side, and could only tell by the rebound of the gun whether it had gone off or not. Maney's brigade, in which the Old Nineteenth now was, held a position on this line known as Dead angle.

Here Thomas charged our line, coming with a frenzied bravery column after column, while our cannon and musketry played upon them cutting them down like grass before the sickle. They kept filling up and coming on until they were in a few steps of our line, when they halted, turned and back to their ditches, but to rally and come again. O what a slaughter was here. Braver men never fought than those Thomas had, but their bravery only led them to their death. Many of their men reached our ditches, only to find a last resting place.

Here a brave boy, a Federal color-bearer, a Tennessee boy, crazed with the excitement of the hour, actually planted his colors on our works when they were seized by a Captain of a Tennessee Confederate regiment and a struggle ensued. The color-bearer drew his pistol and shot the captain dead. While the smoking pistol was yet in his hand, he was riddled with bullets from a dozen Confederate guns. Verily this was "steel against steel," and "diamond cut diamond," here with Cheatham. Of the two contending forces each one could but admire the bravery of the other. Not only with Cheatham, Cleburne and Walker, but all along Johnson's line from one end to the other was one blaze of fire and roar of battle.

Around old Kennesaw's base, so rapid was the bombardment from Sherman's one hundred guns, and from those on our side, that it seemed ablaze with fire. The bursting shells and deadly missiles from the guns of the two contending armies, made the old mountain seem like a grand volcano. Language would fail to picture this field of butchery with its dead and wounded. The Federals came with a huzzah, only to be hurled back with the wild "Rebel yell." General French who sat on

top of Kennesaw mountain and beheld the entire battle scene below, says:

"We sat there perhaps an hour or more enjoying a bird's-eye view of one of the most magnificent sights ever allotted to man; to look down upon a hundred and fifty thousand men arrayed in strife of battle on the plain below. As the infantry closed in, the blue smoke of the musketry marked out our line for miles, while over it rose in cumuli like clouds, the white smoke of the artillery. Through the rift of the smoke, as it was wafted aside by the winds, we could see the assault made on Cheatham, and the struggle was hard and there it lasted longest. So many guns were trained on those by our side, and so incessant was the roar of cannon and the sharp explosion of the shells that naught else could be heard."

All along the line the fighting was desperate and beyond description. To the credit of the enemy, no braver men bore the standard of stars and stripes, than the army Sherman sent to wrest old Kennesaw from the grasp of Johnson this memorable 27th of June. And to the credit of the Confederate army, under Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, who is deserving of greater praise because they were much fewer in number, yet met the storm and stood as firm as the base of old Kennesaw around which they fought. There was not a single point on Johnson's line where the men wavered for a single moment. They fought, not with haphazard aim, but deliberation and judgement. In Walker's division, an incident occurred, clearly showing the heroism of the Southern soldier, a schrapnel shot came through under the head log and fell in the ditch among the men, which for the instant caused a stampede, but while the fuse was yet burning, a sergeant of a Georgia regiment leaped forward, seized the deadly projectile and threw it out of the ditch, when it exploded without doing any harm. In front of Cheatham many of the enemy's dead lay on the ground until the third day after the battle, exposed to the hot sun. No one dared to venture to them, or show any part of their body above the head log. A truce covering Cheatham's division was agreed upon, lasting one hour for the purpose of burying the dead. During that hour the ground between the two lines was thronged with the Blue and the Gray, who met as friend meets friend. To them the hour seemed to expire in a moment, and soon they were back in the ditches fighting again. At one point on Cheatham's

line the two armies were so close that we had to cut traverse ditches through which the men had to go in and out of our ditches, and even then it was exceedingly dangerous. A hat raised on the end of a stick above the head log, would be filled with bullet holes in less than a minute. For thirty days and nights the fighting had been one continuous battle. The country all around was cut up with entrenchments and honeycombed with rifle pits, and the woods looked as dreary and as desolate as if it had been swept by a tornado.

During the thirty days fighting around Dallas, New Hope and Kennesaw, the Old Nineteenth lost many of her noble and brave men. Two of whom we make mention, because we had more to do with them after their death, than with others. John White, of Company E, is one of whom we speak first. He was an educated and polished young man, related to some of the best families of Knoxville, Tennessee. John White was almost torn to pieces with a shell. When we reached him, which was in a short time, we did what we could. We took out of his his bowels a piece of shell that would weigh two pounds, deeply imbedded. We shall never forget the expression of anguish and despair that rested upon his sad pale face.

He talked but little, but that little was an earnest exhortation to those around him. The last audible words he ever spoke were, "boys, don't live as I have, remember my——," gone, the battle strife will not molest him any more. We carried him back to the road leading to Marietta, where, with twelve or fifteen dead, we lay all night long guarding them. The next morning we carried him to Marietta and buried him.

The other one was John Spears, of Company K, who was also killed the next day on this line. Spears one morning was going after water for the men on the line. He had fifteen or twenty canteens across his shoulder and was going down an incline to a branch. When about half way or a hundred yards from the line, a shell just brushing the head logs on the line, and was of the kind the boys say "had a shuck tied to its tail," passed on and struck Spears and tore about half the top of his head off. He had an aunt living in Marietta, and we were detailed to carry him there and see that he was buried. We found his aunt about noon. While it was a sad meeting, she did not forget us but urged that we remain and take dinner. We could not refuse, and persuasion was not needed. Nearly two long years had

gone by since we had eaten in a house or at a table. We were sorry for her, poor, sad, but kind-hearted woman, sitting down to the table she could not eat, but we were too busily engaged just then to think of the dead. There were thousands of dead left on the blood-stained fields of this Kennesaw region, to sleep through the ages, whom the loud cannon's roar cannot awake to glory again.

Sherman not being able to move Johnson by direct attack, began his flank movement again. He sent McPherson and Schofield around our left and thought to gain Johnson's rear at Ruff's and Smyrna. But Sherman found Johnson as ready to meet him as at any time past. This move of Sherman's caused Johnson not only to abandon Kennesaw and Marietta, but all the country he had struggled so hard to hold. At Ruff's during the morning of the third, the enemy's pickets came up only a short distance, not enough to tell whether an enemy was there or not.

AT SMYRNA.

The next morning, the enemy supposing there was no one in their front, were more bold. Stanley came up and pressed vigorously forward as if no one was there to challenge, but a surprise awaited him. He soon found his division in a perfect hornet's nest. The sheet of lead that came from the hidden lines of the Confederates in the edge of the woods, and grape and canister from several batteries, caused them to return in hot haste across the field over which they had just come. They left a few of their number lying on the field dead and wounded, not taking time to look after them. Johnson remained here some two or three days, then he crossed the Chattahoochee river where he formed his lines close along its banks, where we remained for several days. In the meantime Sherman moved the greater part of his army to our right and up the river, where he too crossed at different points. Schofield crossed seven miles above the railroad at Phillip's ferry at the mouth of Soap creek. McPherson crossed seven or eight miles further up at Rosswell's ferry. Before Sherman crossed the river it was the dividing line between the two armies. Our videttes and those of the enemy sat upon opposite banks of the Chattahoochee and chatted with each other. Now and then they would swim across to each other's post, while some would keep a look-out for the officers of their respective commands. They had been fighting

so long on the picket line, now they seemed glad for a change and for a time when they could hold a friendly chat as they had done before. They exchanged pocket knives, combs and anything they had, so long as the river divided the videttes. After Sherman crossed he moved around on our right towards Atlanta. Johnson moved out from the river and formed his lines on or near Peach-tree creek, which obstructed Sherman's march. Sherman had intended celebrating the Fourth of July in Atlanta, but Johnson objected.

Johnson had formed his lines for a firm stand on Peach-tree creek for another bold fight. Late in the evening he was handing out instructions to the various commanders for the next day's action when he received the following telegram:

"Lieut.-Gen. J. B. Hood has been commissioned to the temporary rank of General under the late laws of Congress. I am directed by the Secretary of War to inform you that, as you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to General Hood."

S. COOPER,

Ad'jt and Inspector General.

So we see that "Richmond on the James" had already decreed the end of Johnson's command of the Army of Tennessee. There is not one who could have done as well as he. This was a death knell to the Army of Tennessee. Was the finger of God in this? We will see later. With bowed heads and sorrowful hearts the Army of Tennessee yielded to the mandate of fate. We were surprised and the news of the change came to the men like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. And as Sherman said, this was as giving to him twenty thousand men. We give the names of a few of the men killed and wounded since we left Adairsville:

KILLED.

White, John.....	Co. E	Roller, James.....	Co. G
Kincaid, C. F.....	" "	Spears, John.....	" "
McRoberts, J.....	" F		

WOUNDED.

Hutton, Andy.....	Co. B	Demurs, A. J.....	Co. F
Barren, Daniel	“ “	McJenkins, Sol.....	“ “
Gentry, Joshua.....	“ D	Swann, S. G.....	“ “
Bradley, Benj.....	“ “	Thomas, C. W.....	“ “
Barnett, F.....	“ “	Watts, William.....	“ “
Cantral, James.....	“ “	Hale, Elijah.....	“ G
Vestal, Billie.....	“ E	Stricklin, Rube.....	“ “
McRoberts, J.....	“ F	Miller, T. L.....	“ K
Hood, L.....	“ “	Holt, G. W.....	“ “
Brown, John.....	“ “	Burrows, Henry.....	“ “
Carnett, Leander.....	“ “		



BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. M. WALKER.

General Frank M. Walker was a Kentuckian by birth, and a Tennessean by adoption. His adopted home was Chattanooga, Tenn. Served as Lieutenant in a Kentucky company in the Mexican war. Raising a company of infantry in Chattanooga, he joined the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment, and at the organization of the regiment at Knoxville, in June, 1861, was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. At the reorganization, in 1862, he was elected Colonel of the regiment. He was a conscientious christian, a brave soldier and a kind officer. He was killed the 22d of July, near Atlanta, Ga., in one of the fiercest battles of the war.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AROUND ATLANTA.

BEFORE starting out with General Hood as commander of the Army of Tennessee, whom we do not censure, we must say we could not see why Johnson was removed. Johnson's idea of warfare did not consist of butchery or useless sacrifice. With his small army he acted on the defensive, and only fought when he was certain of doing the most good. No one else could have done more than he, with the means at his command.

In looking at the situation with all the facts, what Johnson had accomplished with the insufficient force he had, it would seem, there was a hand unseen, a "*Vis a tergo*," other than Davis and his cabinet, moving the events on the great chess board of time. That a mistake was made time will tell.

That Gen. J. B. Hood was a bold, brave, intrepid fighter no one will deny; was all scarred and crippled from wounds received in battle, which he did carry as mementos through life. At Gettysburg he was wounded in the arm, and ever after it hung paralyzed and useless at his side, and at Chickamauga he lost a leg. Brave to greatness and true to his country's call, General Hood with one leg and one arm, remained with the army and at the head of his command showing such pluck and indomitable courage, that the enemy styled him the "one armed, one legged fighting devil." Early in the morning of the 18th, Gen. Hood rode to Gen. Johnson's headquarters and remained with him all day, for the purpose of getting his plans for the battle then hourly expected. On Hood taking command of the army, we lost our division commander, Gen. Cheatham, who was put in command of Hood's old corps, and Gen. S. D. Lee took Cheatham's division. Gen. A. P. Stewart was given Polk's old corps.

Hood's line of battle was Hardee's corps on the right, Stewart's in the center and Cheatham's on the left. This formed

the line of battle of Peachtree creek. The battle ground was rough and uneven, and Stewart's men were the only ones engaged here, and had to cross a ravine to reach the enemy's works. The battle did not materialize as was expected. McPherson and Gresham already on our right, were far advanced towards Atlanta, which forced Hood to draw Cleburne's division from Hardee's corps to meet them. Hardee did not press the fight in front of him. Sherman continued the advance of his army towards Atlanta, and Hood fell back and occupied the ditches in and around the city. McPherson continued his line of march around Atlanta and across the Atlanta and Augusta railroad with the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and the Seventeenth army corps until they were southeast of the city where they quietly settled down, as he thought, in perfect security.

During the night of the 21st of July, Hardee's corps made a rapid night march of some twelve or fifteen miles, and made an attack on McPherson early in the morning of

JULY 22ND.

We reached and crossed the creek at Cobb's mill in the rear of Sherman and made the attack from a direction least expected by the enemy. Hardee was behind them. The angry peals of artillery, and the roll of musketry that greeted the ears of Sherman and McPherson as they stood together near Sherman's headquarters must have startled them from their feeling of security. Sherman, looking in the direction away from the supposed Confederate army exclaimed "what does that mean?" to which McPherson said "I will go and see." He did, but never returned. Our men were pouring shot hot and heavy into the 15th and 16th army corps, when McPherson left Sherman and hastened with all possible speed with only a portion of his staff to the scene of action.

Before he was aware of danger he ran upon a column of Cheatham's division headed by our brigade, in the line of battle in a skirt of woods right in his rear. The brigade was Maney's in which was the Old Nineteenth, and commanded by Colonel Walker. McPherson rode up close to us before he observed we were Confederates, when he was halted and commanded to surrender. But acting upon the first impulse of the moment, he turned to escape, when a volley from our regiment was fired and Gen. McPherson fell from his horse, killed, and one or two of his staff wounded and captured, only one made his escape.

Cheatham's division pressed forward to their works and into the hottest of the fight, breaking Logan's line and capturing two or three pieces of artillery and two hundred men. The enemy's line of works at this place formed an obtuse angle, the point of which our regiment approached.

Here John Mason, our color bearer, displayed remarkable courage. He ran forward several steps ahead of the regiment and planted the colors on the enemy's works. In this charge Col. F. M. Walker fell, and here the brave and faithful soldier, John Templeton, of Co. A, also fell. Templeton was always at roll call when not sick or on duty. In this charge, which was a desperate one, the enemy were driven back, but soon made a charge on us, in which they recaptured the guns we had taken from them. In this second charge Captain Paul McDermott and Sergeant John Richards, of Company H, were mortally wounded; Tom. Duitt and John Long, of Company A, were killed; Silas Bookard was wounded and died shortly afterwards. There had not been much harder fighting anywhere than was done in this battle. Gen. Hardee lost heavily, but the enemy's loss must have been greater, their loss in killed, wounded and captured was about five thousand. Our brigade lost one hundred and forty. The Old Nineteenth Tennessee had her share of casualties, as usual. Our field hospital was back on the ridge, near Cobb's mill, a short distance in the rear of the battlefield.

When Hardee returned to the city and to his position around the works, a detail was made to remain in the hospital with the wounded, of whom were more Federals than Confederates. From this field hospital, looking across the Federal lines, we could see the spires and the smoke of the city, which was not more than four miles away.

The writer was one of the detail to remain in the field hospital and, of course to be made a prisoner, as the Federals were all around us.

There were a few of our regiment left, wounded so badly they could not be taken away. While we did not like the idea of being prisoner, duty to our boys, and obedience to orders, we remained willingly. Capt. Paul McDermott and Sergt. John Richards died, and we helped bury them; one on the hill-side, the other near the creek a hundred yards below the mill. All of our regiment who were left in the field hospital died, but we remained longer to help, and do what we could, in relieving the suffering of the Federals who were wounded.

Col. Walker, Capt. McDermott and Sergt. Richards were members of the Presbyterian Church. Col. Walker was a brave and noble man, to love him was but to know him. We never saw him do anything unbecoming a Christian, nor did we ever hear him utter a word that could not have been spoken in the presence of ladies. We were with him all the time on the march, and in camp our tent was pitched near his.

Capt. McDermott was a stern, but not overbearing man, he hated any one who shirked duty, and admired bravery and fortitude wherever found. On every battlefield were found those who stirred our sympathies to the very bottom, both of our friends and our foes. Here we found a Federal boy, not more than sixteen years old, who had both eyes shot out, was wounded in the body and in the leg. He was brought back with our wounded and had been laid on the ground to await his turn for attention. We found him lying out in the hot sun and placed him in the shade again, gave him water and made him as comfortable as the surroundings would permit. We found in our conversation that he was the only son of a widow and had been in the army only three months. He had left home for the excitement and novelty of a soldier's life, and had gotten more than he expected. With a trembling voice, his heart bleeding with sorrow, he told me he wished he had never left home and mother, for now he would never see them again. He belonged to an Illinois regiment; poor boy, he had our sympathy. We remained here four or five days, and having no more of our regiment to look after, we asked our surgeon, Dr. Dulaney, permission to return to our regiment. He had no objection if we were willing to take the risk of a re-capture. We took the risk, flanked both the Federals and our own lines, and reached the city and our own regiment in safety. We give a few of the killed and wounded of our regiment in this engagement:

KILLED.

Col. F. M. Walker.

Duitt, Tom.....	Co. A	Sharp, Lieut. J. F.....	Co. F
Templeton, John.....	" "	Rhea, Robert J.....	" G
Long, John.....	" "	Ferris, Sam.....	" "
Yorkely, Mike.....	C	Chamberlain, George..	" "
Kennedy, Thomas.....	" "	McDermott, Capt. P. H.	" H
Kline, Thomas.....	" "	Richards, Sergt. John.	" "

WOUNDED.

Bookard, Silas.....	Co. A	King, William.....	Co. C
Brabson, Lieut. T. M....	" B	Colville, Lieut. R. W....	" D
Ramsey, John.....	" "	Dyer, D. H.....	" "
Epperson, John.....	" "	Vestal, Billie.....	" E
Fulkerson, George.....	" "	Waggoner, George....	" G
Hodge, James.....	" "	Godsey, C. W.....	" "
McCreary, H.....		Co. G	

We lay around Atlanta in the ditches, fighting more or less every day, until the latter part of August. The writer had to go into the city and to the depot frequently. We were at the depot one morning when the Federals shelled the city, seemingly with the intention of setting it on fire, for several buildings were set on fire, one large brick building filled with cotton, and it burned for weeks. In the vicinity of the depot the shells fell thick and fast, killing and wounding a great many. There were two brick depots, with a space of fifteen feet between them. We were standing in this space and a shell burst a few feet over our head, the pieces falling all around us, two or three of which struck the floor within an inch of our feet, but we were not hurt.

After the battle of the 22nd of July, Gen. Cheatham came back to his old division and Gen S. D. Lee took command of Hood's old corps. The Tennesseans were glad to get their old commander again, and Gen. Cheatham seemed equally as glad, for there was an affection between he and his men that was sweet to enjoy. Gen. Sherman had now nearly encircled Atlanta. He had sent the sixteenth and seventeenth army corps, under Dodge and Blair respectively, around west of the city to Ezra Church. Hood sent Lee to attack them, and if nothing more, to hold them from joining Logan and Ransom, whom Hardee had gone to attack near Jonesboro. Lee, on the 28th of August, attacked Logan at the Ezra Church, but failing to drive him back, fell back himself and joined Hardee at Jonesboro. Here Hardee, at 3:30 in the evening of September the 1st, attacked Logan and Ransom. The fight was stubborn and heavy, lasting until after dark, when, seemingly, by mutual consent, the two armies began to retire, and moved in the same direction and almost on the same road. We moved about two miles and went into camp; the two armies, it might be said, occupied the same field and the same skirt of woods, at the same time.

A STRANGE SCENE.

It was after dark when the writer left the battlefield. We were on the field with the litter corps when the regiment began moving from the scene of action; we moved with it and left the others of the litter and surgeon's corps behind. Halting about two miles from the battlefield, the entire corps of Hardee went into bivouac. The whole country was full of soldiers and soon fires began to kindle up, and the Confederates did not have half the fires that were made. You could not tell where the fires of the enemy ended, nor where those of the Confederates began. Dr. Dulaney and two of the litter corps, who came up after the regiment had moved, had quite an experience in finding our command. The first regiment he came to in camp, nearly all the men were lying down, with but few fires visible anywhere. The Doctor inquired whose regiment it was, and was astonished to learn that it was the seventeenth Ohio, not betraying his astonishment, the Doctor said, "boys, our regiment is further on." Turning from this regiment he went on further and inquired again, but to learn that it was the fourth Indiana. Now he was puzzled to know which way to go. Seeing a line of fires but two hundred yards to the right, he made for these, and found them to be those of the Old Nineteenth. The Federals and our men took rails from the same fence, filled canteens from the same branch at the same time, almost touching heads, as each leaned from opposite sides. Your humble writer was standing by a small camp fire just started up, alone, when a soldier came up, and threw from his shoulder a load of rails. He was a Federal soldier. There we were, the Blue and the Gray looking at each other; neither spoke, and he returned in the direction from which he came. Some of the Old Nineteenth stepped across to the Federal camp fire, which was about one hundred yards from ours, and borrowed some picks and shovels to dig rifle pits, and when done returned them. About midnight Gen. Hardee rode into our camp and asked Arthur Fulkerson, of Co. K, pointing to some camp fires about one hundred yards off in a skirt of woods, whose command it was. Arthur told him they were the enemy. Gen. Hardee thought he must be mistaken. "No," said Arthur, "our men have just been over there and borrowed some picks and shovels and have returned them." Arthur said he would go over and see whose command it was. He went over there but did not return. He was captured. Gen. Hardee

then knew that they were the enemy. The camp fires revealed the true situation, but the Confederates were the only ones who found it out. The Federals had formed around us a horseshoe, unintentionally, with an opening of about four hundred yards, and through which, about two o'clock in the morning Gen. Hardee moved his command with as much silence as ever men moved. We slipped out from the grasp of the enemy so silently that they did not know we were gone until daylight. So Arthur Fulkerson saved Hardee.

This was the last battle of the campaign, and while Hardee was fighting here at Jonesboro, Hood was hurrying everything away from Atlanta, and leaving Atlanta he joined Hardee and Lee below Jonesboro, at Lovejoy's station, where we remained for several days, not far from our last battle ground. We lost out of our old regiment several killed and wounded. We mourned the loss of the many battle-scarred veterans of the old Nineteenth Tennessee, who found a quiet resting place in this campaign. Many are the places hallowed by the life-blood of the noble Confederate veterans. Just how many were left by the way side since we left Dalton I leave to the many silent mounds to tell. The Dalton and Atlanta campaign was now ended. Sherman returned to Atlanta and for a few days and nights not a sound of cannon or musketry was heard. There was a feeling of sweet rest, for the present at least, from the toil and strife of battle. All the regiments were so reduced by the ravages of war, that they were but mere skeletons, and in order to make them more respectable there was ordered a consolidation of regiments. In the consolidation of ours with others, there were three in one, the Nineteenth, Twenty-fourth and the Forty-first, and the new regiment was commanded by Col. James D. Tillman, but kept its place in Strahl's brigade. So it ran throughout the whole army, yet neither regiment lost its identity or individuality. On the 19th of September the army left Jonesboro and moved to Palmetto, on the Atlanta and West Point railroad, where, after fortifying, we sat down for a much needed rest.

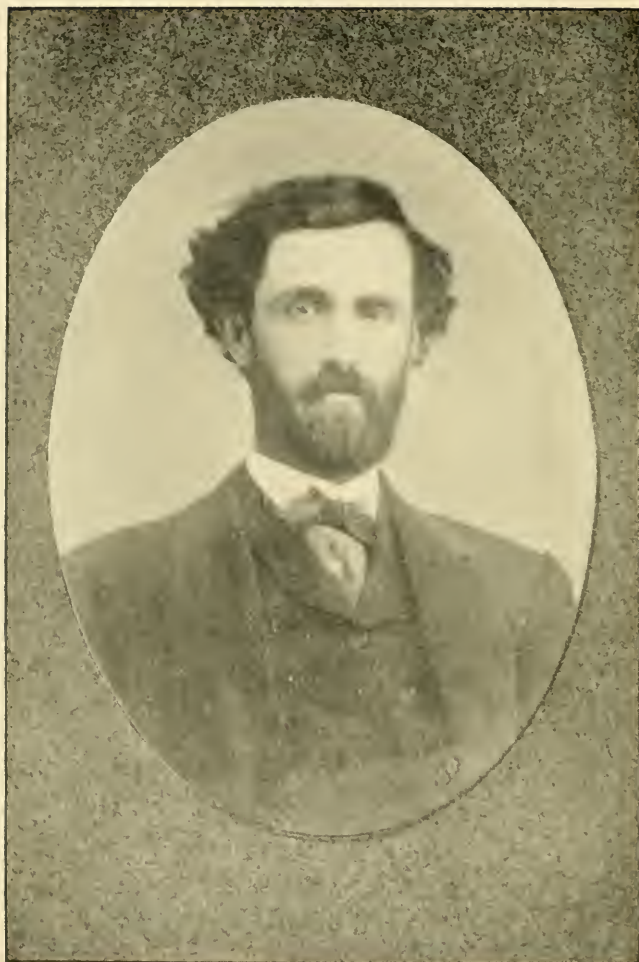
The following were wounded in the Jonesboro fight: Isaac Brown and C. C. Majors, Co. D; J. J. Johnson Co. G; N. Richards and Andy G. Johnson, Co. K; J. J. Johnson died soon after he was wounded.

CHAPTER XIX.

VISIT OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

THE young Confederacy had evidently reached a crisis in its struggle for existence. The clouds that had been gathering to obscure the future prospects of the Confederacy, were becoming more dark and portentous. At this juncture of affairs President Jefferson Davis, Howell E. Cobb and others paid the army of Tennessee a visit. Something had to be done to infuse new life and vigor into the men. Speeches were made by the President, Cobb and others. While Cobb was speaking, pouring his sweet sounding words in our ears, a private halloed out, "a shell or two would knock all the sweetness out in less than no time." The hope of success in the minds of the soldiers had begun to fade and grow dim. Davis and his associates, like the weary pilgrim, "Could tarry but a night."

Soon after the departure of Davis, Gen. Hardee resigned his place in the army of Tennessee, and took command elsewhere. Rumors were rife in camp, as to what was coming next. Some said Hardee resigned because Hood was in command of the army of Tennessee, but this proved to be a mistake. Hurried changes were made in all the regiments and companies. Capt. J. H. Hannah of Co. F., was made Major of the regiment in place of Maj. Deaderick who had been promoted to Colonel of another regiment, and First Lieutenant J. M. Sims was made Captain of the Company. Maj. Hannah had been Captain of Co. F ever since its organization in June 1861, kind hearted and esteemed by all, he made a good soldier and gained the respect of his superior officers. Soon as the vacancy was made by the promotion of Maj. Deadrick to be Colonel of another regiment, Capt. J. H. Hannah was made Major of the Old Nineteenth, October the 10th, 1864, which office he held until the close of the war.



MAJOR J. H. HANNAH.

Major Hannah was born in Polk County, Tenn., May 1838. With his father and four brothers, he joined Company F, of the Old Nineteenth Confederate regiment, and in the organization of the regiment in June, 1861, he was elected Captain of the company. In the reorganization of the regiment in 1862, he was re-elected Captain, which position he held until October 1864, when he was promoted to Major of the regiment, which he held until the close of the war, and surrendered with the regiment in 1865.

He was in line for promotion December 1863, but his company demurred, so he did not present his claim until in October 1864. Maj. Hannah came of patriotic stock. His father, who was seventy-nine years old, joined Company F., of the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment at its formation, with five sons, one of whom was Maj. J. H. Hannah, but his father being too old did not remain.

Lieutenant J. A. Kimbrough was made Captain of Company H., in place of Capt. Paul McDermott, who was killed at the battle of 22nd of July. Lieut. B. F. Hoyle, of Co. H., resigned and went to other fields of service. The boys hated to give Lieut. Hoyle up, they loved him, for he had been with them so long.

September the 28th, the army was again put in motion, and our faces this time turned towards Tennessee, but when we would reach the goal of our anxious hearts, was hidden in the womb of the future.

On our way we passed to the left of Atlanta, and not far from Kennesaw mountain which stands with towering head, keeping lone vigil over the thousands slain in battle around her. The record of the battle fought here will be handed down the coming ages, keeping prominent in history, this now famous mountain. As we gaze sadly from the distance it seems we can still see the lingering smoke of battle, and hear the sound of the sanguine strife. The enemy being in Rome, we flanked that city and reached Dalton on the 14th. The Federals had built a fort on the hill east of the city, and it was garrisoned with colored troops and had four brass guns which looked viciously on all around. We soon took them in and all they had. They had also built a block house up in the gap at Rocky Face, and had in it a small force. Gen. Bate moved on them and demanded a surrender, but they not knowing who made the demand, refused, thinking perhaps it was a hurriedly passing scout, who would soon go on. But when Bate's division came in sight and had turned a battery on them and began knocking down their fortress they quickly gave in.

We remained here but two days and nights. Leaving here, we passed through the Gap at Rocky Face and turned westward to Lafayette through which we passed, and moved on to Gadsden, Alabama, about sixty-five miles from Dalton, Georgia, which place we reached October the 21st, where we rested two

or three days, and where we drew clothing and rations, and having no use for money, we did not draw any. Leaving Gadsden, we turned our course northwest and headed for Decatur on the Tennessee.

Soon after leaving Gadsden we struck Sand mountain, a dreary and desolate looking country. After a march of seventy-five miles we reached Decatur on the 17th, where we found a garrison of ten thousand, well fortified, with a fort commanding every approach to the city. Hood did not attempt an attack on the fort, as it was not his intention, nor could he have taken it without considerable loss of men and considerable loss of time, which just now seemed to be of more value than men. And too, if he had taken the place without the loss of a single man, it would have been of no importance to the army. We remained here, however, two or three days, with pickets around the town, from the river above to the river below.

Our division was encamped in an open field of nearly a mile in extent, and directly in front of their fort, and near a small cemetery.

During the evening of the second day, we (the writer) went out to our vidette post. The rifle pits were just large enough for three men, and were out just in front of the fort which stood on an elevation over-looking an open field between us, and not seeming more than four hundred yards away. Now and then a cannon shot from the fort would pass over us. As we returned from the vidette post, and had gotten about thirty or forty yards away, there came a shot from the fort which was aimed at us to hurry us on. It struck the ground about a hundred yards behind us, bounding and striking the ground about every forty yards, passed us about ten feet to our right and went on bounding to the woods.

The army leaving here, we counted the cross-ties on the railroad to Tusculum, a distance of forty miles, and at the foot of Mussle Shoals, which we reached November the 1st. Here Gen. Hood expected to find ample supplies of all kinds for the campaign into Tennessee, the pontoons across the river ready, everything complete so he could hurry on without delay. But no supplies were there, and no visible signs of any coming. Gen. Beauregard had this in hand and had promised all necessary supplies, but had utterly failed, this failure was certainly against Hood and the Army of Tennessee. While we were here, tired and

willing to rest, we were more willing to go on to the goal of our ambition, once more to be on Tennessee soil. No one but Beauregard knew why everything was not ready and waiting for Hood. After days of anxious, if not painful waiting, on Sunday morning, November 15th, we moved out with banners flying and bands playing and crossed the river with a shout.

We passed out through Florence and beyond one mile and pitched our camp, where we remained until the 21st, still waiting for Beauregard's supplies. We were in need of clothing as well as commissary and ordnance supplies. So poorly clothed were we, that we could not but expect to suffer, as the winter had set in with a perfect blizzard, with snow and sleet. The order was to move and we must obey.

We started out from Florence early in the morning of November 21st, one of the coldest days of the winter, in rain, sleet and snow. The wind blew almost a hurricane in our faces, and with the snow, was almost blinding. All day long we plodded through this storm, so slow we could hardly keep warm. Late in the evening we halted for the night, passing it without rest or comfort to our weary and cold bodies. We had gone only about twelve miles, and a hard day's travel. The next morning the storm had not abated, but had grown in intensity; yet on we went, combatting wind, sleet and snow. The second night we went into camp about eighteen miles from our camp the night before, filed into the woods after dark. The snow and ice covered everything, and we had a jolly time in starting our fires. The trees, being frozen, fell quickly and with a crash and a rattle, falling among the men, which kept them on the lookout all the time from being caught beneath them. It is needless to say, we began our third day's march under difficulties and hardships, and we camped that night in four miles of Waynesboro.

Hood left Florence with three army corps. The first corps under Gen. Cheatham, the second corps under Gen. Stuart, and the third corps under Gen. Lee. Maj.-Gen. Brown had Gen. Cheatham's old division, composed of four brigades. The roster of the Army of Tennessee at that time is given on the following page.

THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.
GEN. J. B. HOOD, COMMANDING.

FIRST CORPS. GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM.		SECOND CORPS. GEN. A. P. STEWART.		THIRD CORPS. GEN. S. D. LEE.	
Cleburne's Division. (K)	Brigade.	French's Division.	Brigade.	Johnson's Division. (W) (C)	Brigade.
Bate's Division.	Brigade.	Loring's Division.	Brigade.	Clayton's Division.	Brigade.
Brown's Division. (W)	Brigade.	Featherston. Adams, (k). Scott, (w).	Brigade.	Deas, (w) (c). Brantley. Managault, (w). Sharp.	Brigade.
		Ector. Cockrell, (w). Sears, (w) (c).		Shelley, (Cantey's). Reynolds. Quarles, (w).	
		Strahl, (k). Gist, (k). Carter, (k) (Maney's). Gordon, (c).		Gibson. Holtzclaw. Stovall.	
		Smith, (c). Jackson, (c). Finley.		Pettus. Palmer. Cummins.	
		Polk, (Lowery's). Govan, (w). Granberry, (k). Mercer, (Smith's).			

(K) Killed. (W) Wounded. (C) Captured.

On November the twenty-eighth, we reached Columbia, Tennessee, and found the enemy in considerable force, about thirty thousand strong, and were entrenched on the South bank of Duck river. As soon as Hood approached Columbia, the Federals hastened from Pulaski, and other points around in close proximity to Columbia, and showed a stubborn opposition to Hood's further advance into Tennessee. The first evening we reached Columbia, all of Hood's men did not get up, and but little of his artillery. The enemy would have crossed to the north side of the river that night but it was too stormy, and neither army could, or did not, make any move whatever. Hood did not attack the enemy, but at the gray dawn of the next morning, the head of Cheatham's column accompanied by Gen. Hood, could have been seen crossing the river six miles above Columbia, and making with rapid strides for Spring Hill. From Columbia to Spring Hill there were two parallel roads not more than half a mile apart, one an old abandoned dirt, the other a pike. The enemy, as early as we, pushed out on the main pike, while we took the old dirt road. Now it was nick and tuck which would get to Spring Hill first. We assumed the fox trot the greater part of the way. Gen. Forest, who had beaten us to Spring Hill, had entered the town, but was being driven back by Wagner's and Kimball's division of the enemy, who had proceeded Forrest but a very short time, when we arrived. Cleburne's division was the first to engage the enemy, and as Brown's division, to which the Old Nineteenth belonged, came up, the enemy retired towards Franklin. We remained here all night.

CHAPTER XX.

ON TO FRANKLIN.

THE next morning, November 30th, we moved out for Franklin, Tenn. Stewart's corps was in front, followed by Cheatham; and Cheatham's corps moved in the following order: Brown's division, Cleburne's and Bate's; then came Johnson's division of Lee's corps. The other divisions of Lee's corps were behind. About one o'clock that evening we reached the Winstead hills, a ridge crossing the Columbia pike at right angle, about one and a half miles out from Franklin.

From these hills to the town was an open plain, with nothing to obscure the vision save here and there small clusters of shrubbery. The ground is a little undulating, with a gradual incline up to the works of the enemy. Out in the front of the enemy, and about the center of our right wing, had been a locust thicket, but this was now cut down and made into an abatis. Running through this plot of ground were hedge fences. The 23d Army Corps of the Federals, under Schofield, held this part of their line from the river above town to the point where the Carter creek pike enters. Their right was held by the Fourth Army Corps, under Kimball.

Schofield had thrown a heavy line of infantry, strongly entrenched, out from their main fortification, and a skirmish line still beyond this. Their main fortification stood on the highest elevation, extending from behind the Carter House, on past the Gin house towards the river. This fortification literally bristled with cannon. The enemy had a battery on the opposite side of the river that not only enfiladed our whole line, but raked our entire field. Now in the face of all this glittering belt of bayonet and cannon waited to be turned loose upon us, Hood advanced without the least faltering. In the back yard of the Carter House, between it and the enemy's works, stood a locust thicket. Near the pike, and between the dwelling and the

works, stood an old one-story frame house, and in the rear of the dwelling was a brick smoke house. Across the pike stood the Gin house, some fifty yards from the dwelling house. The Harpeth river makes a horse-shoe bend around the town, and there are three pikes going into the city, the Lewisburg, Columbia, and the Carter creek pike. On the Winstead hills, Hood halted and formed his lines between the hills and the town out in the open plain. Stewart formed on the right, his right resting on the Lewisburg pike. Cheatham formed with Cleburne's and Brown's divisions on the left of the Columbia pike, while Bate moved further to the left and formed line near the Carter creek pike. Often, upon the eve of battle, is observed in the action of brave men something never before noticed. Something which seems to spring from an innate feeling of coming danger; a presentiment of disaster or death.

While we were yet on the Winstead hills, resting and awaiting orders, our Brigadier Gen. Strahl rode off to himself, dismounted, spread his blanket on the ground and reclined as if worn out, having nothing to say to any one, save as his orderlies received and brought reports. No one ever noticed this in Gen. Strahl before. He was never reticent, but free to approach and was communicative. We understood afterwards Gen. Strahl remarked to two other Generals that he would be killed in this engagement. This feeling of dread, or what ever you may call it, does not come from any feeling of cowardice, for if it had, Gen. Strahl could have made sufficient excuse, plausible and honorable; but, no, true as steel, he was ready, if to be offered up.

As we moved from the top of the hill to form line of battle, Gen. Strahl, as he rode by the Old Nineteenth Tennessee regiment, remarked in our hearing, "boys, this will be short but desperate." These were the last words we ever heard Gen. Strahl utter; he was killed.

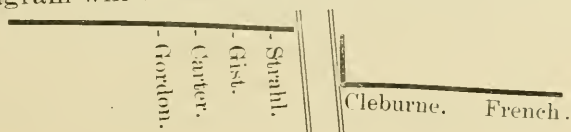
THE BATTLE.

The command "forward march" was given. The men moved off with little care, seemingly, as to the fate awaiting them. What a grand and imposing sight the army presented this beautiful autumnal evening, with the golden haze of an Indian summer, with not a cloud to obscure the sun as it shone upon the field. As the line advanced, Cleburne's division moved

to the right and across the Columbia pike. Of Brown's division, Gordon's brigade changed from the right to the left flank, which placed Strahl's brigade on the pike joining Cleburne's, and running around back of the Carter house. Walthall and Loring on the right encountered a deep ent in the railroad which necessitated a flank movement under a heavy and destructive fire from the enemy's eighteen guns across the river, which raked Stewart's whole line. With Cleburne on the right of the Columbia pike, Cheatham's corps moved forward and soon the whole line was engaged, and charged with that characteristic yell of the Southern soldier. Brown and Cleburne overwhelmed Lane's and Conrad's brigades, captured several of their men, driving them from their advance line over their main works, also driving Ruger's and Reilly's commands, and reached their main ditches in front of the Carter house and Gin house. Gen. Gordon, who was on the left of Brown's division, penetrated the the main line of the enemy with a part of one brigade, and was captured. Gist's brigade, although encountering a locust abatis, succeeded in reaching the ditch in the rear and around the Carter house. Strahl's brigade gained the ditches in front of the Carter house with the Old Nineteenth resting immediately on the pike, while Carter's brigade reached the ditches between Strahl and Gist, also around the Carter house.

Granberry, Govan and Polk carried the works from the pike around and beyond the Gin house, and drove two Ohio regiments from their ditches, capturing two guns and turned them upon the routed regiments. French's division charged, and carried a part of the enemy's works held by Reilly, in which Sear's brigade was almost annihilated, torn and mutilated in the assault, in which Col. Witherspoon of the 36th Miss., lay dead close by the captured artillery. Gen. Cockrell, with two wounds, fell on the field, and Col. Gates assuming command of his brigade, almost immediately had one arm terribly lacerated, and wounded in the other. Yet, strange to say, even after this, this iron nerved Missourian sat on his horse, with both arms hanging useless, and gave command in the midst of this storm of shot and musketry, while one led his horse. In the mean time, further on to our right, Walthall and Loring's divisions approached the ditches and became entangled in an osage orange abatis. Casemant's Federal brigade in front of Walthall had the improved repeating rifles, and well provided with artillery, besides the help from the battery across the

river. It seemed Walthall had to fight Death, Hell and the Devil and each had the advantage of him. Walthall had two horses killed under him, and each time mounted a horse belonging to one of his staff who lay dead around him. The enemy poured into Walthall and French such a constant fire, that their line, held by Casemant's men, seemed a fringe of flame. Here, in this charge Gen. Quarles fell mortally wounded, and around him lay all his staff, dead. A captain, as ranking officer, took command of the brigade. Walthall reached the enemy's ditches but could not hold them, on account of his thinned ranks, and under such a fire. Adam's, Featherston's and Scott's brigades of Loring's division assaulted Stile's position, which was well fortified and was well defended. Here, General Scott was wounded, and General Adams was killed, also his horse, both falling on the breast works. Loring's division could not hold their ditches, and in falling back, Col. Dyer of the 3d Miss, and many others were left in the ditches dead. Coming back to Cleburne, we found that the enemy were not long in reoccupying their line made vacant by the repulse of the two Ohio regiments. Gen. Cleburne, in a heroic attempt to dislodge them again, and take the works, fell in front of the sixteenth Kentucky regiment, he and his horse falling upon the breast works but a short distance from the gin-house. The conflict raged with intense fury. The enemy could, and no doubt did, every moment renew their strength, while our lines were being rapidly diminished. So stubborn was the resistance around the gin-house, that the two contending forces fought with bayonets and clubbed guns. On our left, Strahl, who was on the pike and joining Cleburne, held the ditches, and so did the rest of Brown's division hold their positions, while the battle went on fierce and bloody. Not only our brigade, but Brown's division stuck to the ditches, and fought with the desperation of mad tigers, and were being shot down like wild beasts. The works, going east or towards the river, after crossing the Pike turned down, forming a right angle, so as to put our regiment and brigade under an enfilading fire of the enemy, and also that of Gist and Carter. The following diagram will show the position we were in.



Strahl's and Gist's men not only caught the fire from the front but from across the Pike; and the Old Nineteenth Tenn, regiment being right on the pike, caught most of the deadly bullets. Of Brown's division, Gist and Carter were already killed, and Gordon captured. This Carter house was the home of the Gen. Carter that was killed, and who died in his own yard. His wife and children were in the basement of the house during the battle. The works here in front of us were so high the men could not scale them without help. Gen. Strahl helped one of the Old Nineteenth upon top of the works, when he was shot, and fell over on the side of the enemy. Then another, when he too was shot, but the General held on to him and pulled him back. Tom Alexander of Co. H, son of Dr. Alexander of Athens, Tennessee, said, "General help me up." "No," replied Gen. Strahl, "I have helped my last man up on the works to be shot in my hands." Soon after this Gen. Strahl was killed, and followed quickly by all his staff, who fell one upon the other.

Bate's division, on our left, had been putting in good work. He assaulted the enemy's works, was met with a heavy fire, both of artillery and musketry. He lost heavily in killed and wounded. Generals Smith and Jackson were captured. Cleburne's division, of Cheatham's corps, and French's division, of Stewart's corps, notwithstanding the desperate assault they had made, and the terrible loss of life they had sustained, did not lose their morale, but again renewed the attack and made a desperate effort to dislodge the enemy, who had been reinforced, and were playing havoc with our men. In this charge Gen. Cranberry was killed, and his brigade was driven back with considerable loss, and Sears and Cockrell's brigades were almost destroyed. Walthall again renewed the attack, and was repulsed, leaving many of his men dead and wounded in the ditches. Loring again assaulted the works in front of him, in which Scott and Adams received a destructive fire from the batteries across the river, and a fearful one from his front.

Our whole right was again driven back, and this time did not renew the attack. On our left Brown and Bate held the works they had taken at first, and could not be driven out of them, although they were under a most galling and terrific fire all the time.

Soon after Generals Gist, Carter, and Strahl were killed,

Gen. Brown fell severely wounded. A little after dark, Johnson's division of Lee's corps, who had just arrived, and for the first time, charged the enemy's works to the left of Brown. This division moved forward in the dark, and stumbling over men who lay dead and wounded on the field over which they passed, stormed the works, and the battle was renewed again, swelling the death roll of a sanguine fight. This division went into the fight bull-dog fashion, to drive the enemy or die in the attempt.

In this assault Generals Johnson and Managault fell, severely wounded, while Sharp's, Brantley's and Dea's brigades suffered severely, and Johnson's division was driven from the ditches. This was the last assault, but now and then an occasional volley was heard, until ten o'clock at night, when the enemy abandoned Franklin.

The Old Nineteenth certainly went through the furnace to-day, and, if I may be allowed the expression, heated seven times hotter than ever before. She withstood not only almost galling fire from her front, but a destructive enfilading one from her right, and but a few yards away.

Can too much be said of this grand and noble old regiment? True as steel and as sensitive to duty as the needle is to the North pole, she could be, and always was, relied upon when special and hazardous work was to be done. During the battle, Lieut. Frank H. Hale, of Company. H, succeeded in scaling the works and crawled about twenty feet inside the Federal lines to the frame house mentioned heretofore, that stood in the yard of the Carter house, where he was killed, filled with bullets from the guns of his own regiment. Serg't Lum Waller, of Co. H, scaled the works and took shelter behind the brick smoke house, just in the rear of the dwelling, where he was wounded, and also Lieut. W. W. Etter, of Co. K, succeeded in getting upon the works and jumped down among the Federals. They took off their hats to him, but did not take him prisoner, when he, too, reached the brick smoke house, and remained unhurt until the Federals retreated, and he rejoined the regiment. One other incident I will mention. Zack Smith, of Co. A, crawled to the top of the works from which he repeatedly fired, when Gen. Strahl said to him, "Zack, my brave fellow, I will not forget you for this." But our loved General died soon after in the works. Arthur Fulkerson, the

Sergeant-Major of the regiment, fell in the charge just before reaching the works, pierced by sixteen bullets. I might go on with others equally as noteworthy, but will desist. This frame house that stood in the yard, next morning presented the appearance of a sieve, so full of bullet holes.

In this fearful struggle French lost about sixty per cent. of his men, almost annihilating his division. Walthall, in his assaults, was not only repulsed, but almost destroyed. Loring was next repulsed, with great loss. Then came Cleburne, who in his last and desperate charge at the gin house, lost heavily in killed and wounded, was driven back and he and his horse were killed, both falling on the works.

Brown's division, in which the Old Nineteenth filled a conspicuous place, after repeated heroic charges, captured the ditches in front of him and held them, notwithstanding the assault was made under a heavy fire, the enemy making repeated efforts to dislodge him, but he held the ditches to the end. Gen. Brown was severely wounded and all his Generals killed, save one, and he was captured. Johnson made the last assault but was repulsed with slaughter of his men.

Reader, it makes us sick, now, as we think of that bloody scene, that beautiful November evening, and it almost drives the frozen current of life back upon the chilled heart. We stand aghast as we now think of the battle field of Franklin. The angel of death certainly held high carnival that sorrowful night in the army of Tennessee. Oh! this one scene of butchery will go down the ages in history as a black page in the memory of our lost cause. The firing ceased about ten o'clock that night and the army bivouaced on the field. As soon as it was ascertained that the enemy had left Franklin, the infirmiry and relief corps were on every part of the field with torches, hunting up, and rendering assistance to the thousands of wounded and suffering, whose agonizing appeals that cold bitter night, were enough to melt with sympathy the hardest heart. Gen. Cheatham, as he walked over the field of carnage that night, and looked by the glare of the torchlight into the hundreds of pale faces, silent in death, in many places the dead lying in heaps, and upon the thousands of wounded covered with blood, appealing for water and help, he wept, the great big tears ran down his cheeks and he sobbed like a child. Before him lay not only his boys, as he called them, but his

Generals, all dead. That noble, kind, big hearted, brave General, who was loved by all, wept. Yes, and each tear, it can be truthfully said, bound his men to him and he to them nearer than ever before.

A veteran army was wrecked on this field of battle, a bloody holocaust to the Moloch of war. The dead and wounded were numbered by the thousands; the regimental and brigade organizations were broken up, guns and equipage broken and scattered, colors were lying here and there stained with the life blood of those who bore them. All these showed plainly the magnitude of the disaster. The dead and wounded marked the field over which the divisions charged. In front of the intrenched lines were strewn the bodies of slaughtered heroes, officers and men proving clearly the intense fury of the assaults.

In the intrenchments, captured and held by Strahl's and Carter's brigades of Brown's division, the dead lay in heaps, and in some places in the ditches were piled seven deep. On the dead body of Gen. Strahl fell that of Capt. Johnson and Lieut. Marsh, and others fell on them. Regimental and company officers were seen supported in an almost upright position by the dead who had fallen first.

HOME AND MOTHER.

When we crossed the Tennessee river at Florence on our way into Tennessee, Gen. Hood promised the boys who lived on and near the road we traveled, one or two days, furlough to see home and friends from whom they had been absent two and three years. After finding the large force of the enemy at Columbia, expecting resistance at nearly every point, he requested the boys to remain contented with their command until after a certain time, and after we had passed Franklin he would grant their leave of absence. As we passed on, many of the boys could see the blue smoke away in the distance, curling up from the old hearth stone, around which clustered the sweetest associations of their childhood days, and where mother, sisters, wives and children looked for a happy meeting of loved ones again. No doubt, as the brave boys, faithful to their trust, passed the home they loved so well, they felt, and deep in the recesses of their hearts, they said, "Mother we will be with you, wait. We are coming home to-morrow."

Little did they then think, that, to them, to-morrow would

never come. But the dear old mothers and sisters anxiously waited and looked long with weeping eyes and sorrowful hearts for their dear soldier boys who never came.

“Yes, mother, widows, sisters left alone,
Are watching for their loved ones glad return;
While they lie sleeping 'neath a lowly stone,
Unconscious of the hearts that for them yearn.”

In the fifteenth Mississippi regiment were six brothers, who were all killed in this battle; and perhaps neither one knew of the others death, until they met the next morning in eternity. Of the slain in battle all were buried long years ago, but will not be forgotten for years to come.

Comrades, sleep! We meet no more until our tents are spread on fame's eternal camping ground. Beyond the sunset, beyond the clouds, beyond the stars that shine as suns for other worlds, in the home of the soul, we hope to meet again.

“Then, how sweet it will be, in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.”

In looking over this sad scene, the question irresistably forces itself upon us, who was to blame for all this? Was it one of the inexplicable decrees of Fate? These questions may never be satisfactorily answered.

If Hood had flanked Schofield at Franklin and had gone on to Nashville, he would not only have put himself between two armies, either of which was his equal, and thereby hazard his entire army, but he would have cut off all possible hope of escape.

Franklin, from a military standpoint, was of no significant value aside from the fact that the road leading to Nashville led through it. As Hood's objective point was Nashville, and as he could not go around Schofield, nothing was left him but to RETREAT or storm the place. Hood was given the army with the express injunction to FIGHT. Here, he saw his fearful responsibility reach its noon-tide. But the brave old General, with but one leg and one arm, like the Spartan of old, stood firm in the discharge of what he thought to be his duty. Had he retreated, his star of glory would have gone down behind a cloud to rise no more.

Jefferson Davis told the truth when he said, “If Hood, by an impetuous attack, had crushed Schofield, with but little loss to

himself, and if Forrest could have carried out his intention in capturing Schofield's trains, we should never have heard aught against Hood's attack on Franklin."

Must we say this is all the fate of war? Or is it the display of that unseen power, the *vis a tergo*, that showed its potency in the death of Albert Sidney Johnson at Shiloh, and in the removal of Joseph E. Johnson before reaching Atlanta. There was no earthly reason why either of these should have been taken away. We do not always see clearly the hand-writing on the wall, and attribute too many things to carelessness and accident. The why, we will see after awhile.

A young lady, of Memphis, Tennessee, speaking poetically of the battle of Franklin, says:

"Behind the works looms up the lines of Blue,
 Before, the timbers fallen by cautious hands
 To break the ranks of Gray. 'Twixt these a floor
 To thrash with leaden flail the Southern bands,
 Charge wild with ringing rebel yell
 That flings its piercing echoes on the breeze,
 The men, like Gray stars on the somber field
 Crash through the crackling limbs of fallen trees.
 And on they move, above the deafening roar
 Of belching guns, the weird yell rings again,
 And in the flash, it seems the gates of hell
 Had yawned wide as they gained the open plain.
 When storms of shot and bursting shell,
 And sweep of hurtling grape, with burning breath
 Pour on the Southern host, undaunted, yet,
 Still facing closer the horrid hail of death.
 'Tis midnight hour, and through the lifting clouds,
 The struggling moonbeams gaze on Franklin's field
 Upon the war-stained corpse of friends and foe
 And weirdly kiss the lips forever sealed."

Only a few of the names of the killed and wounded could be gotten. We lost nearly half of our regiment, about forty per cent.

KILLED.

Arthur Fulkerson, Sergeant-Major.

Bowers, James.....	Co. B	Knox, George.....	Co. H
Hutson, Andy.....	" "	Hale, Lieut. F. H.....	" "
Morgan, John.....	" C	Russell, John.....	" "
Knox, W. G.....	" D	Looney, Marshall.....	" K
Bowers, Billie.....	" G	Webster, E.....	" "
		Potts, Edgar.....	" "

WOUNDED.

Coughlin, Pete.....	Co. A	Hicks, Jos. S.....	Co. G
Hale, G. W.....	" D	Gunning, Joe.....	" "
Henry, S. R.....	" "	Buran, Henry.....	" K
Kelley, W. A.....	" "	Bruner, S. H.....	" "
Meroney, J. N.....	" E	Phipps, Wm. F.....	" "
Roller, Geo	" G	Hipsher, Wm. L.....	" "
Holley, Wash B.....	" "	Waller, Lum.....	" "
Mayfield, Jack.....	" "	Grisham, James.....	" "
Drake, George.....	" "	Shipple, Ben.....	" "
Alexander, Tom	" H	McCarty, W. N.....	" "
Wiggins, James.....	" "	Etter, Lieut. W. W,...	" "
Robert Bates,	Co. G. Captured.		
D. C. Whaley	" " "		



CHAPTER XXI.

ON TO NASHVILLE.

AFTER the dead were buried on the field of Franklin, and the wounded cared for in the hospitals, Gen. Hood moved on to Nashville. Forrest, with Chamler's brigade of cavalry, moved on the Hillsboro pike, and Buford, with Jackson's brigade of cavalry, moved on the Wilson pike.

These engaged the enemy at Brentwood, but the Federals fell back when Lee's corps came up and camped for the night, Stewart's corps followed next. Cheatham's corps remained in Franklin, until December 2nd, when he too moved on to Nashville. Hood formed his lines around Nashville, almost parallel with those of the enemy, the evening of the 3rd.

On this line Cheatham occupied the extreme right, covering the line between the N. & C. railroad and the Nolensville pike. Lee's corps from Cheatham's left, to and beyond the Franklin pike. Stewart's corps joining Lee's left, continued on and crossed the Granny White pike.

The evening of the 3rd, Hood ordered Bate's division of Cheatham's corps to Murfreesboro, leaving Cheatham with only two divisions, when he took position on the line around Nashville. (Hood was criticised for this move on to Nashville, and many thought he had not reasoned wisely, and could not see what he hoped to gain. But the part of a good soldier is not to hesitate and criticise, but obey.)

After a few days hovering around scanty fires and gazing upon the capital from the red hills east of the city, Gen. Hood ordered Bate's division from Murfreesboro to take its place in the line with Cheatham. From our position we could plainly see the capital and the guns that stood sentinel in the eastern yard. The morning of December the 8th rolled around, bringing one of the coldest days we had experienced in a long time. There were sleet, and snow, and ice, and rain; and the driving

wind rendered it the more uncomfortable. We were out in the open fields on an elevation, without protection from the wintry blasts, and were thinly clad—many of us without shoes—with nothing whatever to keep our sore and bleeding feet from the cold and frozen ground. (The writer was one of these.)

We were without tents, and with but one old worn blanket to each man, with which to cover at night, and our only bed the frozen ground, and that covered with ice and snow. For days we stood watching the enemy in this uncomfortable plight.

Ambition, and even life itself, were almost frozen out of us. In the midst of all this, we gazed defiantly at the enemy in his comfortable quarters, and at the frowning cannon on forts Negley, Casino, and Morton, which were waiting like bloodhounds held in leash, eager to be turned loose upon us. The cold weather had somewhat subsided, when the morning of Dec. 15th, dawned, bringing with it a dense fog that rested on the hill tops and covered all the plains.

Thomas, in the early morning, under cover of this fog, moved his men and formed his lines before Hood knew he was so closely threatened. By nine o'clock the sun had melted away the almost frozen fog, and the enemy, under Gen. Steadman, with a division of negro troops, was seen moving on Cheatham, who occupied the right of our line not far from the Rains house. In the meantime Thomas had concentrated his force on our left and was waiting for the fog to blow away. Steadman with his dark brigade, in front of Cheatham, came up boldly in the charge, but at the first well directed fire of our men, seeing so many of their men fall, they turned and made a hasty retreat, but were met by a second line of their own men, who, with fixed bayonets, forced them to renew the attack, with but a repitition of their former effort. Steadman charged time and again, but was repulsed each time, and with loss. On Hood's left, and beyond Ector's brigade, was Chalmer's division of cavalry, with Buckner's brigade of cavalry near the river. Walthall had been withdrawn from Stewart's left and put into position in the rear of French's division, to prepare works on some knolls for cannon and to furnish one hundred men for each battery.

Soon after Steadman's advance on Cheatham, Smith and Wood of the enemy, with Wilson's cavalry closely followed by

Schofield, advanced on Stewart. Coleman, who was commanding Ector's brigade, as he fought, kept falling back slowly, using every exertion to keep the enemy from turning his brigade until he had reached the extreme left of Walthall. As he fell back, the sixteenth army corps rushed upon Chalmer and swept him away like chaff before the wind, capturing his headquarter wagons, baggage train, papers and records. The enemy also captured a battery of four guns, on a knoll, with its support of one hundred men. The enemy still pressing forward, Stewart not being able to check them, they captured another battery with all its support from Stewart, and forced Walthall around until his line was at right angle with the one he had occupied in the morning. Walthall was now behind a stone fence on the east side of the Hillsboro pike. Hood ordered Johnson's division of Lee's corps to reinforce Stewart at this point, but before Johnson arrived the enemy had driven this part of Stewart's left from its position, and through the skirt of woods between the Hillsboro and the Granny White's pikes. On the arrival of Johnson the enemy were driven back and Stewart reoccupied the woods, but only for a short time. The enemy reinforced and drove our men back, and not only through the woods but beyond and east of the Granny White pike, thus turning Stewart's whole left flank, and gaining the rear of Walthall and Loring. In this last charge through the woods General Sears lost his right leg by a shot from one of Kimble's guns, and was captured. The Old Nineteenth under Cheatham during all this time, had not been idle. She received the first impress and shock of the battle of Nashville, and was under its fire continuously all day. As soon as the enemy crossed the Granny White pike, Cheatham formed in rear of Stewart and met his advance and checked him. This put an end to the days fighting, night coming on, the two armies settled down for the night. During the day Hood was driven back about two, or two and half, miles. The weather was very cold and the ground frozen. The sharp points of frozen mud rendered it difficult, and even painful, for Hood's brave bare-footed men to maneuver. Why Thomas did not capture Hood's whole army seemed strange to us. While Hood had lost but few of his men, he had lost nearly all of his artillery. During the night of the fifteenth, Hood formed his lines with his right resting on the Overton hills east of the Franklin pike, with Lee occupying the Overton hills on our right, Stewart in the center, and

Cheatham on the extreme left. Cheatham's line ran up to the summit of a high knoll known as Shy's hill, and turned South at right angle on the top.

Strahl's brigade rested on the top of this knoll, the Old Nineteenth formed the apex of the angle, and turned down the southern slope of the hill. Here Cheatham confronted Schofield's and part of Wilson's corps. Our men threw up breast-works as best they could, having no tools with which to work, and the ground being frozen. Steadman, with his negro brigades, with Post's and Streight's divisions, were in front of Lee this morning. Steadman confronted Clayton. During all the early morning Thomas kept shelling Hood's lines to see how they ran.

Major Truehart had two guns he had succeeded in bringing off the field the day before, and had planted them on a hill in the rear of Bate's division. Thomas had part of Smith's corps in front of Cheatham, with Schofield's command extended beyond Cheatham's left, and Wilson's cavalry still farther around on our left flank. About nine o'clock in the morning, Thomas began moving against Hood on our right, with heavy artillery fire, while the greater portion of his army were moving against and around our left. Steadman's negro brigade came against Clayton, like a black cloud rolling up the horizon, charging as if they would tear away everything before them. They came up to within a short distance of our lines, but were forced to return, leaving a hundred or two dead and wounded on the ground. In the charge made by Pettus and Streight, they were repulsed with a loss of two or three hundred, and in which Gen. Post, of the Federal army, was wounded.

At the foot of the hill on which Strahl's brigade rested, was a corn field about one hundred yards wide. The sun had by this time thawed the ground just enough to become slippery and sticky. The fight had by this time become general all along the whole line, and by noon Thomas had gained the hills commanding the Grassy White pike, and drove Cheatham from his position. As Strahl's brigade descended this hill and entered the corn field, we were between two fires of the enemy's artillery, the shells met and passed each other in this field. When our lines gave way, our brigade being in this salient point, the Federals reached the corn field as we did. There we were, the bare-footed, half-frozen Confederates, and the well-shod, stall-fed Federals, knocking down the corn stalks—one trying to get

away, the other, to catch, but we were not kicking up a dust. Several of our boys were captured here. Our color-bearer, John Mason, came near losing our colors, a Federal soldier grabbed at the colors several times but missed, when Mason tore them from the staff and stuffed them in his bosom and ran out safely. The Old Nineteenth never lost her colors in battle, tattered and torn by bullets in many a fray, it had survived them all and was still in the hands of the old regiment to lead wherever it should go.

As we ran through the field, or tried to run, James Havelly just barely escaped capture by jumping through a hole in a rock wall made by a shell, he was almost given out, his feet were sore and heavy from the mud clinging to them. Did you ever have in your sleep a "night mare?" when something was after you and you could not run fast enough? well ours was a veritable, wide awake night mare. Hood's whole left wing was driven back. Brown's and Bate's divisions passed through the Brent woods hills by an old dirt road, and came into the Franklin pike just before reaching Otter Creek. Lee fell back when the left wing gave away, and Hood formed line again, and we bivouaced in two miles of where our line was in the morning. Although the left wing fell back through the Brent wood hills in some confusion, yet we lay in line of battle within half mile of the enemy all night. Thomas could, and ought to have captured us that night; he had enough of men to have surrounded us and either way we might go, meet as many men as Hood had.

Only five or six casualties have we been able to get, B. J. Johnson, of Company C, wounded. Capt. Winn Smith, Co. C., and Dan Sullivan, of Co. C., captured. Pink Henderson. and W. O. Merony, of Co. E, wounded and captured.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RETREAT.

AGAIN we start out on another sad retreat. Sad, because the Fates have marked it out, in some respects, similar to that of the memorable retreat from Fishing Creek, Ky. Sad, again, because we will leave behind so many of our comrades, who tramped the rough cold journey into Tennessee with us. And sad, too, because of our defeat. On the morning of the 17th we started out to recross the Tennessee river. Gen. Holtzelaw's brigade brought up and protected our rear, until we passed Franklin and reached Spring Hill. Gen. Lee was wounded about noon of the 17th, in a charge on our rear guard, and the next morning Gen. Buckner was wounded and captured. At Spring Hill Brown's division of Cheatham's corps relieved Holtzelaw, and protected the rear of the army, which was continually being pressed and harrassed by Wilson's cavalry. The roads were very muddy and all the streams were swollen from the recent rains and melted snow. Rutherford's creek, when we reached it, was rising rapidly, and when Wilson's cavalry arrived, the creek was so high the cavalry could not cross, and was delayed several hours. On reaching Columbia, Gen. Hood placed Stewart's division in the fort thrown up by Gen. Vandorn, to protect the army while crossing Duck river. Here Gen. Forrest came up with us, the first time since he left for Murfreesboro. Stewart was the last to cross. So hard pressed were we by the enemy, that a few of Stewart's videttes were captured before they could reach the crossing.

When the head of Cheatham's command reached the pontoons across Duck river, it met that of Forrest's cavalry. The time for Forrest to cross had arrived, and Cheatham should have crossed first, but was so hotly engaged with the enemy, that he failed to cross at the appointed hour. Forrest insisted on his right to cross; Cheatham, on his. Hot words ensued;

and all along the line of the Old Nineteenth the cracking of guns was heard, and the whispered threat: "if he touch old Mars Frank we will shoot him and his command into eternity." But this state of things was only for a moment, General Cheatham crossed, and that was the last of it.

Thomas was certainly pressing our rear for all it was worth with the 4th and the 16th army corps and Wilson's cavalry. The safety of Hood's army lay almost wholly in a substantial rear guard, and to this end, on the 20th of December, before leaving Columbia, Gen. Hood called on Gen. Walthall to take charge of a rear guard of infantry, and to give Gen. Forrest such support as would enable him to keep back the force of the enemy that was following so close upon his heels.

THE REAR GUARD.

Gen. Hood told Gen. Walthall, that this rear guard was a place of honor, and very great responsibility and peril, and that he would not impose it upon him without his consent, and told him to pick out of the army such regiments as he thought he could rely upon. Hood said the army must be saved if that detachment was sacrificed to accomplish it.

Gen. Walthall replied: that he had never asked for a hard place for glory, nor for an easy one for comfort, but would take his chances for weal or woe. Gen. Walthall selected the brigades of Featherston, Palmer, Strahl, Quarles, Ector, Reynold's Maney and Smith for this special duty.

He felt that he could rely upon these if put to the severest test of manhood and bravery. And for thorough and effective movement he reorganized them into the following brigades:

Under Featherston—Featherston's brigade, Quarles' brigade.

Under Reynolds—Reynolds' brigade, Ector's brigade.

Under Field—Maney's brigade, Strahl's brigade.

Under Palmer—Palmer's brigade, Smith's brigade.

There were eight brigades with an effective force of only sixteen hundred (1600.) men, the remnant of the thirty thousand (30,000.) who started out at the beginning of the war. Thousands of these sleep to-day on the many battle fields, others were in prison, some in hospitals and at home wounded and sick. Col. C. W. Heiskell, who had been absent for some time on account of wounds received in the battle of Chickamauga, came to us at Columbia and took command of Strahl's

brigade. The Old Nineteenth Tenn., was one of the especially chosen regiments, which shows she stood high in the estimation of the chief officer of the army. The Old Nineteenth Tenn., had the audacity of saying just what they pleased to any and all, because they could, and did so to Gen. Cheatham (Mars Frank as they called him.) The morning of December the 20th we were standing in line ready to move, when Gen. Hood rode up to the head of Strahl's brigade and asked who was in command. Col. Heiskell replied, "Col. Heiskell." Gen. Hood said, "I want you to stay behind to help Gen. Forrest guard my rear till we cross the Tennessee." After passing Col. Heiskell, Gen. Hood, speaking to the men, said: "boys the cards were fairly dealt at Nashville and Thomas beat the game." James Stevenson of Co. E, standing right under Gen. Hood looking him in the face, replied: "yes General but the cards were d——d badly shuffled." We remained with Forrest the rest of the retreat.

To say we suffered on this campaign does not express it. We had poor protection from the cold, and our brave boys were almost worn out. Their frost bitten feet were swollen, bruised, and bleeding as they marched over the frozen ground, many of them bare-footed; certainly a sad condition for an army on the retreat, pressed hard by a relentless foe. We were just in that condition that a speedy retreat was impossible. We were always ready and willing to fight when run upon, or when the chip was knocked off of our shoulder. As soon as Gen. Hood moved out from Columbia, the Federal Gen. Hatch began shelling the city, endangering the women, children, and defenseless wounded.

Gen. Forrest under flag of truce asked Gen. Hatch to desist, as he was causing suffering upon the innocent and helpless. The shelling stopped. The enemy on the night of the twentieth crossed Duck river on a pontoon some three miles above Columbia, but Hood moved out with perfect confidence in his rear guard. Gen. Forrest ordered Gen. Walthall to fall back in the direction of Pulaski, and as soon as the enemy had crossed the river with all his forces, on the night of the 22nd. Walthall ordered Col. Fields with Maney's and Strahl's brigades to skirmish with him, while the other brigades formed a line across the Pulaski pike. The enemy was too strong for Fields and he fell back on the line with Walthall. When

Wood's corps with Wilson's cavalry came up, Walthall fell back some twelve miles on the pike, and camped near Mrs. Mitchell's in two miles of Linnville where we remained until the 24th. From this camp Walthall advanced on the enemy towards Columbia, while Forrest watched both flanks. Coming upon the enemy about three miles back, quite an engagement took place. Here, we held the enemy for four hours with heavy skirmishing. From this point Walthall fell back to Richland Creek, within six miles of Pulaski, where he took position around the mill. Here, a considerable artillery duel was kept up for some time, in which we dismounted two of the enemy's guns. The infantry firing was quite heavy, reaching beyond that of a heavy skirmish. The enemy crossed the creek some distance above us, and aimed to gain our rear, but was met by Buford, and part of Chalmer's brigade of cavalry, and their flank movements were checked, but not without considerable fighting, in which engagement Gen. Buford was wounded. Gen. Forrest at this time was with Walthall on the creek, when a courier came dashing up to Gen. Forrest and said, "General, the enemy are now in our rear," to which the General replied, "well ding it, aint we in thairn?" It was difficult to tell which was the nearest out of wind, the horse or the rider. That night at eight o'clock Walthall retired to, and took position in, the works that had been hastily thrown up around Pulaski. After destroying every thing that could not be gotten away, including two trains of cars, at day-light of the 25th we fell back again, leaving Jackson's cavalry to hold the place as long as he could and on his retiring, burn the bridge.

Soon after leaving Pulaski we left the main pike and encountered roads almost impassable. The rains, freezing, and thawing made the ground so soft that our artillery and ordnance wagons moved slowly and with great difficulty. Several ordnance wagons were left in an old field through which we passed after we left Pulaski. Strahl's brigade, just before leaving the field, halted in the edge of the field but for a moment, when a courier came dashing up with this order to Col. Heiskell from Gen. Forrest: "Burn them wagons." Col. Heiskell had "them wagons burned" before the enemy reached them. Although the main body of the army and the army trains had several days the start of the rear guard from Columbia, we began now to come up with the straggling wagons. The move-

ment of our wagon train was so slow, the enemy kept up with us easily with their artillery and annoyed us more or less. Early in the morning of the 25th, Gen. Forrest ordered Gen. Walthall to form on

ANTHONY'S HILL,

which was about five or six miles from Pulaski, and hold the enemy in check until our wagon train could get beyond their reach and well on towards the river. The ground on Anthony's hill was so broken and the woods so dense that a small body of men could be easily hidden. Walthall formed his men so that they were completely concealed, with a brigade of cavalry on the right and one on the left flank, and sent out a skirmish line in front, which the enemy attacked vigorously and drove them in, following closely, little dreaming there was a line lying in wait for them. As soon as the enemy reached Walthall's line, he opened fire upon them from his hidden place with his infantry and one battery, which also was concealed, pouring into them such an effective fire they could not stand, and retired in confusion. Our men pushed them closely, capturing a number of prisoners and horses and two pieces of artillery and teams.

They also lost several in killed and wounded. As dark came on Walthall again fell back, marching until midnight, when he reached Sugar Creek, and camped for the remainder of the night, having fought one battle and marched twenty-five miles that day. This incident we call to mind of that night's march: The Old Nineteenth had several times asked Col. Heiskell to mount them and join the cavalry. As we approached Sugar Creek at eleven o'clock at night, it was sleeting, raining and sloppy, the poor fellows were silent, and all was still save the slash and splash of their half-shod feet in that December night's slush. The silence, darkness and the gloom felt oppressive. Col. Heiskell called out, "boys, how do you like the cavalry." Several replied, "Ah, Colonel, this is not regular cavalry." Then some one halloed out, "I think this has been pretty d—d regular for the past forty months." So when we reached Sugar Creek the foot cavalry waded it, the ice-cold water coming up to our waist.

It seemed that the nearer we came to the river the more vigorously we were pressed by the enemy, as as if they were determined on bagging their game before it could escape. Again we ran upon our wagons, several of which were loaded

with ammunition. A part of the teams had been taken to assist in hurrying up the pontoon wagons. Before day of the 26th, the wagons were pushed on as rapidly as possible.

SUGAR CREEK.

Walthall put Reynold's and Field's brigades between the two crossings of the creek; Palmer's and Featherstone's brigades on the south side of the crossing in a strong position. The Old Nineteenth, being in Field's brigade, was between the two crossings. The fog this morning was so dense you could discern an object only a short distance from you, which enabled our two brigades to conceal themselves. They sent forward a small squad a short distance as pickets. Wilson's cavalry was the vanguard of the enemy and when they came upon our pickets they dismounted and commenced skirmishing. The small picket force fell back quickly to our main line, the enemy came charging after them, but they ran upon a much larger force than they expected, and being met by a terrible fire from an ambush, turned and fled.

Reynold's and Field's brigades followed in hot pursuit, and the creek being in the way of the enemy our boys captured nearly all of the horses of one regiment and a good many prisoners. Our cavalry pursued them for some distance. Colonel Heiskell often said that this was the most striking spectacle he witnessed during the whole war. Here came the hosts of Federals, flushed with victory, in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. There stood the tattered, scarred and hungry, worn remnants of eight brigades, no one of which had over one hundred and twenty-five men in them; (Strahl's brigade had only one hundred and twelve men) and yet when the command "charge" was given, as one man they sprang at the on-coming foe, and with the rebel yell ringing loud above the din of battle they swept the finely equipped Federal force from the field. This attack was met by such an unexpected and powerful resistance that it seemed to knock all the enthusiasm out of our pursuers and they let us alone.

From this on they hung on our rear at a safe distance and we moved and halted at our leisure. Resuming the march, we camped that night within twenty miles of the river. The next morning we continued our march to Shoal Creek, which we reached and crossed by two o'clock in the evening. Here Wal-

thall formed line again, while the cavalry moved on towards the river. After midnight of the 28th, Gen. Walthall issued the following order:

Headquarters of the Infantry force of the Rear Guard,
December 28th, 2 A. M., 1864.

Circular No. 1.

Featherstone's brigade will move at once, without further orders, across the bridge, to be followed by Field's and then Palmer's. Gen. Reynolds will withdraw his command from Shoal Creek in time to reach the main line by daylight, leaving a skirmish line behind for half an hour. Ector's brigade will cover the road until the whole command has passed, then he will follow, leaving a skirmish line until the rear of his brigade is on the bridge. Move with promptness and in good order.

By command of Maj.-Gen. Walthall,

E. D. CLARK,
Asst. Adj.-Gen.

So at three o'clock in the morning of December 28th, we moved out from Shoal Creek, excepting Reynold's brigade, which remained as guard and picket until nearly daylight, when he moved out quickly. Gen. Walthall moved on with his three brigades and occupied the works covering the pontoon bridge. The pontoon spanned the Mussel Shoals at Bainbridge, where the water seemed to run fifty miles an hour. The main army with its trains, the Artillery and Cavalry, having crossed and out of the way, our rear guard began to cross early in the morning. Featherston first, Field next, then Palmer, and lastly Reynolds. Then Hood's army was again south of the Tennessee river. And only then did we feel relieved from the constant pressure of an unrelenting foe.

At Columbia, as we came out, Nathan Jordan, of Co. C, was wounded and captured, and we lost one man killed at Sugar Creek. Name we did not get.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RESULTS AND INCIDENTS.

IT was just forty-three days from the time Hood crossed the river at Florence with his jubilant army on his way into Tennessee, until he recrossed at Bainbridge with but a fragment of his former force.

These forty-three days were sad ones to Hood and his army. In them were crowded the disastrous battle of Franklin and the utter defeat and rout of his army at Nashville. As a result he lost one Major-General killed, four Major-Generals wounded—namely, Cleburne killed; Brown, Johnson, Lee, and Buford wounded; and five brigadier-Generals killed—namely, Granberry, Carter, Strahl, Gist, and Adams. There were nine Brigadier-Generals wounded, viz.: Govan, Sears, Jackson, Gordon, Deas, Cockrell, Quarles, Scott, and Managault,

Of these, Generals Johnson, Jackson, Deas, Gordon, Smith and Sears were captured. He lost nearly one-half of his regimental officers, and about thirty per cent. of his men; nearly one-half of his ordnance train and nearly all of his artillery. As to the suffering of the men, none but those who were there, can form an adequate conception of what the men underwent in this campaign, and with what fortitude they bore up under it all. There were many phases in the soldier's life in this campaign, amidst its hardships and toils and suffering that were amusing, and the many cunning and adroit ways the boys used in getting what they wanted. We mention one to show what they will do. Clabe Perry, of Co. E, with Lient. J. Waller, leaving Pulaski one evening straggled off the main road the army was on, and traveled that evening to suit themselves. As they were passing a log cabin, Clabe espied some leaf tobacco hanging in the chimney corner. Going up to the house they found no one there but an old woman. During these times, provisions, especially salt, coffee and sugar, were very scarce, and

they who were lucky enough to have these luxuries kept them hidden, and if they should be called for, would be out, and had been for months, which was indeed the truth in many instances. The old lady had one son of ten summers, who had then gone to mill with a grist of corn, and would be back soon.

Clabe purchased some of the tobacco, and then inquired for sorghum. She said she had some in the smoke-house. The Lieutenant and the old lady, went around into the smoke-house for the sorghum, and Clabe slipped into the house, and in his prowling, found in the bed a small sack of salt and a pair of yellow jeans pants, evidently belonging to the boy, putting these under his blanket, he hastened out where the old woman and the Lieutenant were measuring sorghum. Clabe said, "madam, we have no money, but will pay you for your sorghum in salt, as we have more than we can carry." The old woman said, "La, me! that is just what I want, I have not had any any salt for a month." So Clabe paid the old woman for her sorghum with her own salt.

They wanted meal, and inquired the way to the mill, and started out with the expectation of meeting her son, which they did. Clabe wanted to buy some meal from the boy, but he refused; Clabe begged, and finally told the boy that he had a pair of pants, sent him from home, that were too small, which he would give him for a little meal. They traded, and when Clabe took out the pants, the boy said, "I have a pair at home just like them;" to which Clabe said, "So you may, but two pair of pants wont hurt you, as you see they are good ones."

So Clabe paid the boy for his meal with his own pants. Clabe was a daisy! whisky and tobacco he would have, if it were in the country; when in camp, he would kill any rooster that dared to disturb and awake his Colonel by crowing; and in line of battle, would stand and shoot with the bravest. Late one evening, about dark, before we reached the river, our command halted for the night. Two of the boys and myself went further on, about half a mile, seeking shelter, for it was bitter cold. We had plenty of raw bacon and crackers and were not hunting anything to eat, only shelter. We came to a house where were only four persons, a mother and three children, the youngest perhaps four years old. We asked for shelter for the night, and she granted our request. We found her cooking lye hominy, the only thing, and all she had, in the way of provisions.

The night was dark and gloomy, and the bright light from the old fire-place looked cheerful to us, but it revealed a sorrowful expression on the care-worn face of the mother, as she prepared the last morsel of food for herself and children, not knowing from whence the next would come. The hominy, when done, was put upon the table, and she invited us to partake with them. We were not hungry, and did not partake, nor could we, had we been. When they were ready to eat we all three emptied our haversacks on the table. Soon we lay down upon the floor and slept, more soundly and comfortably than for many a night gone by. The next morning we felt amply repaid for the rations we gave them in the comfortable refreshing rest we had, and bidding them adieu, we fell in with our command.

There were other incidents we could mention; some amusing and others sad, but these are sufficient. What a grand panorama would one's life present, if it could be photographed in one grand review as a whole.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TUPELO.

HOOD after crossing the river, moved on to Corinth, Mississippi. Here we rested for a few days, and while here General Hood furloughed many of the men, those from Middle Tenn., Alabama, and Mississippi. Although their furloughs were but for a few days, but few of the men ever returned to the army again. Our roll calls were now soon over with, for but few names were upon each company's roll, and the army seemed but a Corporal's guard. From here we moved to Tupelo, Miss., starting out in a pelting rain as usual, and after a muddy tramp of three days we reached Tupelo on the 13th of January, 1865. We expected to draw clothing at Corinth, but there was none for us. Many of us without shoes, our clothing ragged and torn, pants hanging in threads at the bottom. Some had only a piece of a coat, and the crown of their hats all gone, partly the effect of bullets. The bare-footed had sore and bleeding feet, and each foot was loth to follow the other as they moved. But amidst the ruin and wreck, the years of toil and battle had brought, the Old Nineteenth, what was left of it, had vitality left to stand erect, and when there were posts of danger to be filled, she was always ready to respond: "Here am I, send me." We were proud of the Old Nineteenth Tennessee; proud of her record; and although with worn and tattered uniforms, she walked with military step. Here at Tupelo we drew clothing and rations, and after a few days rest the men presented a new appearance. Here Gen. Hood turned over to Gen. Joseph E. Johnson what was left of his army. The military career of the venturesous and recklessly brave General was about ended.

Gen. Beauregard in speaking of Gen. Hood, just after he had turned the command over to Gen. Johnson, in regard to

the death of the army of Tennessee, said, "No one seemed more keenly alive to the fact, and suffered more from it than Gen. Hood himself, and I had not the heart to disgrace him by censure, or ordering his removal."

In the opinion of the writer there was no cause for disgrace or room for censure, and we believe it will echo the feeling of the army. From the depth of the heart we can but say: "Poor Hood, you have our sympathies, our respects and our love."

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSON.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson took command of the army again, but it was not the army he turned over to Hood before reaching Atlanta. It had lost the bloom and vigor of its former self, and was now composed of only about eighteen thousand five hundred (18,500) infantry, and two thousand three hundred (2,300) cavalry. The artillery Hood turned over to Gen. Thomas. Soon the men were in a condition to move again, Johnson began sending them away by detachments to intercept and combat with Sherman again who was some where in North Carolina. Cheatham was the last to move, this we did leaving the 25th. of January, marching to West Point Mississippi, which we reached on the 28th. We remained here three days and fared sumptuously each day on hog and hominy and had plenty to spare. From here we took the cars for Meridian, where we moved out into a swamp to camp. The first night in camp the rain flooded us so much that we were forced to move out of the water. We left Meridian for Demopolis Alabama, over an exceedingly rough railroad. The train made only six miles an hour. The boys would climb down off the cars and run out to a house some times a hundred yards away, return, and catch up with the train and climb on again. Passing on through Demopolis Feb. 13th, we went on to Selma where we rested one day and took boat for Montgomery, arriving there at ten o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the evening we started for Columbus, Ga., with a great many of the boys on a drunk. Zack Smith, whose bravery at Franklin has been mentioned, stole a mule at Selma and put it on board the boat with us and took it with the command to Montgomery where he sold it for sixteen hundred dollars in confederate money; and with this money took all the regiment who would go, on a big "drunk."

At Columbus the ladies gave us a hearty welcome, and spread before us refreshments, something that had not been done for us for three long years. Leaving here we moved out for Macon, which we reached the seventeenth of February, then on to Milledgeville the capital of the state. From Milledgeville we had to march to Mayfield where we again took the cars for Augusta, which we passed through after dark; and leaving the cars we passed on out and across the river where we camped and remained all day of the twentieth. Leaving here we directed our way afoot to Newberry, South Carolina, where we formed junction with the rest of the army that left us in Mississippi. When we were in Macon, Ga., Lieut. W. B. Miller and Sergeant James Havely, of Co. K, got permission to remain three days in Macon. And to regain their command they had to travel later, earlier and faster than the army. On their way they passed through Milledgeville before sun-down, and on out from the city some four miles when night came on. They halted at a fine country residence, which they learned afterwards was called

SUNSHINE.

They called and asked permission to remain over night, which was cheerfully granted and they were warmly received. They entered the hall and deposited their luggage, which consisted of a sword, gun and accoutrements, canteens, and haversacks, behind the door in the hall. Their haversacks were partly filled with meal and in each a small piece of fat bacon. They were ushered into the sitting room, which was nicely furnished, indeed all the surroundings showed signs of thrift, elegance and culture. At first they were entertained by a fine stately looking and dignified old gentleman, whose head was white from the ripening of many winters, but whose intellect seemed to be at its zenith. Soon another gentleman came in, tall, portly and of commanding appearance, whose physiognomy portrayed a gigantic mind. In fact the two soldiers were impressed with the idea that the whole house was filled with an atmosphere of composure and happiness that they had not seen elsewhere. It seemed to them that the ravages of war had not reached this home, and that heaven had so marked it, that the hand of the destroyer had passed it by, and sought its victims in other homes. When bed-time came, the two in uniform learned who their hosts were. The elder of the two, said to the other one, "George you must act as high priest to-night."

Then Bishop Pierce took the Bible and led in family devotion. They were at the home of Bishop Pierce, and with him was his father, Dr. Lovic Pierce. That night while they slept, Mrs. Pierce took their haversacks and emptied them of their meal and bacon, and filled them with ham, biscuit, preserves and pickles, and put them back in their place. The next morning the two soldiers, rising early, left without disturbing the family, and on examining their haversacks were made glad, and went on their way rejoicing, feeling that it was good to tarry, if but a night, with the people of God.

Since our entrance into South Carolina, we marched for several days in an almost incessant rain, without a single ray of sunshine. All of the streams on the way were swollen, and nearly all of which we had to wade. We reached Chester, South Carolina, March the 6th, where we rested several days. While here, two of the regiment and the writer went out two miles to a country residence to have some washing done. We had only one shirt each, and had that on, and it dirty. We had none to put on while these were being washed. We went to a negro cabin in the rear part of the yard, where three old negro women were washing, and said, "Auntie we want our shirts washed, and have no others to put on while this is being done." "La, bless you child," said Auntie, "don't care for that, jes' pull 'em off and sit down, we will wash 'em, and hurry, too." During the conversation with old Auntie, we found that same feeling of trust and confidence existed here as at home. They seemed as solicitous for their young masters who were in the Confederate army, and for their return home as any member of the household, for as they said, we raised young master from baby-hood. They expressed fears of never seeing them again.

With them slavery had not been abolished. They knew no other home but this one, and loved no other. To them it was their paradise, and its surroundings were sacred to them, they were happy. In the days of slavery there were in almost every family trusted servants, who had been raised from childhood to do special service in the household of their mistress, and between them and not only their masters, but the entire household, and especially the white children, there existed a strong feeling of mutual affection. There were in almost every family those among the number of slaves whom the children called BLACK MAMMY, aged women, in whose care and keeping were placed the children.

Their authority was almost equal to that of the mother, and for them the children entertained almost the tender love they did for their own mother. To this BLACK MAMMY the children carried their grievances; into her ears their childish stories told, and at any time when the children wanted anything they knew to whom to go, for they were never turned away empty. Their childish hearts were often made glad by a kiss from BLACK MAMMY's lips. No doubt there are many now, who from the depths of their heart, pray the blessings of God upon their OLD BLACK MAMMY, who may be living. Many of the negro men were faithful during the war, and when the war had ended were loth to give up the home that had sheltered, fed and cared for them so long, still remained and worked on, on the old plantation. We knew some, who after our Southern homes were occupied by Federal bayonets, when the boys from the Confederate army slipped in home, would hide them, care for them by carrying them provisions, and every comfort, and would lead them out safely through the Federal pickets, when they returned to the army.

These are not merely isolated cases, but a few among the thousands throughout the South. Pardon us for the digression from our shirt-washing. Having given old auntie our shirts, we tried to button our coats, so no one could see we had no under garment, but our coats did not meet the emergency by a good deal; we could fasten only one button and that at the top. One of the Generals, with all his staff, had their headquarters at this house. It so happened that we had dropped in near noon, for we had not been there long when we heard dinner announced.

Mrs. Palmer, at whose house we were, sent for us to come and take dinner, we returned thanks for kindness and excused ourselves, but no excuse would she take, and coming herself, she said, "I see you have on no shirts, but no one shall come into the dining room but myself, I will wait on you." Her youngest daughter had given us the first invitation, and at once appreciated our excuse. She reported to the rest of the family, but Mrs. Palmer agreed to keep out all young ladies. We had but cleverly seated ourselves, when three young ladies filed into the room and helped our plates, then sat down opposite to, and ate with us. The kindness and affableness of the young ladies, together with that of the mother, soon wore off our embarrassment, and we enjoyed our dinner, as we had not for a long time.

CHAPTER XXV.

FAITHFUL.

“Tell what else you please, ye slanderers of my native South,
But tell no longer that the fair maid and matrons,
Of Southern homes, were idle, vain, fancy flowers,
Cultured by slaves, strangers to work, or solid worth.
In all our huts, in farmers’ homes and planters’ places,
Out of which teemed the brave Southern soldier,
Worked the livelong day, the soldier’s sister, the soldier’s wife.
The brave boys’ mother, and the maid he loved,
To clothe and feed the loved ones on the tented fields.”

THE thought of the loved ones at home, helped the Southern soldier over many a hard place. They were not urged forward by the mere feeling of the romantic, but deeper laid, in the recesses of the heart, were found the impetus to endure the hardships of a soldier’s life, for they well knew at home were busy hands at work and anxious loving hearts sending up incessant prayers for them, their soldier boys.

We left Chester at noon of the 10th, on the cars and passed through Charlotte, North Carolina and on to Salisbury, which we reached an hour after sun up next morning. Here we remained nearly one week. The next day after our arrival was Sunday, and we went to church; the first opportunity we had had for a long time. At the service in the morning the negroes occupied the gallery, and at night they held forth in the lower pews, and the white folks occupied the gallery. We attended both services. The negroes concluded their services by singing, “I am going home to die no more,” during which they were all in a perfect furor, going around shaking each other’s hands and keeping time by the tramp of their feet. While we were here the rain was almost continual. The streets, and especially around the depot, were almost impassable on account of the mud. We remained here longer than expected, for we

were needed in front of Sherman. We began to move on Saturday by rail, and everything seemed to be delayed, officers as well as men, anxious to be away, none more so than Gen. Cheatham, who began to get into a great bluster.

One train had pulled out, another was ready with the troops on board the cars, standing on the track. Our brigade was waiting for its train, but could not get on until this one was out of the way. Gen. Cheatham wanted this train to move and called out, "Where is the conductor of this train?" The conductor all dressed up in his dudish uniform, was standing in two or three steps of Gen. Cheatham, on the curbing and said, "I am the conductor." "Why don't you move out with your train, what are you waiting on," said Cheatham. The conductor, not knowing who Cheatham was, replied, "I am running that part of the business sir." He had not more than finished his remark, when Cheatham let him feel the full weight of his fist, and landed him full length out in the mud. It is needless to say the conductor was up and had his train moving before he took time to shake off the mud. We pulled out late Saturday evening, and left the cars at Smithfield late Sunday night. Monday morning early, we started for the front, and marched about twenty miles, when we again began to hear the old familiar sound of cannon in the vicinity of

BENTONVILLE.

We hurried on and early Tuesday evening we reached the scene of action just in time to prevent the coming of a column of the enemy through a gap in our line of battle between the right and left wings of the army. Here our brigade and regiment had its first encounter with the enemy on the new field, and since we crossed the Tennessee river on our return from Nashville. We drove them back and completed the broken line. Gen. Hardee and part of Johnson's men had been hotly engaged with the enemy all the morning. There was considerable skirmishing all that evening. The next morning Sherman attempted to flank Hardee's left when Cheatham met them, holding them in check against considerable odds in numbers. As we moved to Hardee's left we passed Johnson's headquarters in the smoky pines, and all the boys as they passed took off their hats and gave him a loud, hearty cheer.

The fighting this morning all along the line was quite heavy, and at different points on the line the enemy made

repeated attempts to break it, but failed. In one of these attacks Gen. Hardee lost his son.

We never fought under just such circumstances before. The entire woods was filled with smoke, black and sooty, we could scarcely see. It filled not only our eyes, but our mouths. We were in a turpentine country, the trees all peeled and covered with rosin, and about every fiftieth tree was on fire, and in addition to these, were two turpentine stills burning, with several barrels of rosin. Great black columns of smoke filled all the woods and rendered it almost intollerable.

Johnson had but a fragment of his once magnificent army, and compared with Sherman's, it was not more than a corporal's guard.

Our men were almost worn out, having lost so much sleep, and being so used to the roar of musketry and artillery, that on the field of Bentonville, when not actually engaged, they would lie down and sleep while the shells burst, sometimes, almost over them. The music of battle seemed to lull them to sleep. The Confederate soldier was as generous as brave, to foe as to friend, and when they were in our hands were ever ready to help in time of trouble.

On the battle-field of Bentonville, the Federal line had been repulsed and their dead and wounded left on the field, and as our men moved over the field one of the boys had a canteen partly filled with whisky, and passing a Federal lying on the field, with a leg nearly torn off by a shell, stopped, and lifting the wounded soldier in Blue up, with his head leaning on his arm, gave him several good swallows of whisky. After he had drank, the Federal soldier looked up in the face of his (can't I say) friend, and said, "I thank God, Johnnie Reb, it may come around some day that I can help you, and I shall never forget this drink of whisky." The Confederate laid the wounded soldier down and hastened on into the fight, which lasted until dark.

That night Johnson fell back across Mill Creek, about two miles, where we remained about three days, when we moved within three miles of Smithfield, where we remained for several days, waiting on, and watching, the movements of Sherman. This was, virtually, the last battle of the war. On our way through North and South Carolinas, many of our men left us for their

homes, especially North and South Carolinians, and East Tennesseans. We were sorry they left us. It may be they saw but little prospect of success ahead of us, their patriotism having burned out left only blackened and charred hopes. While their help might not have amounted to very much, their presence and willingness to assist, would have added greatly in cheering the rest of us on to bear the brunt of battle and the drudgery of the march. We felt the last struggle was on, and we, who had been faithful until now, could not desert the dying Confederacy in her last gasp for life. Our Chaplains, during all of these days of marching and fighting, since we left Palmetta, Georgia, had been vigilant in watching the enemy of souls, had fought him every opportunity offered. Now for a few days, our Chaplain, Rev. R. W. Norton, preached for us, and also the Rev. Mr. Bennett, of the 12th Tennessee, nearly every day.

April the 1st, General Johnson ordered a consolidation of regiments, troops of each State to themselves. All the Tennessee regiments to form one corps under General Hardee, one division under General Cheatham, one brigade under General Palmer. So small had the regiments become, that out of all the Tennessee regiments only four were formed.

These four represented the thirty-seven regiments in the beginning, and was the remnant of thirty-seven (37,000). The first regiment was composed of the first, sixth, eighth, ninth, sixteenth, twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, and thirty-fourth Tennessee regiments, under Colonel Fields.

The second regiment, composed of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, twenty-ninth, forty-seventh, fiftieth, fifty-first, fifty-second and one hundred and fifty-fourth Tennessee regiments, under Colonel Price.

The third regiment, composed of the fourth, fifth, nineteenth, twenty-fourth, thirty-first, thirty-third, thirty-fifth, thirty-eighth, and forty-first regiments, under Col. J. D. Tillman.

The fourth regiment, composed of the second, third, tenth, fifteenth, eighteenth, twentieth, twenty-third, twenty-sixth, thirty-second, thirty-seventh, and forty-fifth regiments, under Colonel Searcey. This consolidation was never confirmed by the administration, as it was too near the close of the war.

The Old Nineteenth Tennessee regiment had only two companies. The first company, composed of Companies, A, D, E, F, and K, and commanded by Capt. Jake Waller.

The second company, composed of companies B, C, G, H, and I, and commanded by Capt. Jake Kimbrough.

There were on the roll, rank and file, only sixty-four men of the regiment, and this was commanded by Colonel C. W. Heiskell and Major J. H. Hannah. Heiskell was promoted to Colonel just after our return from Hood's campaign into Tennessee.

This being so near the close of our eventful war the vacancy in the Lieut. Colonelcy of the regiment was never filled. Co. C., had only three men, Lieut. W. D. Gammon, R. F. McPherson, and Wm. R. Irvin.

Where are all the twelve hundred and ninety-seven men who enlisted from first to last in the regiment? If we go to the battle fields of Barboursville, Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Murfreesboro, Chicamauga, Mission Ridge, Dalton, Rocky Face, Resaca, Adairsville, Cass Station, Dallas, New Hope, Pine Mountain, Old Kennesaw, Smyrna, Peach Tree Creek, 22d July, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, Franklin, Nashville, Columbia and Bentonville we will get an answer for a great many of the absentees, and on the many picket lines, fell from the deadly bullet of the videttes many who never returned. We left Smithfield, April 10th, and on our march we passed through Raleigh and Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

There had fallen and was still falling a great deal of rain, and all the streams were full, there being no bridges we had to wade and swim them all. When we came to Cape Fear river it was much swollen and rising rapidly. There was no way of crossing but to swim. The men tried to form the Monkey's chain by holding each others hands, but the current was too strong and broke their hold. When it came our time to try the water we gave our watch to Col. Heiskell to keep it from getting wet. We went in and halted and debated in our minds whether to go on or return as the water then was under our arms and deeper further on. Just then Gen. Cheatham came riding in and as he passed us we caught hold of his horse's tail and landed safely on the other side. Finally all were over and midnight found us standing around our camp fires drying ourselves. The next morning we moved out and camped within thirteen miles of Greensborough with Sherman hovering close around us. On the eighteenth we received the news of Lee's surrender to Grant. Also we were told an armistice of five days had been

agreed upon between Johnson and Sherman. The news of Lee's surrender and Johnson's negotiations produced a feeling of sadness throughout the army. Although we were anxious for the war to end, yet we were hardly prepared for a surrender. We had not calculated and looked into the depth of a surrender, the giving up as lost that for which we had fought so long and for which so many had given their lives, was indeed hard, and the idea grated like harsh thunder, on our nerves.

On the morning of the 24th, the armistice was out and we were told at noon hostilities would be resumed. Orders were given to get ready to move at once, which we did. We went into camp within three miles of Greensboro where we drew rations and clothing. Johnson's headquarters were in a small log cabin not far from Durham, from which place he sent a messenger under flag of truce to Gen. Sherman for a meeting to arrange for a surrender. They had two meetings in this farmhouse which was about five or six miles from Durham. Here an agreement was reached and on April the 26th, 1865 Johnson surrendered the army of Tennessee to Gen. Sherman and the war was at an end. As soon as the surrender was announced, excitement ran high and all the first night the men moved around in great unrest; but little sleeping was done and the only topic discussed during the night was the surrender. The men began slipping out to leave for home, and in order to quiet the unrest, Johnson ordered daily drill and inspection. This gave the men something to do and to think about. We remained here until the pay rolls were made out, and complete arrangements were made for our return home. Johnson made better terms with Sherman, than Lee did with Grant.

General Sherman had the kindest regards and feelings for General Johnson. Sherman knew Johnson well; knew him personally, socially, and had tested him thoroughly in war. In the long and tedious campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, Sherman said he never caught Johnson napping, or off his guard, that he never made a secret move but Johnson detected it and was ready to meet it. After the surrender, General Johnson kept control of the men until the army crumbled away by divisions, brigades and regiments, each under its respective officers. They dropped out here and there, at their respective homes until the last vestage of a once magnificent army was gone forever. No Confederate soldier will ever forget General Johnson's last order to them.

When we called the men into line to hear the last message of their leader they listened with sorrowful hearts, knowing a separation would soon follow, never to meet again in the same relationship as had been for the last four years.

Near Greensboro, N. C.,
May 2nd, 1865.

General Order, No. 22.

P.....1st.....

P.....2nd... You will return home with the admiration of our people, won by the courage and noble devotion you have displayed in this long war. I shall always remember with pride the loyal support and generous confidence you have given me. I now part with you with deep regret, and bid you farewell, with feelings of cordial friendship, and with earnest wishes that you may have hereafter all the prosperity and happiness to be found in this world.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSON,
General.

Kincaid Faulkner, Ass't. Adj't-General.

After receiving our pay-rolls from General Sherman, we bade General Johnson, as our General, an eternal farewell. Leaving Greensboro, May the 14th, we moved out in regular order for Salisbury. On our way we passed through Thomasville and the ladies (God bless them) waved the Confederate flag from the windows of the Academy, but they received only a faint response. We felt sad. We were but part of the funeral procession going home from the burial of the 'dead Confederacy. At Salisbury, the army disintegrated.

After drawing rations, and transportation had been provided, the soldiers separated, the greater part of them going South. All the Tennesseans went by way of Asheville.

When the Tennesseans had passed out beyond Salisbury, they halted and formed line as in review, when General Cheat-ham came down the line shaking the hand of every soldier, not one missed, while the great big tears rolled down his cheeks. There was not an eye but was suffused with tears; yea, they were fountains of tears. As the generous and brave General, whom we all loved, shook our hands, just now and then could he get out the word "good-by." The great upheaval of his loving, sympathetic heart choked him, as he walked down

the line for the last review of his faithful and devoted men, "my boys," as he called them, and whom he had led in many a hard fought battle. Will any one, who was present at this scene, ever forget it? No, never.

On the seventh of May, we Tennesseans left Salisbury and the exciting and smoky battle scenes of North Carolina behind, and started out on our journey home. On the 9th we passed through Morganton late in the evening, and bivouaced for the night two miles beyond. The next morning we moved out for Asheville, through which we passed on the 13th, and camped a short distance below, on the French Broad river for the night.

We reached Greeneville, Tennessee, on the 15th, where we remained a few days. The nearer we got to our homes now, the more anxious the men were to be there. At Greeneville we had to wait for transportation, and the boys became restless and seemed lost. Here was another separation. Part of the men took the eastbound train for various parts in upper East Tennessee, while the greater number continued westward, dropping off here and there on the way, as they reached their respective homes, some going on to Middle and West Tennessee. The writer and Dave Lovelace reached our home on the 18th day of May.

"And hung our hat and old gray coat,
In the closet on the wall
No more to signal "Fall in boys,"
Nor rouse them by the life's shrill call."

My home was on Roseberry Creek, near the railroad, and spanning the creek was a high bridge. The next morning we repaired to the railroad to see some of the men go by who were waiting for trains when we left Greeneville. The train was just half way over the bridge when the trucks of one car broke loose and threw three cars of soldiers down an embankment thirty feet. Twelve Confederates were killed, and several badly hurt. To-day, twelve Confederate soldiers ended their journey of life before reaching home, and sleep on the banks of Roseberry, at my old home. Sad, and from a human stand point, hard, that these young and noble, brave boys, who had gone through the war, should, just as they were about reaching the "step-stone" of the dearest spot on earth to them, go down in this horrible wreck.

Yes, the war is over. And through those long, eventful four years of danger, hardships and exposures, the Old Nineteenth Tennessee bravely fought her way, bore her part in the joys and sorrows of camp life, and although but few were left, she came out of the struggle as true and as noble a regiment as ever mustered on the field of battle. Out of the twelve hundred and ninety-seven enrolled in all, only sixty-four answered to the last roll call. When beyond the gathering gloom of life's fading years, when the last "REBEL SOLDIER" shall have been laid away in the quiet resting place of the dead; succeeding generations will read with pride the heroism of the old "NINETEENTH TENNESSEE" Confederate veterans of the long ago.

As the "BLUE AND GRAY" fell side by side on the many gory fields, as they lie side by side in their final resting places; so their names will be recorded side by side in the annals of time, and the same mantle of glory will cover them all.

"The echoes long have died away
Of musket's ring and cannon's roar
And ranks of bayonets no more
Tell of the furious battle day
When northern blue met southern gray."



CHAPTER XXVI.

This supplementary chapter was written by Col. C. W. Heiskell, the last Colonel of the regiment, and who commanded the regiment from the death of Colonel Walker to the end of the war. After the battle of Franklin, Col. Heiskell had charge of Strahl's brigade, and there was no change in brigade and regimental officers until just before the surrender, when a general consolidation of all the Tennessee regiments, into four regiments was made.

W. J. W.

SUPPLEMENTARY.

THUS ends these chronicles. This strange eventful history, true as strange, and so admirably composed, has for me a wonderful fascination. It is a story of a regiment of young men made up largely of the best of Southern blood.

That its endurance of hardship, its fortitude under most difficult and trying ordeals, and its unconquerable loyalty to the cause for which it fought, shone more conspicuously than did these qualities in other Confederate regiments, I will not assert. But of its valor and its fame I am more than proud.

The one it illustrated on every battle field—the other shines brightly in all the chambers of thought and memory. And this simple unvarnished recital will preserve it untarnished for the generations to come.

Looking backward through the vista of forty years that have elapsed since the Nineteenth shouldered arms, my soul is stirred with strange and unutterable emotions.

I see the company's muster, the regiment organized, see the daily drill, guard mounting, breakfast, dinner, and as the western sun sinks to rest, I see the companies one by one take their places on dress parade. What an array! How inspiring the music; how magnificent that long and symmetrical line, a thousand men and more; and with what soldierly bearing they march and wheel and counter-march. I listen again to the jest and laugh, as we sit and smoke and take our rest,

around the camp fire, when the days deeds are done. I hear "taps" sounded, and lights are out; and silence reigns; broken save by the tread or challenge of the lone sentinel.

And so camp life begins, punctuated now and again by some breach of discipline varied by the slaying of a vicious hog or goose that threatens to attack the Colonel with deadly intent, or by some amusing prank played upon unwary citizens visiting camp. Here is one with a load of watermelons. One fellow is buying a melon at one end of the wagon and two are helping themselves at the other end. Here is a man making complaint to John Webster, (Co. K,) that the soldiers had stolen his chickens and geese and ducks. "And ducks too" said John. "They ought to be shot—the idea of a soldier of the Nineteenth stealing ducks" and then a duck quacked under John's coat. And so camp life goes on.

I see the regiment filing over the Cumberland mountains into Kentucky, and in camp at Cumberland Ford. The approach of the enemy is announced and there is great commotion. But it would have done you good to see with what alacrity the men shouldered arms and marched out, as they thought, to battle.

It was, however, an alarm to us. An old "Ginny" negro, a servant in company A, was so frightened, that when we returned to camp, we found him lying face down with his head sticking inside of his tent and his feet outside, and these moved up and down as his paroxysms of fear came and went.

We heard that a force of Federals were assembling at Barbourville, and Co. B and K, of the Old Nineteenth and companies from the Twentieth Tennessee, under command of Colonel Battle, were sent to dislodge them. Clarke Brewer, of Co. I, now living in Memphis, slipped off and went with us. We marched all night, and at daylight the next morning—oh! how tired and sleepy we were—September the 19th, 1861, we heard the first hostile gun of the war. Here fell Robert Powell, First Lieutenant of Co. K, a quiet, unassuming, brave man, the first Confederate who fell outside of Virginia in the war between the States. But the force against us scattered and we retired to camp.

The scarcity of salt was so great, that the Nineteenth Tennessee, with a great train of wagons, was sent from Cumberland Ford to Goose Creek Salt Works, for a supply. On

this expedition the rain poured upon us with such fury, that it was with great difficulty we made our fires at night. And when these were made, without tents, we stood around them through the night, wet through and through, to march next day through swollen streams and roads shoe-mouth deep in mud. We got the salt, and the poor people along our route had a touch of war from the depredations of a few of the undisciplined. One fellow got a mule and an old torn umbrella, and astraddle the mule, without bridle, with umbrella hoisted, rode through the regiment to the amusement of all. Measles, diarrhœa, and all the diseases camp life is heir to, seized upon us. The hospital fills, and roll-call shows many absentees.

And now we are marching over the mountains through Overton County, Tennessee, and into Kentucky, where across the Cumberland river from Mill Springs, we fortify and build cabins for winter quarters. Thence, on January 18th, 1862, we make a night march some eleven miles to the battle and defeat at Fishing Creek. The Old Nineteenth Tennessee entered the fight at day dawn and began the retreat at eleven A. M. It was a fierce fight. Here the peerless Zollicoffer fell. He rode through the Old Nineteenth Tennessee towards the enemy. We saw him—white gum overcoat, white horse—rush forward to personally reconnoiter, and then we saw him fall, and the army fell back. Here fell Carroll Carmack, Co. K, the witty, the genial, the brave boy, who, as I knelt over him, called on me to pray for him, and tell his mother how he died. Here Billy Vestal, of Co. E, twenty yards in advance of the regimental line of battle, than whom no braver man fought that day, was wounded and captured. We thought Billy was done for, but in a few days he came into camp, having left the enemy's hospital and the enemy's lines, wounded as he was. Here the gallant Lieutenant Conley, of Co. B, gave up his life.

This defeat was complete, and the remarkable part about it was, that Thomas did not capture the whole of us. But we got back to Camp Beech Grove, and thence at eleven o'clock at night, January 19th, 1862, began to cross the Cumberland and retreat towards Murfreesboro, to meet Gen. A. S. Johnson, falling back from Bowling Green, Kentucky. Our hardships on this retreat cannot be told. Without tents, without food, many without blankets, on we marched Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday night we had a supply of corn meal, but no



COLONEL C. W. HEISKELL.

Colonel Heiskell was born ten miles west of Knoxville, Tenn., in Knox county, on July the 25th, 1836. After graduating, he read and practiced law at Rogersville, Tenn., until the war broke out. He entered the army as a private in Company K, May, 1861. At the organization of the Nineteenth Tennessee regiment, in June, he was elected Captain of Company K. At the reorganization of the regiment, in June, 1862, he was re-elected Captain of the company. After the battle of Murfreesboro he was promoted to Major of the regiment. He was severely wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. Some time after the death of Colonel Moore, and before the death of Colonel Walker, Major Heiskell was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, I think in January, 1864. After the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., Atlanta campaign, and the death of Colonel Walker, Heiskell was promoted to Colonel of the regiment.

cooking utensils and no salt, nothing but meal and fire and water. We made dough, and plastering this on a board stood it before the fire and thus cooked it. The next night flour rations were issued. This we made into dough and rolled into long strings a little larger than a lead pencil; these were wrapped around ram-rods and these stuck in the ground near enough to the fire to soon cook. And this was all we had to eat that day. Next night, as we lay on the ground, it rained and snowed, and about four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the cries of my men, "The Captain is on fire." I lost no time in getting to my feet, and throwing off my blanket, a new one—a treasure—which burned to tatters. When we reached Murfreesboro many of us were sick, but those ready for duty marched with Johnson, and on the bloody field of Shiloh fought with conspicuous bravery, losing very heavily in killed and wounded.

The regiment took part in the capture of General Prentice and his men; in fact, the General surrendered his sword to Lieut.-Col. F. M. Walker, who then commanded the regiment, Colonel Cummings having left the field wounded, before this capture.

Here the Confederacy was lost through the incompetency of Beauregard. When the first day was drawing to a close and Grant was routed at every point, when the order was issued, and was in the act of being executed, to charge the enemy, Beauregard countermanded the order. Had he not done so, that Federal army would have surrendered without doubt. Gov. Harris, in whose arms Gen. Johnson fell, when shot, told me that he was so overwhelmed with astonishment and grief at Beauregard's order, that he rushed to him and implored him to withdraw the order and let the charge be made, and that surrender was sure. But no. It was not to be. The Governor told me also that after the war, Beauregard applied to him to write him a vindication of his conduct of that battle after Johnson fell; but that he said to Beauregard he could not do it.

There fell in this battle killed and wounded some of our best and bravest men. (See page 45.)

In the camp at Corinth the term of our enlistment expired. The reorganization of the regiment was a remarkable display of pluck and patriotism. So few were the malcontents. The regiment was in the great battle where Gen. Pope (what a

sturdy liar Pope was) captured 20,000 of us. The fact is he did not capture 20 of us. At least we did not know it if he did. The night before this engagement, it was really only a reconnoissance in force, I dreamed I met my brother who was a soldier in the Federal army face to face in battle. After the war we met, and I told him of the dream. "Why," he said, "I was in that engagement." And indeed we were, no doubt, not 500 yards apart in the fight.

From Corinth the Nineteenth went into the swamps to guard our only line of railroad communication. In the swamps in rain and mud with no place to sit down, we remained for some time. I recollect that I squatted under a temporary brush arbor and with the rain pattering down, read "*Jane Eyre*" until my position became unbearable and then I would stand and read awhile.

Thence under Gen. Breckenridge we went to Vicksburg (June 1862,) and on July 4th, 1862, we, with the 15th Mississippi, were ordered into a swamp some four miles below Vicksburg, where it was reported the Federals had made a landing. This was an exceedingly trying march. We waded through the swamp for more than a mile with the mud some times up to our knees, and when we got through and stood upon the levee of the Mississippi, a gunboat 200 yards below us, at the river bank commenced a fusillade upon us. To save ourselves we double quicked down towards the boat where we got so near to it—not more than 150 feet—that it could not depress its guns low enough to strike us. Everybody was ordered to lie down. Volunteers were then called for, to go onward and reconnoiter. Lieut. W. W. Etter, (Co. K,) whose courage was always conspicuous, jumped to his feet and said, "Colonel I will go." The Colonel replied, "Lieut. I want privates not officers for this duty." "Well," said the Lieut. "consider me a private for this occasion." So he with others—for the volunteers were more than were wanted—reconnoitered. But while doing so the gunboat moved off.

We stayed for weeks at Vicksburg plagued by mosquitoes, chills and fevers and shells from the Federal Gunboats. How our ranks were decimated. To see that magnificent body of high spirited young men, dwindle to a tithe of its former number, and those on duty mere shadows of their former selves, Oh! it was pitiful. But when the order came to go to Baton

Rouge the regiment was ready. Sick as it was. Lieut. Etter, (Co. K,) went through the battle at Baton Rouge with a chill on him. Lieut. Nail (Co. A,) was desperately wounded, in this fight, Thomas Wright, and Lieut. J. M. Sims; Emmet White was killed.

After this battle the men under Gen. Breckenridge were in such miserable plight that they were put in camp near Jackson, Miss. to recuperate. Before this, however, Gen. Breckenridge in token of the high appreciation of The Nineteenth's services, by order read at dress parade—ordered as an especial honor—that Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Baton Rouge be inscribed on our battle flag. While in sick camp at Jackson the regiment was paid off for the first time in eleven months, \$66.00 a piece to each private.

Jake Williford, (Co. K,) a good and faithful soldier had a chuck-a-luck board. The regiment was paid off about a mile from camp. The money was in sheets, a dozen or more bills printed on a sheet of paper. Some of the boys gambled away their whole six months pay before they reached camp at Jake's chuck-a-luck game.

Several of the men died here and these are buried in the cemetery at Jackson, Miss. Among them are J. B. Erwin, Co. F. S. W. Riley, Co. I, and S. M. Jenkins, Co. F.

Our next battle was at Murfreesboro, Tenn., where Bragg, after whipping the enemy failed to push the victory. It was a bloody battle. Maj. Jarnagin, a gallant and much beloved officer fell here. Here fell also

(See page 74 and 75.)

We spent the winter and spring in front of Shelbyville. And from here marched to Chattanooga.

The regiment during the winter and spring was the advance pickets of the army eight miles towards Nashville—from Shelbyville. Here I was promoted to be major of the Regiment.

One of my old Co.—a conscript—was condemned to be shot for desertion. I interceded for him with Gen. Polk, who gave me little encouragement. But just as the file of soldiers were receiving the order to fire on him, a courier dashed up with a pardon. That night the poor fellow deserted, and we never caught him, of which I was truly glad; for if we had, he would have been shown no mercy. The regiment was largely recruited here but the recruits were not generally of the fine

material of the original enlistment. Yet after drilling and discipline for several months we had a fine regiment when we started towards Chattanooga and the battle of Chicamauga.

On this march when we reached Tullahoma we formed line of battle and I really thought we were to fight there; but after hot skirmishing, about midnight our march was renewed. I recollect how easy it was to keep awake through the night, until the near approach of day, when the desire to sleep was so strong upon me, that I slept as I rode along, and was awakened by my horse stopping to drink as we crossed a creek.

Reaching Chattanooga we built fortifications in diverse positions and when we left Chattanooga for the battle field of Chicamauga had an army ready and eager to fight.

An incident occurred at Chattanooga worthy of relating. On the 21st day of August, 1863, Dr. B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, was to preach. While he was praying his opening prayer, the enemy fired upon the city. People arose in haste and left the church. But the Doctor never stopped praying, nor did he exhibit the least nervousness. When he got through, I think he and I, and probably one or two others, were the only people left in the church. One of the enemy's shots struck a little girl and broke her leg. Her people carried her out of the city, and stopping at Lieutenant Colonel Moore's father's house, near where General Preston Smith's brigade was camped, asked for admittance. The family were overwhelmed with visitors and friends fleeing from Chattanooga, and it was impossible for them to take the child in. And so Mr. Moore refused. General Smith heard the refusal, and not knowing the circumstances, denounced the old gentleman very bitterly. Colonel Moore, hearing of it, wrote General Smith a letter, in which he stated that while General Smith was his superior officer, he wanted him to understand distinctly that he regarded his conduct towards his old father as that of a bully and a coward, and he could make the most of it. He went on then to give the reason for his denunciation of the General, showing that it would have been impossible to have done otherwise than his father did. The next morning, Colonel Moore came to my tent and said, "Major, General Smith, and one of his staff, will be here in a few minutes about this matter and I want you to be present." I told him certainly. Soon they came. And General Smith, in the most ample manner,

apologized and expressed his deep sorrow for what had occurred, and then asked Colonel Moore if that was sufficient? Colonel Moore turned to me and said, "Major, what do you think of it?" I said, "Colonel, the apology is so ample that you ought to accept it." He turned to General Smith, and said to him, "Say it over again, General," which he did. And then Moore remarked, "As Major Heiskell says your apology is sufficient, I will accept it." I told him, I thought it was thoroughly satisfactory. And so the incident closed.

Rosecrans thought Bragg was in haste to retreat and had no intention of fighting. So he divided his army into three divisions of 20,000 each. One he sent forward to head off Bragg; another to strike him in the flank, and the other he had in Bragg's rear, as he supposed. These three divisions were twenty miles apart. Bragg was informed of this state of things, and indeed sent General Hindman to fight the advance of Rosecrans' army, in McLemore's Cove. But for some unaccountable reason, without blame fixed upon any one, the enemy were allowed to escape. Instead of Bragg falling upon these three corps and destroying them in detail, he waited until Rosecrans corrected his stupid blunder and consolidated his 60,000 men in one compact army. Then Bragg fought the battle of Chickamauga. The Sunday before the battle of Chickamauga, I, in command of the Nineteenth, deployed as skirmishers, was sent out in front of the army to draw the enemy on to attack. When some mile or more in front of our line of battle, skirmishing began. This continued in intensity until from the right it was reported that the enemy was in such force, that I ordered the right to fall back slowly. Then from the center I heard the enemy's cannon stop and unlimber. I heard the command to load and fire. My line being hotly pressed along its whole front I ordered it to fall back. This we did across an open field for over a half a mile, with the bullets flying most uncomfortably near. But the enemy did not attack, and so the day of battle was delayed and the place changed to Chickamauga, Georgia.

This was a battle royal between 60,000 brave men of the Northwest and 60,000 brave men of the South. Its boom of cannon, its storm of musketry, charge and counter charge, couriers rushing hither and yon, men falling thick and fast, the groan, the death-rattle, the wounded borne from the field—many killed or dying on the stretchers before the line of death hail was

passed—but on, and still backward the enemy was pressed to the foot of Snodgrass Hill—there the Nineteenth halted. Here were all the vicissitudes of war—the horrors of battle, and the glory of victory. It was a proud day; it was a sad day. The glory of victory filled us all with exultant joy. But Oh! the purchase price of it. The roll-call of the dead.

Lackey and Looney, (See page 94.)

All good men and true. All soldiers without reproach, and brave with all that word implies. The list of the wounded was much greater. Among these was Capt. S. J. A. Frazier, now at Hill City, Tennessee, so desperately that he was captured, having been left on the field for dead. He never faltered in duty, whether in camp or march, or battle. I also was wounded. As I was leaving the field, I turned to view the fight. The regiment was then moving by the right flank under a fierce fire. There was Colonel Walker, cool and alert; there was Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, with his sword pointing toward the enemy and horse, careering. I saw Moore fall from his horse and I thought he was gone, till I saw him light on his feet and spring to the head of the regiment. And the men—they marched erect—soldiers every one. Indeed, it was a gallant sight.

I quote here from General Strahl's report:

"Most of the field officers on my right were dismounted by having their horses shot from under them and Maj. Heiskell of the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, a very gallant officer was severely wounded in the foot."

"During this short encounter with the enemy, (this was on the morning of the first day of the battle) "the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment was on my right and was therefore, much more exposed and consequently met with a much heavier loss than any other in the brigade. But its field officers—Col. F. M. Walker and Lieut.-Col. Beriah F. Moore acted with such coolness and gallantry that they inspired their men with courage and confidence. "The company and field officers as a general thing, conducted themselves with great gallantry and coolness, and discharged their duties in such a manner as to reflect much credit upon themselves and their commands.

"The private in the ranks as usual, displayed that noble courage for which Southern soldiers have ever been distinguished." But what availed it? With a triumphantly victorious army, with the enemy seeking refuge in Chattanooga and

dreading our advance, Bragg waited until too late and then occupied Missionary Ridge. There he sat down and waited; waited until Grant came with legions of Federals to drive him from his great coigne of vantage, and rob him of all fruits of his victory and more. In the fight of Missionary Ridge fell Lieut.-Col. Beriah F. Moore in sight of his father's house, than whom no more courageous spirit ever entered the Halls of Valhalla. Ah! the pity of the brave, who fell on that bloody field of Chicamunga—and for naught.

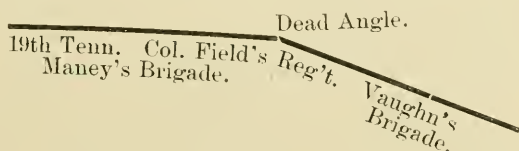
Surely the day will come when Tennessee, whose sons comprised 40 per cent of the 60,000 soldiers who fought on the Confederate side in that world renowned battle, will erect a grand and enduring monument. "To the private soldiers of the Army of Tennessee whose deeds of high emprise upon this field of battle, added eternal glory to the fair name of the Volunteer State."

Then began the reorganization and revitalization of the army under Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, a great soldier, of whom Gen. Sherman said when Davis removed him "That is worth 20,000 men to me. On Johnston's retreat from Dalton to Atlanta he never lost a canteen and I never attempted a movement that Johnston had not anticipated."* Johnston's only fault, a great one too, was that he did not fight Sherman on that retreat.

The Nineteenth on this retreat covered herself with glory. Fighting and marching almost every hour of the day and night, their uncomplaining fortitude under all the hard conditions of short ration, scanty clothing, constant duty under almost continual fire, their unflinching courage, chivalric bearing and deeds of daring, notably at Dead Angle† where the struggle with

*NOTE. This was told me in *hæc verba* by Capt. Harry Lee of the Federal Army, after the war, who said he heard Gen. Sherman make the remark.

†NOTE. I here give the position of the Nineteenth at that fight. It was then temporarily in Maney's Brigade, which was commanded by Col. F. M. Walker.



the advancing foe was so fierce and close, that the boys clubbed their guns and beat off the enemy or struck them down with stones, entitles her to immortal honor, and makes her history a part of the Glory of America. And to think that Johnston should be removed when he would have delivered battle of July 18th as Sherman was crossing the Chattahoochee instead of on the 22nd, when it was too late. In this fight, July 22nd, the Nineteenth marched in line of battle up a line of earthworks of the Federals and slaughtered them in heaps—until they came to another line of works striking these at right angles. Here fell that peerless soldier and true gentleman, Brigadier General Frances Marion Walker, Colonel of the Nineteenth. His commission as Brigadier General reached the army after his death. And here too fell many a private brave as he.

I came to the regiment on crutches just after Johnston's removal and the devotion of the troops to him was evidenced by the fact that as we sat around the camp-fire they would speak in the highest terms of their commander and weep when they told me of his leaving them. I had lost my horse during my long absence; and when the retreat from Atlanta began I was told to get on the train and leave that way, as I could not proceed on foot. When the train got four or five miles from Atlanta, it was fired into by the enemy and it returned to Atlanta. And there I was on three legs, my command—the whole Confederate army gone—and the Federal army approaching.

In this extremity, I paid a negro a silver dollar, the only money I had, to get me a horse from Capt. Winston, a friend of mine, and on this horse I left Atlanta late in the evening. As the shadows of night gathered in, I saw the grand fire-works of the consuming ordnance supplies burned to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands. The pyrotechnics were fearful in grandeur. The lurid glare of licking flames, the mighty boom of bursting shells, broke upon the gloomy desolation and oppressed the soul with awe and sadness.

The campaign of Hood in Tennessee, the awful slaughter of Franklin and the terrible retreat from Nashville, signalized again the dauntless courage and invaluable services of the old regiment. At Franklin, Arthur Fulkerson, a gallant boy, fell pierced with sixteen bullets. He was then Sergeant-Major of the regiment. Wm. Phipps and Wm. Hipshire were both wounded

for the first time in the war, and they both fought with conspicuous bravery in every battle the regiment was in, from the beginning, to the end of the war. All this has been often told, and no where better than in these chronicles.

One incident of the retreat which I have never seen in print was this: When the line of infantry, under Cheatham, came to Duck river from towards Nashville on their retreat, Forrest's cavalry, coming on a different road, met the infantry column right at the pontoon bridge. General Cheatham was at the head of his division and General Forrest at the head of his. Cheatham insisted that he should cross and Forrest insisted that he should cross. High and angry words ensued. I could hear the click of the muskets all along the line of my regiment, which was in front. The declaration was freely made by the men, that they would defend old Frank and shoot Forrest's cavalry into the middle of Duck river in a minute, if the worst came to the worst. But like a brave man Forrest gave way and the two apologized for their hot words, and Cheatham crossed; and Forrest followed.

An incident of Forrest's rear guard, personally witnessed, was this: Forrest had said to Hood that he thought he could keep the enemy on the Nashville side of Duck river until Christmas. Through the fault or misfortune of a lieutenant, the enemy crossed and we had to leave Columbia. As we halted a few minutes just outside of the town, this lieutenant, came meeting us, crying in an excited voice, "Where is General Forrest?" Just then Forrest rode up and what he said to the lieutenant would not grace a Sunday-school book.

The behavior of the men on this retreat could not have been finer. The weather was bitter cold while at Columbia. The frozen snow, swept by the north wind, made it impossible for us, without tents and a very scant supply of blankets, to get warm and keep warm. Our retreat was not only burdened with the gloom of defeat, but it was through slush and wet, and imminent peril of attack by the oncoming victors.

Many of the men were bare-footed and many hatless, yet there was no emergency in all that masterly retreat that they failed to meet, and no duty required, that they did not perform with alacrity, daring and efficiency.

When the fight at Anthony's Hill was approaching, the Nineteenth was three miles in advance. We returned to the

fight at a double quick. I stood near Forrest as two pieces of captured cannon, horses, everything complete, were driven past him. And for the first time I realized the force of the expression, "his eyes flashed fire." The fervor of the battle—*gaudia et gloria certaminis*—energied every fiber of his being; and amidst the clearing smoke of the contest, and shouts of victory, it seemed to me that real fire flashed from his eyes. He sat on his horse the very God of War.

The next morning we fought again. I commanded the brigade. I had been on leave for twelve months with a bullet through my foot, and was then limping along—and I think I was the only scared man in the brigade.

Fighting was almost new to me, but to the men—well, they seemed to enjoy it. The alacrity with which that half-starved, half-clad remnant of Strahl's proud brigade shouted and sprang to the charge and swept the Federal cavalry from the field, was a wonderful feat of arms. I think it was the most gallant sight I witnessed during the whole war. Jim Stephenson, Company E, was so sick, that when we started into line of battle, I told him to go on with the wagontrain as he was too sick to carry a gun. But when the fight was over there stood Stevenson. I asked him with some heat why he did not do as I commanded. "Oh!" he said, "Colonel, I wanted to see the fight." He had actually gone through the engagement simply to look on.

Orders were strict against "foraging." William Phipps and James Havely fell in with a vicious turkey gobbler, which after a great strategy they captured. In doing so, one of them dropped a note-book with his name in it. They came to me in great trouble, fearing the book would be found and they be punished. But the book was never found. When we reached camp that night the gobbler was anchored so that he could do no harm, and as we halted several days the boys stuffed that turkey with dough and corn—putting these down his throat with a stick. And when they killed and cooked him, I was invited to help eat him. It was the fattest fowl I ever ate. Solomon says, "Stolen waters are sweet." Had he dined with us that day he would have added to the proverb, "and so is stolen turkey, if fattened on corn and dough."

And now the end of the Confederacy draws near.

General Johnston resumes command, and the men march with prouder step. The army is hastening through Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina. When we reached the pine woods of North Carolina, for a few days' rest, the whole army was nervous. At night the men gathered and marched from one General's headquarters to another, calling for speeches. Bates, and Brown, and many others, spoke. Cheatham would dodge when his men came for him. But one evening they surrounded his tent—no one under a Brigadier then had a tent—and called on him for a speech. He came out greatly embarrassed, and said, "Boys, I have gained great reputation as a fighter, but the credit belongs to you, not to me." And then you could hear all around you, "D——n if old Frank can't beat 'em all speaking."

"We have been in many tight places, but none where you ever failed me or failed your country. How many brave men have fallen, your decimated ranks attest." And the General's eyes filled; and the tears ran down the faces of his veterans.

This was his speech.

There came to us here, one of the Generals from Charleston, I think Sibley was his name, who was very short of stature, and very fat. The men at once dubbed him But Cut—in allusion to his resemblance to the first cut of a fallen tree. As General Sibley would ride through the regiment he was hailed with "Good morning Gen. But Cut" or "Here goes But Cut." To the honor of the General, be it said, he did not show temper, but smiled pleasantly, and enjoyed the joke.

Soon we are hastening to the last battle of the war—Bentonville. As we marched past Gen. Johnson's headquarters, a joyous yell was heard along the whole line. The firing is hot in front. The enemy had almost surrounded us having forced our line in the form of a horse shoe, leaving only the open end of the shoe unguarded. To close this opening was attempted. And here that accomplished soldier and great Captain W. H. Hardee, in person, at the head of a Texas brigade of Cavalry, charged the line of Federal infantry and drove them back, when the Nineteenth with others, double quicked to prevent a reoccupation. The retreat of the foe was so precipitate that they left all of their picks and shovels, of which we took possession, and at once threw up earth works.

That night, however, we moved out, and the next day came the news of Lee's surrender. This, with the assassination of Lincoln, filled our hearts with sorrow. Soon the surrender came. Sixty-four men, yes, and what men! remnant of the glorious Nineteenth of '61, lined up for the last time, and with tears of sorrow, furled forever the tattered flag, which they had so bravely borne through so many battles.

Just here, permit me to say a word in justice to our faithful field band, and our chief musician, W. J. Worsham, the author of this book. He called the men into line at the first roll-call, and he called the men to every duty, and to battle, during the eventful four years of the war. He never failed to call them at the very moment wanted, but one time; then the men were tired and weary after a long day's march, and until ten o'clock at night, before a halt was made. The Colonel gave him orders to call the regiment promptly at three o'clock in the morning, but he did not make the call until three-thirty. Remarkable promptness for four years service.

Let us call over the list of battles: Barboursville, Wild Cat, Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Murfreesborough, Chicamauga, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face, Resaca, Adairsville, Cartersville, New Hope Church, Dallas, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Lovejoy Station, Jonesboro, Altoona, Dalton, Spring Hill, Franklin, Nashville, Anthony's Hill, Sugar Creek, Bentonville, in every one of which, it illustrated the alertness, and steady courage of Southern manhood, the proud independence and dash of men who fought for the constitution of their fathers, as written and interpreted by the highest judicature of government they established, from the days of '76, to the beginning of the war between the states; and with a devotion and magnificent ELAN never excelled, if ever equalled, in the annals of war—600,000 men against 1,827,980 from the North and West—600,000 against 454,415 (counting the negro soldiers) from the South itself, 600,000 against 2,778,304.*

And yet, for four years, these sons of a proud ancestry, of Revolutionary sires—fought all these mighty hosts to maintain the government of the fathers of the Republic fought with

*NOTE.—These figures are taken from the United States Adjutant General's office of date July 6th, 1865.

matchless valor and victory, until worn to fragments. And is it to be said, that these men were rebels against the government of the heroes of '76? This will not be the verdict of history. On the contrary, that verdict will be, that the South fought to maintain the government and uphold the Constitution of '76, and those who fought to change that government, and did change it, these were the ———. But the war is over. The Stars and Stripes float unchallenged from Caribou to Key West; and from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate; and all of us rejoice in it. We glory in the peace, prosperity, and happiness we enjoy under its ample folds. None will quicker, and with more loving devotion, spring to its defense, if attacked, than the sons of those who fought and fell for the South.

The war is over in the hearts of all the people, North and South, East and West.

It is a matter for congratulation that the survivors of this 600,000, returning to the peaceful walks of life, have illustrated their sterling qualities in all the avenues of civic life and duty. They all went to work to rehabilitate their country, made desolate by the awful destructions and wreck of war. They taught their children to love their country, and they, and their children, on all occasions have heretofore acted well their part as citizens and soldiers of the great Republic—ample pledge, if pledge were needed—that for the future, they will exemplify the highest type of good citizenship.

Tennessee can point with special pride to her Confederate soldiers. None braver than her sons ever marched to battle. She had 110,000 men in the Confederate Army, nearly one-fifth of the whole Confederate Army. And in the battle of Chancellorsville, one of the greatest battles of history, she had, I think the record shows, 58 regiments and battalions. And she will always cherish with just pride, the memory of their heroic conduct—their courage, and their high achievements. But she recognizes that peace has come, and that her destiny is with the future, not with the past. She echoes the sentiment:

“Fold up the banner, smelt the guns,
Love rules, her gentle purpose runs,
A mighty mother turns in tears,
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons.”

She points with pride to the deeds of those who have shown themselves worthy sons of this indestructible State of our indissoluble Union. Thus far only, Tennessee lingers in the past—proud of her heroic dead. She would garner their glorious deeds. For the rest, she moves forward to meet that great destiny “The Future” surely has in store for her.

By permission of the author, I add this chapter to his most excellent and interesting history.

C. W. HEISKELL,
Last Colonel of the Nineteenth Tennessee
Confederate Infantry.



APPENDIX.

A general report of the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment at its organization in June, 1861, and at the close of the war, April, 1865, showing the number of men and what became of them. Commissioned officers are not included in this report.

Companies.	Enrollment at Organization.	Recruits Since Organization.	Discharged.	Transferred.	Died in Hospital.	Killed in Battle.	Absent on Furlough.	In Prison.	Wounded.	Missing.	Present at Last Roll Call.
A	97	24	22	6	18	18	14	12	60	17	5
B	100	34	27	5	36	18	13	8	50	17	6
C	104	15	24	6	36	20	6	9	50	20	2
D	103	11	29	9	24	18	4	8	52	20	7
E	106	24	28	8	20	19	4	8	50	20	8
F	93	44	29	5	36	18	6	8	40	34	7
G	110	49	45	13	35	21	10	14	75	27	8
H	94	25	28	11	24	20	3	15	50	20	7
I	110	18	29	6	36	18	5	10	60	14	7
K	100	36	29	5	31	30	5	8	65	16	7
	1,017	280	290	74	294	200	70	100	552	205	64

Total number 1,297.

There were a number of our men who were wounded several times, and if we count each wound the men received as one wounded, which really was the case, then there were at least six hundred wounded.

Again, several of our men were lost in battle, and we never knew whether they were killed or wounded and captured, for we never heard of them again, and they were put down as missing.

CASUALTIES.

Report giving the Names and Places of those who were Killed,
Wounded, Captured and Died in the Regiment, giving
the Company to which they belonged.

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Burson, James D	B	Knoxville	Died
Watts, Samuel	A	"	"
Biddle, A. M	A	"	"
Bailey, William	B	"	"
Deaderick, J. W	B	"	"
Dodson, B. H	E	"	"
McLain, Thomas	K	"	"
Powell, Lieut. Robert	K	Barboursville	Killed.
Jordan, George	C	Camp Zollicoffer	Died
Cressell, John	C	" "	"
Graham, Geo. W	C	Mill Springs	Died.
Hull, Lieut. G. W	C	" "	"
Jordan, John	C	" "	"
Barger, W. H	C	" "	"
Dunlap, William	A	Fishing Creek	Killed
Powers, James	A	" "	Wounded.
Conley, Lieut. Joseph	B	" "	Killed
Carlton, James	B	" "	"
Baker, John	C	" "	Captured
Vernon, Abner	C	" "	Wounded—Captured.
Harr, Martin	C	" "	" —Died
Baker, Lafayette	C	" "	Wounded—Captured—Died
Smith, Joseph	D	" "	Killed
Campbell, James	D	" "	Wounded.
Short, R. P	D	" "	"
Roller, David	D	" "	" —Died
Webb, James	C	" "	" — "
Clemonson, Charley	E	" "	Killed
Vestal, Billie	E	" "	Wounded.
Crozier, R. C	E	" "	Captured

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Meroney, J. N.....	E..	Fishing Creek, Ky	Wounded.....
Carlton, Lieut. James F..	G..	" "	Killed.....
Cox, Samuel.....	G..	" "	Wounded.....
Middleton, Sergt. M.....	H..	" "	Killed.....
Edgeman, S. G.....	H..	" "	Wounded.....
Carmack, Isaac.....	I..	" "	Killed.....
Welch, Leander.....	I..	" "	".....
Woodall, Josiah.....	I..	" "	".....
Carmack, Carroll.....	K..	" "	".....
Moneyham, ———.....	K..	" "	Wounded.....
Johnson, Andy G.....	K..	" "	".....
Godby, John.....	A..	Shiloh, Tenn	Killed.....
Powers, James.....	A..	" "	".....
Rowe, Louis.....	A..	" "	".....
Bains, John M.....	B..	" "	".....
Willette, Capt. Zeb. T.....	B..	" "	".....
Deadrick, Capt. J. G....	B..	" "	Wounded.....
Wright, Thomas.....	B..	" "	".....
Gaby, Sam.....	B..	" "	".....
King, E. R.....	B..	" "	".....
Webb, Lieut. Ben.....	C..	" "	Wounded—Died.....
Vance, Sam, Sergt.....	C..	" "	Killed.....
Easterling, John.....	C..	" "	".....
White, John.....	C..	" "	Wounded.....
Roberts, Jack.....	C..	" "	".....
Piles, John.....	C..	" "	".....
O'Conner, John.....	C..	" "	Killed.....
Erps, Adrian.....	C..	" "	Wounded.....
Johns, B. J.....	C..	" "	".....
Gray, Al.....	C..	" "	".....
Harr. Robert.....	C..	" "	".....
Johnson, B. J. S.....	C..	" "	".....
Roberts, Sam.....	C..	" "	".....
Roberts, Isaac.....	C..	" "	Killed.....
Lyons, Dan.....	C..	" "	".....
Pactol, Sam.....	C..	" "	Wounded.....
Cooper, Geo. A.....	C..	" "	Killed.....
Boofer, Wm. R.....	D..	" "	".....
Bradford, M.....	D..	" "	".....
Lincoln, John.....	D..	" "	Wounded.....
Newport, J. F. M.....	D..	" "	".....
Shaver, J. A.....	D..	" "	".....
Ward, William.....	D..	" "	".....
Wallace, Lieut. J. A....	D..	" "	".....
Kennen, M.....	D..	" "	Killed.....
Cummings, Col. D. H....	"	" "	Wounded.....
Fulkerson, Major Abe....	"	" "	".....
Doak, Sergt.-Maj. Mel	"	" "	Wounded.....

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Curran, Conley	E.	Shiloh, Tenn	Killed
Bradley, Sam.	E.	"	"
Cunningham, S. H.	E.	"	"
Leath, T. J.	E.	"	"
Craig, Al.	E.	"	Wounded.
Nance, Peter D.	E.	"	"
Allen, Geo. W.	F.	"	Killed.
Forner, Isaac.	F.	"	"
Sims, Lieut. J. M.	F.	"	Wounded
Wayler, Jackson	G.	"	Killed.
York, Charley	G.	"	"
Rhea, Lieut. Jas. A.	G.	"	Wounded.
Chase, J. T.	G.	"	Killed
Millhorn, John	G.	"	Wounded
Potterfield, William	G.	"	"
Duncan, Samuel	G.	"	"
Hawk, Lieut. H. D.	G.	"	"
Cheek, E. W.	H.	"	Killed
Buckner, John	H.	"	Wounded
Wilkins, Lieut. Doc.	H.	"	"
Walker, Capt. T. H.	I.	"	Killed
Montague, John R.	I.	"	"
Brewer, Clark	I.	"	Wounded
Wolfenberge, K. S.	K.	"	Killed
Courtney, M.	K.	"	"
Etter, C. C.	K.	"	"
Keeling, Frank	K.	"	"
Carnack, John	K.	"	Wounded
Speck, L. P.	K.	"	Wounded—Captured
McKinney, William	A.	Corinth, Miss	Died.
DePue, ———	B.	"	Died.
Gray, James	B.	"	Died.
Hampton, William	B.	"	Died.
Salts, John	B.	"	Died.
Flenor, Pete	C.	"	Died.
Roberts, Sam.	C.	"	Died.
Cook, John	C.	"	Died.
Webb, Lieut. Ben	C.	"	Died.
Harr, Robert	C.	"	Died.
Grant, John M.	G.	"	Died.
Burnette, James	H.	"	Died.
Duglass, H. D.	H.	"	Died.
Graves, Washington	H.	"	Died.
Williams, C. F.	H.	"	Died.
Foster, D. L.	H.	"	Died.
Hull, J. M.	I.	"	Died.
Melton, A. J.	I.	"	Died.
Parker, L. D.	I.	"	Died.

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Moore, John C	G	Boonsville, Miss.,	Died
Bruce, William	G	Mobile, Ala	Died
Landgrace, E. R	K	Brownsville, Miss	Died
Cross, A. J	K	" "	Died
Duncan, William	K	" "	Died
Drake, Samuel	K	" "	Died
King, David O	G	Canton, "	Died
Foust, A. T	A	Vicksburg, Miss	Died
Travis, Benjamin.	D	" "	Captured
Loftis, Richard	D	" "	Captured
Seamore, John	G	" "	Died
Hamilton, J. W	H	" "	Died
Melton, J. C	H	" "	Died.
Sexton, S. H	H	" "	Died.
Terry, Charles	I	" "	Died.
Shaw, Charles	I	" "	Died.
Nail, Lieut. N. P	A	Baton Rouge, La	Wounded
Wright, Thomas	B	" "	"
White, Emit	C	" "	Killed
Sims, Lieut. J. M	F	" "	Wounded.
Fleenor, Andrew	C	Meridian, Miss	Died
Jarnagin, Maj. R. A		Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Killed
Curran, O. S	A	" "	"
McGhee, J. M	A	" "	"
Burkhearte, Wm	A	" "	"
Childress, D. M.	A	" "	"
Aikin, S. B	B	" "	"
Foster, Samuel	B	" "	"
Gaby, Criss	B	" "	"
Hutson, Andy	B	" "	Wounded.
Brown, Corp. Clabe	B	" "	Killed
King, E. R	B	" "	Wounded.
Easterly, John L	C	" "	Killed
Keller, George	C	" "	"
Erps, Adrin	C	" "	"
Gaba, John	C	" "	"
Burnette, Frank	C	" "	Wounded.
Smith, John	C	" "	"
Roller, George.	C	" "	Killed
Holly, Wm	C	" "	Wounded.
Frazier, Capt. J. G	D	" "	Killed

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Colville, R. W.	.D	Murfreesboro, Tenn.	Wounded.
Brataber, John	.D	"	"
Carson, Sam	.D	"	"
Loftis, W. D	D	"	"
McClarín, Jasper	D	"	"
Mitchell, John	.D	"	"
Rhea, William	.D	"	Killed
Rudd, A. M	D	"	Wounded.
Earnest, Ed	E	"	Killed
Sloan, J. H	.E	"	"
Swann, J. H	.E	"	"
Abernathy, Lieut. S. B	.E	"	"
Kincaid, Creed	E	"	Wounded.
Ellison, A. J	.F	"	Killed
McKissack, J. R	.F	"	"
Skelton, H. H	F	"	"
Williams, P. A	F	"	"
Sims, Lieut. J. M	.F	"	Wounded.
Tipton, J. A	G	"	Killed
Barger, J. R	G	"	"
Hamilton, S. Rhea	.G	"	"
Rhea, Wm. R	.G	"	Wounded.
Bowles, David R	.G	"	Killed.
Ford, Martin	G	"	Wounded.
Roller, Wm.	.G	"	"
Russell, W. R	G	"	"
Ford, Alford	.G	"	"
Cressell, Van	G	"	"
Horn, Simeon	G	"	"
Hilton, James	.G	"	"
Hale, Elija	G	"	"
Archer, William	.H	"	Killed
Stansberry, Y. A	H	"	"
Smith, Thomas	H	"	"
Strange, James	.H	"	Wounded.
Basket, John	H	"	"
Grogan, Wash	.H	"	"
Alexander, Tom	H	"	"
Kincaid, Pat	H	"	Killed
At the Rock Wall	I	(1)	"
" " "	l	(6)	Wounded.
Fudge, Charles J	K	"	Killed
Marshall, E. W	.K	"	"
Miller, Lieut. W. B	.K	"	Wounded.
Jackson, E. H	.K	"	"
Wax, William	K	"	Killed
Miller, Charles	K	"	"
Carmaek, John	K	"	Wounded,
Huffmaster, Sergt. J. T	K	"	Wounded—Captured.

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Heflin, J. M	A	Murfreesboro Pike.	Wounded.
Cromwell, Martin	B	"	" Died
Humphries, O. M	B	"	" " "
Smith, Lieut. A. Win	C	"	" Captured.
Rhea, Lieut. R. G	F	"	" Killed.
Ford, A. J.	G	"	" Wounded.
Beard, George	G	"	" Died.
Payne, J. J.	G	"	" " "
Landerback, Felix	K	"	" " "
Wideman, J. P	A	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Died.
Tipton, Lieut. R. J	B	"	" Killed.
Dakin, Charles	B	"	" Died
Morgan, Andrew	C	"	" " "
Martin, Harris	F	"	" " "
Micheals, J. H	F	"	" " "
Stowe, Richard	F	"	" " "
Raney, J. R	F	"	" " "
Sharp, F. E	F	"	" " "
Smith, Ransom	F	"	" " "
Hashberger, J. D	K	"	" " "
Deadrick, Capt. J. G	B.	Chickamauga, Ga	Wounded.
Heiskell, Maj. C. W	"	"	" " "
Wright, Thomas	B	"	" " "
McPherson, Frank	C	"	" " "
Holly, William	C	"	" Captured
Cooper, John	C	"	" —Died
Jolley, W. F	D	"	" Killed
Frazier, Capt. S. J. A	D	"	" Wounded—Captured
Barnette, J. W	D	"	" " "
Brataber, John	D	"	" " "
DeLonas, Wm	D	"	" " "
Kelley, W. A	D	"	" " "
Mitchell, John	D	"	" " "
Renfroe, James	D	"	" " "
Tresby, John	D	"	" " "
Lackey, Capt. Wm. W	E	"	" Killed.
Traynor, Mike	E	"	" " "
Swann, Wm. H	E	"	" " "
Blair, Capt. R. L	G	"	" Wounded
Rhea, John H	G	"	" " "
Hawley, Martin	G	"	" Killed.
Russell, W. R	G	"	" Captured
Frazier, Clark	G	"	" " "
Hawk, Lieut. H. D	G	"	" Wounded
Sims, Lieut. J. M	F	"	" " "
Grisham, James	H	"	" " "
Cook, William	H	"	" Killed.

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Chase, Harrison	G	Chickamauga, Ga	Captured—Died
McAndry, J. W	K	"	Killed.
Looney, Ben O	K	"	"
Carmack, John	K	"	Wounded
Johnson, Andy G	K	"	"
Stover, Jake	K	"	Killed.
Bruden, J. M	A	Mission Ridge, Tenn	Captured—Died
Moore, John, (Col's Bro)	A	" "	Captured.
Moore, Lieut.-Col. B. F	A	" "	Killed.
Moore, James	B	" "	"
Bowers, James	B	" "	Captured
Smith, Capt. Win	C	" "	Wounded
Allison, Robert	C	" "	"
Burnette, Frank	C	" "	"
Lyons, Dan	C	" "	Captured
Fields, John	C	" "	Wounded.
Johnson, M. S	D	" "	Killed.
McRussell, Hugh	D	" "	"
Ford, James	G	" "	Captured.
Holley, Wash B	G	" "	Wounded
Ensinger, Thomas	H	" "	"
Johnson, Andy G	K	" "	"
Jackson, Lea	D	Dalton, Ga	Died
Rush, William	D	"	"
Rose, C. F	D	"	"
Sampson, S. S.	D	"	"
Wright, Calvin	D	"	"
Wood, Talbut	G	"	"
Roller, William	G	"	"
Hoard, J. J	K	"	"
Talley, C. T	K	"	"
Wright, J. M	D	Resaca, Ga	Killed.
Rhea, Wm. R	G	"	Wounded
Moody, Tobe	G	"	Killed.
Sherman, John	B	Adairsville, Ga.	Killed.
Oliver, William	G	"	"
Strickler, Rube	G	"	Wounded
Bowers, William	G	"	"
Bailey, John	G	"	"
Orick, M	K	"	Killed
Banard, William	K	"	Wounded
Mee, William.	K	"	"

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Holt, G. W	K.	Dallas, Ga	Wounded
Miller, T. L	K	"	"
Burrows, Henry	K	"	"
Hale, Eliza	G	New Hope, Ga	"
Breen, Daniel	G	" "	"
Hutson, Andy	B	" "	"
Gentry, Joshua	D	" "	"
Vestal, Billie	E	" "	"
Moore, S. D	B	Kennesaw, Ga	Wounded.
Bradley, Ben	D	"	Wounded — Died
Barnett, Frank	D	"	" — "
Cantrall, James	D	"	" — "
White, John	E	"	Killed
Kincaid, C. F	E	"	"
McRoberts, J	F	"	"
Hood, L	F	"	Wounded
Brown, John	F	"	Wounded—Died
Cornette, Leander	F	"	" — "
DeMurr, A. J.	F	"	" — "
McJenkins, Solomon	F	"	" — "
Swann, S. G	F	"	" — "
Thomas, C. W	F	"	" — "
Watts, William	F	"	" — "
Chase, Walter	G	"	Captured,
Pugh, Joe	H	"	Killed
Spears, John	K	"	"
Deadrick, Capt. J. G	B	Peachtree Creek, Ga	Wounded
Johnson, Andy G	K	" "	"
Walker, Col. F. M		22d July, Ga	Killed
Templeton, John	A	" "	"
Long, John	A	" "	"
Duitt, Tom	A	" "	"
Bookard, Silas	A	" "	Wounded.
Brabson, Lieut. Thomas	B	" "	"
Deadrick, Capt. J. G	B	" "	"
McCrary, H.	B	" "	"
Yorkley, Mike	C	" "	Killed
Kennedy, Thomas	C	" "	"
King, William	C	" "	Wounded.
Kline, Thomas	C	" "	Killed
Colville, Lieut. R. W	D	" "	Wounded.
Dyer, B. H	D	" "	"
Vestal, Billie	E	" "	"
Ramsey, John	E	" "	"
Lyons, James A	E	" "	"
Sharp, Lieut. J. F	F	" "	Killed

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Rhea, Robert J	G	22d July.	Killed
Godsey, C. W	G	" "	Wounded
Farris, Sam	G	" "	Killed
Chamberlain, George	G	" "	"
Waggoner, George	G	" "	Wounded
McDermott, Capt. Paul H.	H	" "	Killed.
Richards, Sergt. John	H	" "	"
Epperson John	B	In Atlanta, Ga.	Died
Fulkerson, George	B	" "	"
Hodge, James	B	" "	"
Brown, Sergt. Isaac	D	Jonesboro. Ga.	Wounded..
Majors, C. C	D	" "	"
Johnson, Andy G	K	" "	"
Richards, N	K	" "	"
Wyman, William	H	Lovejoy. Ga..	Killed.
Pile, John	H	" "	Wounded
Coughlin, Pete	A	Franklin, Tenn	Wounded
Bowers, James	B	" "	Killed
Hutson, Andy	B	" "	"
Morgan, John	C	" "	"
Knox, W. G	D	" "	Killed.
Hale, G. W	D	" "	Wounded
Henry, S. R	D	" "	"
Kelley, W. A	D	" "	"
Meroney, J. N	E	" "	"
Waller, Lum	E	" "	"
Hicks, Joe S	G	" "	"
Bowers, Billie	G	" "	Killed.
Bates, Robert	G	" "	Wounded—Captured
Whaley, D. C	G	" "	" — "
Roller, George	G	" "	"
Holly, Wash B	G	" "	"
Mayfield, Jack	G	" "	"
Drake, George	G	" "	"
Gunning, Joe.	G	" "	"
Hawk, Lieut. H. D	G	" "	"
Knox, George	H	" "	Killed
Alexander, Tom	H	" "	Wounded
Phipps, Wm. F	H	" "	"
Hipsher, William	H	" "	"
Hale, Lieut. S. Frank	H	" "	Killed,
Grisham, James	H	" "	Wounded
Wiggins, James	H	" "	"
Russell, John	H	" "	Killed.

Names of Men.	Co.	Battles.	Remarks.
Etter, Lient. W. W.	K	Franklin, Tenn.	Wounded.
Fulkerson, Sgt-Maj. Arthur	K	"	Killed
Buran, H. S.	K	"	Wounded
McCarty, W. N.	K	"	"
Looney, Marshall	K	"	Killed
Webster, E.	K	"	"
Potts, Edgar	K	"	"
Shipley, Ben.	K	"	Wounded.
Smith, Capt. Win	C	Nashville, Tenn.	Captured.
Sullivan, Dan	C	"	"
John, B. J.	C	"	Wounded.
Henderson, Pink	E	"	Captured.
Meroney, W. O.	E	"	Wounded—Captured
Jordan, Nathan	C	Columbia, Tenn.	Wounded—Captured.
Watts, Samuel	A	Knoxville, Tenn.	Died.
Biddle, A. M.	A	"	"
Bagley, William	B	"	"
Deadrick, J. W.	B	"	"
Dodson, B. H.	E	"	"
McClain, Thos	K	"	"
Cox, William	C	Unaccounted For	
Carroll, Maden	C	"	"
Cross, Sam	C	"	"
Crawford, William	C	"	"
Crawford, Richard	C	"	"

LIFE SKETCH

OF

BRIG. GEN. FRANCIS M. WALKER.

GENERAL F. M. WALKER, the second Colonel of the Old Nineteenth Tennessee Confederate Regiment, a brave and gallant soldier, who gave up his life for the South in one of the fiercest battles of the war, was a Kentuckian by birth, but a Tennessean by adoption.

He moved to Eastern Tennessee in 1851, and later made his home in Chattanooga in 1854. General Walker was at that time a veteran of the Mexican war, having served as Lieutenant in one of the Kentucky regiments.

At the beginning of the great war between the States, General Walker cast his lot with the people he loved, and gave to them the benefit of his military experience, his labor and his life. He raised a company of infantry in Chattanooga, and was assigned to the Nineteenth Tennessee Confederate Regiment, and in the organization of the regiment was elected Lieutenant-Colonel.

General Walker was with the regiment at Cumberland Gap, was with the regiment on the trip to Goose Creek salt works in Eastern Kentucky, at Barbourville, and in the Fishing Creek fight, which culminated so disastrously to our forces. It was his regiment (the Old Nineteenth) that opened the battle and was being successfully pushed, until the order to cease firing was given by General Zollicoffer. In the battle of Shiloh he fought with the regiment, then in Maney's Brigade and under General Breckenridge, where he and the regiment won praises in the reports.

In the reorganization in 1862, he was made Colonel of the regiment, and with the regiment, still under General Brecken-

ridge, was sent to Vicksburg, Mississippi, and took part in the battle of Baton Rouge, August the 5th, 1862.

General Walker commanded his regiment in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, December the 5th, 1862, in A. P. Stewart's Brigade and Cheatham's Division, and was commended by General Stewart for noble service; his regiment having suffered more than any other in the brigade.

At Chickamauga, as at Murfreesboro, the Old Nineteenth suffered the heaviest loss of the brigade, and General Strahl said: "Colonel F. M. Walker and Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Moore acted with such coolness and skill as to sustain their gallant regiment in an undaunted fight, though nearly a third of its number fell."

In that long one hundred days and nights continuous battle, from Dalton to Atlanta, Georgia, Colonel Walker was conspicuous for bravery.

On the Kennesaw line Colonel Walker's regiment was transferred to Maney's Brigade, with Colonel Walker in command, and which he led until he fell in battle. In the battle of Kennesaw Colonel Walker won promotion.

July the 21st Colonel Walker received his commission as Brigadier General, but had not been assigned to duty as such. He fell in the battle of July the 22d, leading his regiment and his brigade. So ended the life of a noble, brave, Christian soldier.

LIFE SKETCH

OF

COLONEL C. W. HEISKELL.

COLONEL CARRICK W. HEISKELL was born ten miles west of Knoxville, Tennessee, July 25, 1836. He is the son of Frederick S. Heiskell, a native of Virginia, who made his home at Knoxville in 1814; was one of the founders of the "Knoxville Register" and its editor for more than twenty years. Through his mother, Eliza Brown, Colonel Heiskell is of Scotch-Irish descent, and of kin to Colonel Joseph Brown, soldier of the Revolution. He was educated at the University of Tennessee and Maryville College, graduating at the latter school.

He studied law at Rogersville, Tennessee, was admitted to the Bar in 1857. At the beginning of the war he enlisted as a private in Company K, Nineteenth Tennessee Confederate Infantry, the first company raised in Hawkins county, and at the organization of the regiment in June, 1861, at Knoxville, he was elected Captain of Company K. He commanded his company through Zollicoffer's campaign in Eastern Kentucky, was in the engagement at Barboursville and Fishing Creek. After the battle of Shiloh, in the reorganization of the regiment he was re-elected Captain of the company. Just after the battle of Murfreesboro, in which Major R. A. Jarnagin was killed, Captain Heiskell was promoted to Major of the regiment.

At the battle of Chickamauga, where the Old Nineteenth suffered a much heavier loss than any other regiment of Strahl's Brigade, General Strahl said: "Most of the field officers on my right were dismounted by having their horses shot from under them, and Major Heiskell, a very gallant officer, was severely wounded in the foot." The wound was so grave that several months had gone by before he was able to rejoin his regiment, and then on crutches.

Some time after the death of Colonel Moore, and before the death of Colonel Walker, Major Heiskell was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment—I think in January, 1864.

After the battle of Jonesboro, Georgia, Atlanta campaign, and death of Colonel Walker, Heiskell was promoted to Colonel of the regiment.

At the battle of Jonesboro, Georgia, although not able for duty he remained with the regiment through the battle, but the wound giving him so much trouble, could not remain longer. He next joined the regiment at Columbia, Tennessee, after the battle of Nashville, and took command of Strahl's Brigade, which he kept until the close of the war.

Colonel Heiskell was an eye-witness to the dispute between Generals Cheatham and Forrest, as to who should cross the Columbia river first, the two generals having met at the river at the same time. He took part in and witnessed the fight of the hungry and bare-footed boys at Anthony Hill and Sugar Creek. He commanded the brigade in the gallant charge under Hardee at the battle of Bentonville, North Carolina, in which General Hardee lost his son.

At the close of the war, Colonel Heiskell moved to Memphis, Tennessee, where he resumed the practice of his profession. He was on the Bench as Judge of the Circuit Court for eight years, and served as City Attorney for four years.

LIFE SKETCH

OF

COLONEL JAMES G. DEADRICK.

JAMES GALLITZINE DEADRICK was born April 25th, 1838, at Cheek's X Roads in Jefferson county, Tennessee, and moved to Jonesboro with his parents in early childhood.

Was educated at Washington College, Tennessee, finishing his college course at Centre College, Danville, Kentucky; studied law with his father, Judge J. W. Deadrick (who was afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee for fourteen years). His mother was Miss Adeline McDowell, a grand-daughter of Isaac Shelby, Kentucky's first Governor.

He entered the Confederate States army at the beginning of hostilities, as First Sergeant of Company B, Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment, and at the organization of the regiment was elected Third Lieutenant of his company.

At the reorganization of the regiment in 1862 he was elected Captain of the company; in 1863 he was promoted to Major, and in October, before Hood's campaign into Tennessee, in 1864, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment.

At Bentonville, North Carolina, he received his commission as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States, with orders to report to General Joseph E. Johnston, and was by him placed in command of the Army Post at Smithfield Station, North Carolina, and continued in command of the Army Post until some time after the army reached Greensboro, North Carolina.

A few days before the surrender he was ordered to Deep River, a few miles from Greensboro, and was there when the army surrendered.

After the surrender he spent a year in Illinois and Kentucky,

after which time he returned home and resumed the practice of law in Blountville, Tennessee, where he remained but a few months, going thence to Bristol, Tennessee.

He was married September the 30th, 1868, to Miss Lizzie J. Sayers of Pulaski county, Virginia. To them two children were born—a daughter, Miss Ella H., and a son, H. S. Deadrick.

In February, 1869, he returned to Jonesboro, his old home, and remained there in the active practice of his profession until January, 1882, when he moved with his family to California, settling in Carpinteria, Santa Barbara county, where he purchased a small ranch and set it out in English walnuts, which have grown to full maturity, and he is now enjoying the fruits thereof.

Colonel Deadrick lost his wife January, 1888, and has remained single.

He was badly wounded at the battle of Shiloh from a falling limb cut off by a shell from the enemy's artillery. Was wounded at the battle of Chickamauga in the neck from a minnie ball, and at the battle of Peach-tree Creek was wounded in the arm by a piece of shell.

The morning before the battle of the 22d July, Colonel Deadrick and General Walker were standing together discussing the coming battle; Walker had his commission as Brigadier General in his pocket, and showed it to Colonel Deadrick. Deadrick remarked, "Then I must take the regiment into the fight." General Walker said, "No, I have not been assigned and will lead the regiment in the fight."

In a few moments the battle opened and they were ordered into the engagement, and soon General Walker was killed. Colonel Deadrick received a bayonet thrust in the right hand. He received also other slight wounds, but not sufficient to inconvenience him.

LIFE SKETCH.

OF

MAJOR JOHN H. HANNAH.

MAJOR J. H. HANNAH was born in Polk county, Tennessee, May the 2d, 1838. He came of Old Virginia Revolutionary stock.

His parents, John F. and Grace Telford Hannah, moved from Virginia and settled in Polk county, Tennessee, where Major Hannah was born. When the war broke out in 1861 his father, then seventy-nine years old, with his five sons, one of whom was Major J. H. Hannah, joined the Confederate army. His father raised a company of volunteers and was elected Captain of the company. The company was assigned to the Old Nineteenth Tennessee, but his father being too old resigned. At the organization of the regiment in June, 1861, J. H. Hannah was elected Captain of the company, and was assigned as Company F in the regiment. He served in all the Kentucky campaign under General Zollicoffer. Captain Hannah was in the Fishing Creek fight, and also in the battle of Shiloh.

In the reorganization of the regiment after the battle of Shiloh, he was re-elected Captain of his company, which showed their esteem for him. He remained Captain of the company until October, 1864, when he was promoted to Major of the regiment.

Major Hannah surrendered with the regiment near Greensboro, North Carolina, in May, 1865. In one of the battles (I believe it was Shiloh) he received a severe blow from a piece of shell on the breast, which ultimately resulted in lung trouble, from which he died at his home in Oliver Springs, Tennessee, January the 11th, 1880.

Major Hannah married Miss Lillie Gerding in Louisville, Kentucky, in June, 1867, where he was engaged in the wholesale commission business. Two sons were born to them, Gerald G. and Harvey H. Hannah, the gifted orator of Tennessee, who now lives at Oliver Springs, Tennessee.

LIST OF SURVIVORS

OF THE OLD NINETEENTH TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE REGIMENT, AND THEIR PRESENT ADDRESS.

Alaway, J. H.....	Riceville, Tenn.
Anderson, H. G.....	Denver, Col.
Anderson, Dave.....	Knoxville, Tenn.
Brewer, Clark.....	Memphis, Tenn.
Brabson, T. M.....	Weatherford, Texas.
Bishop, Noah.....	Morristown, Tenn.
Buran, Henry.....	Rogersville, Tenn.
Bernard, Mitchel.....	Chimney Top, Tenn.
Bailey, John.....	Blountville, Tenn.
Barger, George.....	Indian Springs, Tenn.
Carlton, Robert.....	Magazine, Ark.
Carlton, A.....	Thorn, Tenn.
Culliny, Mike.....	Knoxville, Tenn.
Colville, R. W.....	Hill City, Tenn.
Chase, John.....	Fordtown, Tenn.
Chase, Isaac.....	Kindrick Creek, Tenn.
Chamberlain, Charles.....	Bluff City, Tenn.
Carney, Thomas.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Craig, Rev. J. N.....	Optimus, Ark.
Crawford, J. R.....	Bristol, Tenn.
Cox, Sam.....	Arcadia, Tenn.
Cressell, William.....	Gross, Tenn.
Deadrick, Dot.....	Unaka Spring, Tenn.
Deadrick, Col. J. G.....	Carpinteria, Cal.
Doak, Ned.....	Nashville, Tenn.
Dyer, J. A.....	Johnson City, Tenn.
Frazier, Capt. S. J. A.....	Hill City, Tenn.
Frazier, T. C.....	Blountville, Tenn.
Ford, Henry.....	Fordtown, Tenn.
Fulkerson, Maj. A.....	Bristol, Tenn.
Graves, Geo. A.....	Springdale, Ark.

Heiskell, Col. C. W.	Memphis, Tenn.
Henderson, R. P.	Talladega, Ala.
Henderson, Ab. C.	Louisville, Tenn.
Hipsher, William	Thorn Hill, Tenn.
Hawkins, John	Graysville, Ga.
Hardy, J. H.	Lexington, Ky.
Havely, Sergt. James H.	Lexington, Ky.
Hawk, Lieut. H. D.	Sac, Tenn.
Hawk, James M.	Lawson, Tenn.
Hamilton, W. P.	Bristol, Tenn.
Hannah, R. O.	Washington, Ark.
Hodge, J. C.	Morristown, Tenn.
Hicks, Nathan	White's Store, Tenn.
Johnson, J. R.	Tate Springs, Tenn.
Johnson, Andy G.	New Tazewell, Tenn.
James, R. P.	Memphis, Tenn.
King, Rutledge	White's Store, Tenn.
Keys, Benjamin	Blountville, Tenn.
Luster, Thomas	Walis, Va.
Lackey, Jack	Weatherford, Texas.
Lyons, Rev. J. A.	Knoxville, Tenn.
Mullins, H. B.	Indian Springs, Tenn.
Montgomery, P. G.	Spring Hill, Tenn.
Meroney, J. N.	Dark's Mill, Tenn.
Moore, J. H.	Lamar, Ark.
Morrow, J. B.	Klein, Ala.
Mason, John	Galbraith Sp'gs, Tenn.
Miller, T. C.	Rogersville, Tenn.
Matlock, Henry	Riceville, Tenn.
Norton, Rev. R. W.	Rockdale, Texas.
Phipps, Wm.	Rogersville, Tenn.
Perry, Clabe	Knoxville, Tenn.
Pickle, Jack	Ten Mile, Tenn.
Powell, Thomas	Etonton, Ga.
Roberts, Hilton	Athens, Tenn.
Rhea, W. R.	Knoxville, Tenn.
Rhea, W. L.	Knoxville, Tenn.
Rhea, Joe	Blountville, Tenn.
Rhea, John L.	Blountville, Tenn.
Roller, G. W.	Sorrell, Tenn.
Roller, U. T.	Childress, Tenn.
Rains, James	Wildwood, Ga.

Rutledge, Wade	Vance's Tank, Tenn.
Sullins, Rev. David.....	Cleveland, Tenn.
Snapp, Capt. J. P.....	Blountville, Tenn.
Snapp, S. H.....	Blountville, Tenn.
Strickler, Abija.....	Kindrick's Creek, Tenn.
Strickler, Ruben.....	Kindrick's Creek, Tenn.
Sims, Capt. J. M	Valdosta, Ga.
Spears, C. C.....	Rogersville, Tenn.
Standfield, Jesse.....	Knoxville, Tenn.
Sinkenecht, Dr. S. C.....	Kingston, Tenn.
Tipton, George	Cloverbottom, Tenn.
Tyner, James.....	Nashville, Tenn.
Thompson, Joe.....	Kingston, Tenn.
Ursey, J. R.....	Rossville, Ga.
Worsham, Dr. W. J	Knoxville, Tenn.
Warren, J. H.....	Chattanooga, Tenn.
Waller, Capt. J. L.....	Kingston, Tenn.
Waller, Lum.....	Windott Falls, Texas.
Whaley, D. C.....	Kindricks Creek, Tenn.
Williford, Parson.....	Lyceum, Tenn.
Williford, Jake	Copeville, Texas.
Wright, Thomas.....	Bristol, Tenn.
Webb, John	Bristol, Tenn.
Wells, Sam.....	Bull's Gap, Tenn.

ROSTER OF COMPANY C.

Company "C," called the "Blountville Guards," was organized in Blountville, Sullivan Co., Tennessee, and was mustered into the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment in June, 1861, at Knoxville, and was composed as follows:

OFFICERS.

James P. Snapp,	.	.	Captain.
Charles J. St. John,	.	.	1st Lieutenant.
George Hull,	.	.	2d "
John M. Jones,	.	.	3d "
Benjamin Webb	.	.	1st Sergeant.
W. D. Gammon,	.	.	2d "
Robert Hughes,	.	.	3d "
A. W. Smith,	.	.	4th "
Sam Vance,	.	.	5th "
M. J. Miles,	.	.	1st Corporal.
L. Snapp,	.	.	2d "
W. H. Snapp	.	.	3d "
S. P. Pectol	.	.	4th "

PRIVATEs.

Allison, Robert	Carden, Columbus	Goba, John H.
Burnett, F. W.	Carr, William	Gray, Alvin
Baker, John	DePue, Samuel	Graham, Geo. L.
Baker, Lafayette	Darnell, James	Gray, William
Barger, William	Erps, Adrin	Harr, Robert
Cross, Samuel	Easterly, John L.	Hull, Lieut. G. W.
Cross, Elk	Flenor, William	Harr, Martin
Crawford, William	Flenor, Andy	Haegin, William R.
Crawford, Dick	Flenor, Peter	Harvey, W. C.
Cooper, George A.	Flenor, G. W.	Henderson, B. F.
Cressell, John	Fields, John W.	Hawley, William
Carroll, Nathan	Felts, James	Hawley, James R.
Cox, Wm. S.	Goba, Samuel	Hamilton, Samuel

Harr, David	Mullins, H. B.	Smith, Jonathan
Irwin, Wm. R.	Malone, Jake W.	Sullivan, Dan
Johnson, B. J, G.	Miller, John S.	Shaver, Andy M.
Jordan, John	Minnick, Ike	Shay, John
Jordan, George	Morgan, Andrew	Spray, Aaron
Jordan, Thomas	Morgan, John	Stuffle, J.
Jordan, Nathan	O'Conner, John	Smith, George
King, William	Pile, John	Snapp, Abram
Kennedy, Thomas	Perry, William	Vernon, Abner
Love, Winton	Roller, George	Webb, James
Love, Alford	Roberts, John	Webb, John
Lyons, Daniel	Roberts, Pete	Webb, George
McPherson, Frank	Roberts, James	Williams, Wm.
Leonard, Mike	Roberts, Jackson	Yorkley, Mike
Miles, Lieut. Wm.	Roberts, Sam	White, John
Miles, John	Russell, John	White, Emmet
Miles, Robert	Smith, John	Pyott, Dr. E. S.

ROSTER OF COMPANY E.

Company E, the "Knoxville Grays" as they were called, was raised in Knoxville, Tennessee, in May 1861, by Dr. John W. Paxton, and enrolled upon the regimental roster of the Nineteenth, Tennessee Confederate Regiment, June 10th, 1861.

OFFICERS.

Dr. John W. Paxton,	.	Captain.
John M. Miller,	. .	1st Lieutenant.
J. R. Graham,	. .	2d "
W. W. Lackey,	. .	3d "
S. P. Hamilton,	. .	1st Sergeant.
R. Pink Henderson,	. .	2d "
Joe Pate,	. . .	3d "
Joe Story,	. . .	1st Corporal.
Jas. R. Stephenson,	. .	2d "
D. G. Rumsey,	. .	3d "
F. M. Demsey,	. .	4th "

PRIVATES.

Abernathy, S. G.	Crozier, Bob	Henley, George
Bell, Oscar F.	Craig, Jas. N.	Hulvey, William
Boyce, George	Clemenson, Charles	Henderson, John
Bradley, John	Cunningham, Sam H.	Henderson, Ab C.
Bradley, Samuel	Crawford, Harry	Hickey, N. G. T.
Brady, Mike	Davis, John	House, J. M.
Bondran, E. H.	Day, Mike	Hook, Robert
Cullaney, Mike	Doak, Joe A.	Howard, Tom
Chamberlain, Tom	Engledow, Oscar	Hall, Jake
Carriger, Nick	Earnest, Edward	Hall, Tom
Callaway, George	Earnest, Elijah	Holston, Henry
Callaway, James	Evans, John	Ish, Benj. A.
Cox, M. D.	Goodner, Peter	Jones, Dick
Cox, J. B.	Gibson, Edward	Jarnagin, Rufus A.
Caston, Jno. H.	Gilmore, V. B.	Kineaid, C. F.

Kincaid, Pat	McCarney, John	Swann, Harvey
Kincaid, John	Moran, Frank	Seinecknett, C.
Keeland, Fred	Nance, Peter D.	Stevens, Walter B.
Kuhn, David	Nelson, Bob	Trainor, Mike
Lackey, A. J.	Osborne, Fielding	Vestal, Billie
Lackey, W. W.	Pate, J. F.	White, John
Lackey, Sam M.	Perry, Clabe	Wright, Thomas
Lyons, Edward	Pickle, Jake	Waller, Jake L.
Lyons, James A.	Ryan, John	Waller, H. A.
Leath, William	Rhodes, Wilson	Waller, Lum
Leath, Alexander	Reed, William	Waller, George
Leath, Thomas	Reed, Brownlow	Wakenight, W. C.
Lyle, John	Rutherford, Isaac	Williams, J. N.
Love, Samuel	Russell, A. P.	Walker, Robert
Meroney, J. N.	Ross, B.	Wilkins, Charles
Meroney, W. Oscar	Sterchi, A.	Worthington, Sam'l
McHague, Joe	Starks, Jake	

ROSTER OF COMPANY G.

This company was organized in Blountville, Sullivan county, Tennessee, in May, 1861, and mustered into the Nineteenth Tennessee Confederate Regiment at Knoxville in June following.

OFFICERS.

A. L. Gammon,	. .	Captain.
James P. Rhea,	. .	1st Lieutenant.
Robert Blair,	. .	2d “
James Carlton,	. .	3d “
Wm. H. Smith,	. .	1st Sergeant.
J. R. Crawford,	. .	2d “
Nathan Thomas,	. .	3d “
Benjamin Keys,	. .	4th “
John H. Rhea,	. .	1st Corporal.
Moore Childress,	. .	2d “
James H. Holt,	. .	3d “
John Grant,	. .	4th “

PRIVATES.

Anderson, David D.	Bowery, John	Chase, Jerry
Bennett, Criss.	Barger, John	Chase, Nelson
Birdwell, Alford	Baxter, George	Chase, Jackson
Barnes, William	Chase, Isaac P.	Chase, Harris
Beard, Rufus	Chase, John	Drake, David A.
Blair, Frank	Chase, Walter	Drake, Geo. W.
Beard, George	Cox, Samuel	Drake, Elk
Bruce, William	Carlton, Adam	Drake, Isaac
Bates, John	Cressel, William	Duncan, Sam
Bates, B.	Cressel, Van	Duncan, Lafayette
Bowery, William	Cross, James	Duncan, Matthew
Bacon, Samuel	Cross, Samuel	Duncan, William
Bowery, Cain	Carroll, William	Erwin, John
Bowery, James	Childress, Samuel	Ford, Martin

Fitzgerald, Thos.	Horn, David	Russell, —
Fields, John	Hartness, Martin	Rutledge, Wade
Ford, James	Helbert, James	Roe, L.
Ford, Henry	Jackson, J. T.	Rhea, Wm. R.
Flenor, Jacob	Jackson (col. cook)	Rhea, Joseph
Gray, Thomas	Lacy, James	Rhea, Robt. J.
Gallaway, Nathan	Lyons, John	Rhea, John L.
Gammon, Hull	Morell, John	Ship, John
Gunning, Sinclair	Montgomery, Pete	Ship, Sterling
Gallaway, Benj.	Morton, William	Ship, Hardin
Gammon, J. K. P.	Moody, Toll	Shea, Dennis
Hamilton, William	Milburn, —	Starr, Dennis
Hamilton, S. Rhea	Moore, Morris	Stanfield, Jesse
Hamilton, George	Nichols, Bill (cook)	Strickler, Ruben
Horn, Simeon	Poe, Jesse	Strickler, Abija
Hawk, H. Decatur	Peoples, —	Spurgeon, Joseph
Hawk, William	Potterfield, Wm.	Tipton, John A.
Harr, Simon	Roller, David	Wolford, Wm. G.
Hilton, John	Roller, William	Wagler, Jackson
Hawk, James	Roller, George	

ERRATA.

- Page 24, line 3d from bottom, should read, R. P. *Short*.*
- Page 34, line 13th from top, should read moved out *from* Murfreesboro.
- Page 49, line 1st from top, should read Jno. M. *Hull*, Co. I.
- Page 61, line 3d from top, should read of the Old Nineteenth, Thos. Wright.
- Page 69, line 2nd from top, should read after the *bands* had finished.
- Page 73, line 12th from top, should read all *through* the cedars.
- Page 75, line (under wounded) should read J. T. *Huffmaster*.
- Page 93, line 25th from top, should read made in *their* lines.
- Page 94, line (under killed) should read *Swan*, Wm. H. Co. E.
- Page 99, line 19th from top, should read Gen. *Gregg* had been returned.
- Page 126, line (under wounded) should read *Strickler*, Ruben Co. G.
- Page 131, line (under wounded) should read *McCearry*, H. Co. B.
- Page 134, line 2d, 3rd, 9th from bottom, should read Maj. Deadrick promoted to *Lieut-Colonel of the Nineteenth Tennessee Regiment*.
- Page 145, line 12th from bottom should read Lum. Waller of *Co. E*.
- Page 149, line (under killed) should read Hale, Lieut. *S. F.* Co. H.
- Page 150, line (under wounded) should read Lum. Waller *Co. E*.

*The words in *italics* are the correct words.

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